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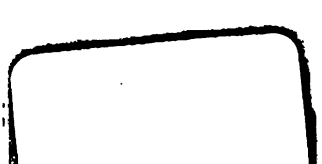

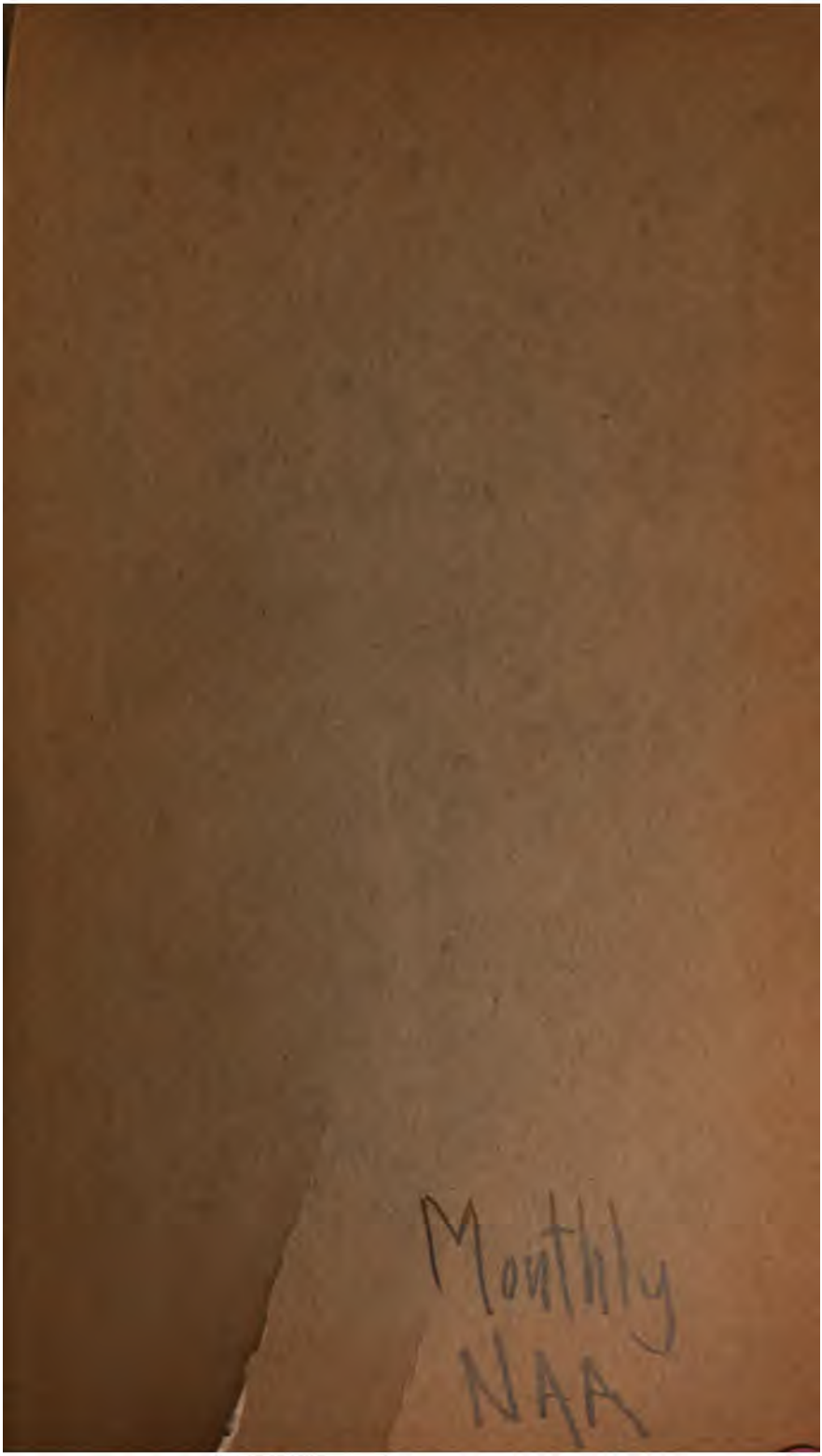
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THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For MAY, 1825.

ART. I. *The Spirit of the Age; or, Contemporary Portraits.* 8vo. pp. 424. Colburn. 1825.

IT would be austere criticism to denounce the figurative and epigrammatic style with which a few of our modern authors are striving to enrich, as they imagine, the prose diction of our nation. To restrain the fancy by rigid ordinance, — to pass sumptuary laws against the lavish expenditure of metaphor and illustration, — would be legislating very idly and ineffectually. Ardent and habitually unrestrained thinkers, like Mr. Hazlitt, (the acknowleged author of the work before us,) would laugh at the edict. It is a little too late to erect a standard of language. The teeming and redundant imaginations of our writers would soon overflow the embankments which a severe taste and a correct judgment might throw up. The authority of academies to fix the speech of a country would be exerted to enslave it. Words, or the ideas which they nominally (for the most part *nominally* only) represent, are by far too ungovernable a rabble, as they rush from the minds of gifted and imaginative men, to bow either to the lawgiver or his law.

Allowing thus much, might it not be wisely suggested to writers of this elevated cast, that imagination itself, volatile and etherial as it is, must not be absolutely an outlaw; — that taste has certain fixed principles, not indeed narrowed into a code, nor deduced from a few precedents, but drawn from the wide fields of observation and reason; — and, that both taste and imagination are affected according to certain and invariable laws? Good sense is, on these occasions, a sound oracle; and good sense must admonish all rational beings that in every art, whether of poetry, or painting, or discourse, nothing exaggerated or overdone is decorous or pleasing. It is in the overlaying of their meaning, by a superfluous phraseology; the heaping layer upon layer of illustration and embellishment; the unintermitted effort to give increased force to an expression by instantly following it up with another which resembles it, and which not un-

frequently is less vigorous than the preceding one; — in highly wrought and embroidered diction, this it is which chiefly offends us. Writers of this description are apt, Pygmalion-like, to fall in love with what they have struck out, and to reproduce it in another form. By such injudicious procedure, the idea is weakened rather than expanded; and the illustrations, instead of being "sister-graces," conspiring harmoniously to the general effect, are all striving for mastery, while the unity of the composition is lost, or refracted and split into shining fragments. It is, besides, a most reprehensible fault in writing, to make it too uniformly gay and luxuriant; by overlooking all just proportion, to carve a florid Corinthian capital at the expence of the shaft and the pediment. Rousseau is chargeable, to a certain degree, with this fault: yet, liable as he is to exception for a manner too uniformly sustained, for sentences too equally poised, and for laboring and expanding too much alike all the members of his composition, without due selection or subordination of parts, Rousseau is never culpably profuse of ornaments; nor are those ornaments at any time false or meretricious. When this happens, it has the worst possible effect, and betrays "a mean and pitiful ambition." The sense aches at accumulated fragrance; — the eye is injured by excessive brightness.

Mr. Hazlitt will, we are sure, take in good part our comments upon the peculiar qualities of his eloquence. Besides, he who is so free in his animadversions upon the style of others, must endure occasionally a few strictures upon his own. He has considerable power, but it requires much discipline and regulation. It is his standing fault that he takes his pen with a strong determination, a malice prepense, to be impressive; and becomes, for that sole reason, obscure. Every thing shines as through a prismatic medium. The result is, that we retain nothing distinctly of what he says. It is a sort of confused memory of sounds, like the clashing of musical instruments. With his quaintness alone, we do not quarrel. Let him, if he will, enjoy the complacency of expressing himself differently from others. Neither do we strongly object to his occasional engraftings of the thoughts and words of the old writers. We would observe only, that in this kind of mosaic work there is some danger of making centos, — patchworks of the expressions of those fascinating models. It is impossible to dig in more copious mines than those of Jeremy Taylor and Mr. Burke: yet we must also observe, that theirs are beauties which, when transplanted, must necessarily be less vivid than in their native soil. It is

the

the want of moderation in the use of the privilege that we object to. Surely the transposition of a whole sentence, unless, as it sometimes happens, the memory commits a kind of fraud upon the invention, is not altogether fair or ingenuous. We ask, for example, whether our author is sincerely conscious that the following sentence emanated from his own mind? 'We are hardly so formed, as to sympathize at the same time with the assassin and his victim.' There are, it is true, two or three verbal changes in the passage thus transferred ("the wise," as Pistol says, "it call convey") from Burke: but is the property changed also?

Tiresome as repetitions of this sort are, it is when Mr. Hazlitt makes a cento from himself, that is, when in several consecutive passages, he echoes and repeats what has been said already, and assembles a long cluster of words round an idea which has been expressed, or a proposition which has been announced, — it is then that he most fatigues us. There has been a quarrel of some standing betwixt the patrons of the simple and those of the adorned diction. Real eloquence belongs to neither. Intent only upon its object, it hastens onwards, in its athletic race, and rejects as useless incumbrances the trappings and embroideries of rhetoric. Not that we exact from the writers of the day the impracticable simplicity, "redolent of nothing," which Cicero, however at variance with his own habits, seems to commend, when he extols the style of Atticus, and illustrates it by that most happy and significant of allusions: "*Ut mulieres bene olere dicantur, quia nil olent.*"

In a country peopled with authors, the miscellaneous laborers, who deal only in topics of light and popular dalliance, would be thrown out of employ but for the tricks and ornaments of rhetoric. All that in our preceding remarks we have required of Mr. Hazlitt is a little more parsimony in the use of his figures, — that he would now and then, if only for the sake of variety, condescend, especially if the thought be common and homely, to be a little more natural and easy. The continual straining to say something that is striking, and to bring forth that which, after all, is often not worth the throe and agony of the parturition; this it is which makes it impossible to read him with pleasure, and difficult to read him with instruction.

If, from mere literary animadversion, we proceed to the spirit and temper of the book before us, there is much to condemn and to lament. Mr. Hazlitt's portrait of Mr. Gifford is the concentrated essence of hatred. The poor Editor of the Quarterly Review comes out of his pages as from a

Fleet-ditch, some "*omnium purgamentorum receptaculum.*" * Readily we concede to Mr. Hazlitt, that he is not the aggressor, and that all he has written is in strict retaliation for something written by Mr. Gifford: but, can any provocation excuse this uncivilized and unchristian warfare? Is it honorable — is it in unison with the manners of the age or with the softer spirit which literature ought to infuse into the bosom? These are the poisoned weapons of controversy, from which men of decent, upright feelings will religiously abstain. We say not a word in justification of the tone and the spirit with which Mr. Hazlitt was assailed in the Journal alluded to. We will even admit it to have been coarse, splenetic, and satirical, far beyond the fair limits of the province and privilege of a reviewer: yet it must be borne in mind, that the attack (unquestionably offensive) was not an attack upon the obscurity of Mr. Hazlitt's birth, nor upon the misfortunes of his early life, nor upon his moral character. Mr. Hazlitt, on the other hand, begins his portrait of Mr. Gifford by an allusion to the circumstances of his humble origin, which is grossly indelicate; and much beneath the dignity of a man of letters. For ourselves, we have never read (and we often recur to it) the short and unaffected memoir, prefixed to the translation of Juvenal, without admiration and delight. To be the architect of our own fame and fortune can never be a legitimate subject of reproach. He who rises by honest means and laudable aspirings from a lowly condition of life has achieved a victory which makes him equal to the proudest of those children of prosperity, whose path from its outset has been warmed by the sun, and scattered with flowers. We close these strictures, observing only, that if our contemporary memoirs must be necessarily tinctured with the animosity and virulence of the following passage, we hold it our duty to discountenance a kind of writing from which every considerate and feeling man would disdain to form his estimate of the character and feelings of others.

'Mr. Gifford was originally bred to some handicraft: he afterwards contrived to learn Latin, and was for some time an usher in a school, till he became a tutor in a nobleman's family. The low-bred, self-taught man, the pedant, and the dependant on the great, contribute to form the Editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He is admirably qualified for this situation, which he has held for some years, by a happy combination of defects, natural and acquired; and in the event of his death, it will be difficult to provide him a suitable successor.'—

* Livy of the Cloaca Maxima.

'He

'He stands over a contemporary performance with all the self-conceit and self-importance of a country schoolmaster, tries it by technical rules, affects not to understand the meaning, examines the hand-writing, the spelling, shrugs up his shoulders and chuckles over a slip of the pen, and keeps a sharp look-out for a false concord and — a flogging. There is nothing liberal, nothing humane, in his style of judging: it is altogether petty, captious, and literal. The Editor's political subserviency adds the last finishing to his ridiculous pedantry and vanity. He has all his life been a follower in the train of wealth and power, — strives to back his pretensions on Parnassus by a place at court, and to gild his reputation as a man of letters by the smile of greatness. He thinks his works are stamped with additional value by having his name in the *Red-Book*. He looks up to the distinctions of rank and station as he does to those of learning, with the gross and overweening adulation of his early origin. All his notions are low, upstart, servile. He thinks it the highest honour to a poet to be patronised by a peer or by some dowager of quality. He is prouder of a court-livery than of a laurel-wreath; and is only sure of having established his claims to respectability by having sacrificed those of independence. He is a retainer to the Muses; a door-keeper to learning; a lacquey in the state. He believes that modern literature should wear the fetters of classical antiquity; that truth is to be weighed in the scales of opinion and prejudice; that power is equivalent to right; that genius is dependent on rules; that taste and refinement of language consist in *word-catching*. Many persons suppose that Mr. Gifford knows better than he pretends; and that he is shrewd, artful, and designing. But perhaps it may be nearer the mark to suppose that his dulness is guarantee for his sincerity; or that before he is the tool of the profligacy of others, he is the dupe of his own jaundiced feelings, and narrow, hood-winked perceptions.

'"Destroy his fib or sophistry; in vain —
The creature's at his dirty work again!"

But this is less from choice or perversity, than because he cannot help it and can do nothing else. He damns a beautiful expression less out of spite than because he really does not understand it: any novelty of thought or sentiment gives him a shock from which he cannot recover for some time, and he naturally takes his revenge for the alarm and uneasiness occasioned him, without referring to venal or party motives. He garbles an author's meaning, not so much wilfully, as because it is a pain to him to enlarge his microscopic view to take in the context, when a particular sentence or passage has struck him as quaint and out of the way: he fly-blows an author's style, and picks out detached words and phrases for cynical reprobation, simply because he feels himself at home, or takes a pride and pleasure in this sort of petty warfare. He is tetchy and impatient of contradiction; sore with wounded pride; angry at obvious faults, more angry at unforeseen beauties. He has the *chalk-stones* in his understanding, and from being used

to long confinement, cannot bear the slightest jostling or irregularity of motion. He may call out with the fellow in the *Tempest*, — "I am not Stephano, but a cramp!" He would go back to the standard of opinions, style, the faded ornaments, and insipid formalities that came into fashion about forty years ago. Flashes of thought, flights of fancy, idiomatic expressions, he sets down among the signs of the times, — the extraordinary occurrences of the age we live in. They are marks of a restless and revolutionary spirit: they disturb his composure of mind, and threaten (by implication) the safety of the state. His slow, snail-paced, bedrid habits of reasoning cannot keep up with the whirling, eccentric motion, the rapid, perhaps extravagant, combinations of modern literature. He has long been stationary himself, and is determined that others shall remain so. The hazarding a paradox is like letting off a pistol close to his ear: he is alarmed and offended. The using an elliptical mode of expression (such as he did not use to find in Guides to the English Tongue) jars him like coming suddenly to a step in a flight of stairs that you were not aware of. He *pishes* and *pshaws* at all this, exercises a sort of interjectional criticism on what excites his spleen, his envy, or his wonder, and hurls his meagre anathemas *ex cathedrâ* at all those writers who are indifferent alike to his precepts and his example!'

The reputation of Sir Walter Scott, not indeed as the writer of the delightful fictions which have constituted a new æra in the history of our polite literature, but as a political partizan, does not escape some rough handling. Party divisions we have always imagined to be inseparable from a free government. A good citizen, without incurring a very heavy responsibility, may, from early and at the same time virtuous prepossessions; from accident; from the natural and inevitable influences of society; and a thousand other causes, take a part in the divisions of his time, which Mr. Hazlitt may not approve, and which may to him appear *the wrong side*. The *idem sentire de republicâ* is indeed a pleasing bond of friendship and connection: but the inverse, — that a difference of political thinking is to call down the bitterest invectives upon the head of either of the parties, who may think differently upon subjects that have always divided mankind, — is a harsh and revolting absurdity. Mr. Hazlitt thus concludes his sketch of this eminent and popular writer.

'If there were a writer, who, "born for the universe" —

——— '"Narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind —"

who, from the height of his genius looking abroad into nature, and scanning the recesses of the human heart, "winked and shut his apprehension up" to every thought or purpose that tended to the future

future good of mankind, — who, raised by affluence, the reward of successful industry, and by the voice of fame above the want of any but the most honourable patronage, stooped to the unworthy arts of adulation, and abetted the views of the great with the pettifogging feelings of the meanest dependant on office, — who, having secured the admiration of the public (with the probable reversion of immortality), shewed no respect for himself, for that genius that had raised him to distinction, for that nature which he trampled under foot, — who, amiable, frank, friendly, manly in private life, was seized with the dotage of age and the fury of a woman, the instant politics were concerned, — who reserved all his candour and comprehensiveness of view for history, and vented his littleness, pique, resentment, bigotry, and intolerance on his contemporaries, — who took the wrong side, and defended it by unfair means, — who, the moment his own interest or the prejudices of others interfered, seemed to forget all that was due to the pride of intellect, to the sense of manhood, — who, praised, admired by men of all parties alike, repaid the public liberality by striking a secret and envenomed blow at the reputation of every one who was not the ready tool of power, — who strewed the slime of rankling malice and mercenary scorn over the bud and promise of genius, because it was not fostered in the hot-bed of corruption, or warped by the trammels of servility, — who supported the worst abuses of authority in the worst spirit, — who joined a gang of desperadoes to spread calumny, contempt, infamy, wherever they were merited by honesty or talent on a different side, — who officiously undertook to decide public questions by private insinuations, to prop the throne by nicknames, and the altar by lies, — who being (by common consent) the finest, the most humane and accomplished writer of his age, associated himself with and encouraged the lowest panders of a venal press; deluging, nauseating the public mind with the offal and garbage of Billingsgate abuse and vulgar *slang*; shewing no remorse, no relenting or compassion towards the victims of this nefarious and organized system of party-proscription, carried on under the mask of literary criticism and fair discussion, insulting the misfortunes of some, and trampling on the early grave of others —

> " Who would not grieve if such a man there be?
> Who would not weep if Atticus were he?"

But we believe there is no other age or country of the world (but ours) in which such genius could have been so degraded!'

There is a disposition to nibble a little at the literary, but more especially the poetical, reputation of Sir Walter. Mr. Hazlitt, however, seems pretty well convinced that it is more easy to shake than subvert it.

> " Though his bark cannot be lost,
> Yet it shall be tempest-tost."

He hints at the 'innumerable and incessant' instances of bad and slovenly English in the Waverley novels; and

though 'innumerable and incessant' are words too strong and overcharged, we should concur in the justice of the rebuke, if, in the rapid tide of interests and emotions along which we are wafted when we take up those fascinating romances, we could suffer ourselves to be detained by petty and paltry exceptions to the grammatical correctness of an author, who is by far too eloquent and idiomatic to be cribbed and cabined within such narrow restrictions. Still Mr. Hazlitt is disposed to do full justice to the creative powers displayed in the Scotish novels. He objects chiefly to the choice of subjects, which have a tendency, he seems to think, to revive the old and forgotten principles of the Stuarts, by exciting too warm a sympathy with their characters and misfortunes.

As to the political bearing of the Scotch novels, which seems to fill Mr. Hazlitt with so many apprehensions, we are inclined to consider them as

"Fears of the brave and follies of the wise."

If Sir Walter's fictions are, as our author suspects, artfully made to serve the cause and to prop up the principles of *legitimacy*, why does he go about his work so clumsily as to feed and foster our sympathies for the extinct race of the Stuarts? The truth is, that Mr. Hazlitt's almost insane dread of every writer, whose prejudices and partialities upon political subjects are different from his own, renders him the slave of the most absurd and inconsistent suspicions. If the author of Waverley be a concealed partizan of the claims of the Stuarts, he must be a very questionable friend to legitimacy, unless legitimacy be, as Mr. Hazlitt, with Hibernian precision, defines it, '*lawless* power and savage bigotry.' Who, let us ask, would ever dream of making political proselytes by means of such fictions as these? The novel-writer has other business upon his hands. He creates (or borrows sketches and outlines from history which serve the purpose of creations) certain personages with characters modified by the events, in the midst of which he has placed them, and influenced by the opinions and feelings which he has attributed to them. Each acts the part assigned to it; each is faithful to the time, the spirit of that time, and the circumstances which belong to it; each is clothed in bright and glossy, but varied and contrasted colors. Every pageant of this splendid masque, at the moment it is before us, has a strong and powerful interest attached to it: each addresses us through the heart and the imagination; and the reason is left to its repose. Argument, or that balancing of motives and opinions

opinions by which the understanding is usually won over, is out of the question; it would break the charm and destroy the illusion. While we are occupied by each of these delightful figures, we feel like each; we see the same scene, hear the same sounds, draw the same inferences, and undergo the same emotions. Thus we are "every thing by turns, and nothing long." Each of the characters sheds over us its peculiar influence. Covenanters, Friars, Presbyterians, Jews, outlaws, are successively in possession of our imagination; and when they quit their hold, leave it ready for some new occupant.—It is only to look over the catalogue of the Waverley productions, to be convinced how distant from the mind of their author was the purpose of instilling peculiar prejudices, or inculcating specific tenets.

The observations upon Mr. Malthus are executed with great ability. It is well known that the celebrated Essay on Population was originally written in answer to Mr. Godwin's Theory of Perfectibility. The argument is thus shortly stated and answered by Mr. Hazlitt:

'Then comes Mr. Malthus forward with the geometrical and arithmetical ratios in his hands, and holds them out to his affrighted contemporaries as the only means of salvation. "For" (so argued the author of the Essay) "let the principles of Mr. Godwin's Enquiry and of other similar works be carried literally and completely into effect; let every corruption and abuse of power be entirely got rid of; let virtue, knowledge, and civilization be advanced to the greatest height that these visionary reformers would suppose; let the passions and appetites be subjected to the utmost control of reason and influence of public opinion; grant them, in a word, all that they ask, and the more completely their views are realized, the sooner will they be overthrown again, and the more inevitable and fatal will be the catastrophe. For the principle of population will still prevail, and from the comfort, ease, and plenty that will abound, will receive an increasing force and *impetus*; the number of mouths to be fed will have no limit, but the food that is to supply them cannot keep pace with the demand for it; we must come to a stop somewhere, even though each square yard, by extreme improvements in cultivation, could maintain its man: in this state of things there will be no remedy, the wholesome checks of vice and misery (which have hitherto kept this principle within bounds) will have been done away; the voice of reason will be unheard; the passions only will bear sway; famine, distress, havoc, and dismay will spread around; hatred, violence, war, and bloodshed will be the infallible consequence, and from the pinnacle of happiness, peace, refinement, and social advantage, we shall be hurled once more into a profounder abyss of misery, want, and barbarism than ever, by the sole operation of the principle of population!"—Such is a brief abstract of the argument

argument of the Essay. Can any thing be less conclusive, a more complete fallacy and *petitio principii*? Mr. Malthus concedes, he assumes a state of perfectibility, such as his opponents imagined, in which the general good is to obtain the entire mastery of individual interests, and reason of gross appetites and passions; and then he argues that such a perfect structure of society will fall by its own weight, or rather be undermined by the principle of population, because in the highest possible state of the subjugation of the passions to reason, they will be absolutely lawless and unchecked, and because as men become enlightened, quick-sighted, and public-spirited, they will shew themselves utterly blind to the consequences of their actions, utterly indifferent to their own well-being and that of all succeeding generations, whose fate is placed in their hands. This we conceive to be the boldest paralogism that ever was offered to the world, or palmed upon willing credulity. Against whatever other scheme of reform this objection might be valid, the one it was brought expressly to overturn was impregnable against it, invulnerable to its slightest graze. Say that the Utopian reasoners are visionaries, unfounded; that the state of virtue and knowledge they suppose, in which reason shall have become all-in-all, can never take place, that it is inconsistent with the nature of man and with all experience, well and good, — but to say that society will have attained this high and "palmy state," that reason will have become the master-key to all our motives, and that when arrived at its greatest power it will cease to act at all, but will fall down dead, inert, and senseless before the principle of population, is an opinion which one would think few people would choose to advance or assent to, without strong inducements for maintaining or believing it.' —

'Mr. Malthus's "gospel is preached to the poor." He lectures them on economy, on morality, the regulation of their passions, (which, he says, at other times, are amenable to no restraint,) and on the ungracious topic, that "the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, have doomed them and their families to starve for want of a right to the smallest portion of food beyond what their labour will supply, or some charitable hand may hold out in compassion." This is illiberal, and it is not philosophical. The laws of nature or of God, to which the author appeals, are no other than a limited fertility and a limited earth. Within those bounds, the rest is regulated by the laws of man. The division of the produce of the soil, the price of labour, the relief afforded to the poor, are matters of human arrangement; while any charitable hand can extend relief, it is a proof that the means of subsistence are not exhausted in themselves, that "the tables are not full!" Mr. Malthus says that the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, have rendered that relief physically impossible; and yet he would abrogate the poor-laws by an act of the legislature, in order to take away that *impossible* relief, which the laws of God deny, and which the laws of man *actually* afford. We cannot think that this view of his subject, which is prominent and dwelt on at great length

length and with much pertinacity, is dictated either by rigid logic or melting charity!'

We are inclined to think, that, in urging the necessity of an abolition of the poor-laws, Mr. Malthus's argument is much misrepresented. He denies, it is true, the *right* of the poor to support; still he recognizes, in several parts of his reasoning, the duty of the rich to assist them: but this duty, he strongly contends, is not fulfilled by indiscriminate assistance. The word *right*, as it is employed by Mr. Malthus, can only be understood to mean a moral right,—a right compatible with the interests of society. In a state of nature, every man has a right to a participation in the spontaneous products of the earth: but in such a state, brute force would be the sole arbiter of that right. When civil institutions are established to control violence and force, every right is modified by those institutions, and is placed in subordination to the general welfare. In Mr. Godwin's ideal state of things, there could be no poor. The question, then, concerning a provision for them would not arise. In the actually existing state, however, the case is widely different. The *right* once admitted, what limits can be assigned to it, either as to the nature of the support or the number to be supported? The poor-laws themselves recognize the necessity of limiting and modifying the abstract claim, in order to render it consistent with the institutions of society: but support must necessarily enable the poor to increase their numbers. Each additional number will have a like claim to support, and in its turn will produce additional claimants upon the same fund, till the whole is divided among them. This tendency of the poor-laws Mr. Malthus wishes to counteract.

The best article in Mr. Hazlitt's book is the late Mr. Horne Tooke. It is a spirited and, in some respects, a faithful portrait.

'Mr. Horne Tooke was in private company, and among his friends, the finished gentleman of the last age. His manners were as fascinating as his conversation was spirited and delightful. He put one in mind of the burden of the song of "*The King's Old Courtier, and an Old Courtier of the King's.*" He was, however, of the opposite party. It was curious to hear our modern sciolist advancing opinions of the most radical kind without any mixture of radical heat or violence, in a tone of fashionable *nonchalance*, with elegance of gesture and attitude, and with the most perfect good-humour. In the spirit of opposition, or in the pride of logical superiority, he too often shocked the prejudices or wounded the self-love of those about him, while he himself displayed the same unmoved indifference or equanimity. He said the

the most provoking things with a laughing gaiety, and a polite attention, that there was no withstanding. He threw others off their guard by thwarting their favourite theories, and then availed himself of the temperance of his own pulse to chafe them into madness. He had not one particle of deference for the opinion of others, nor of sympathy with their feelings; nor had he any obstinate convictions of his own to defend —

" Lord of himself, uncumbered with a *creed!*"

He took up any topic by chance, and played with it at will, like a juggler with his cups and balls. He generally ranged himself on the losing side; and had rather an ill-natured delight in contradiction, and in perplexing the understandings of others, without leaving them any clue to guide them out of the labyrinth into which he had led them. He understood, in its perfection, the great art of throwing the *onus probandi* on his adversary; and so could maintain almost any opinion, however absurd or fantastical, with fearless impunity. I have heard a sensible and well-informed man say, that he never was in company with Mr. Tooke without being delighted and surprised, or without feeling the conversation of every other person to be flat in the comparison; but that he did not recollect having ever heard him make a remark that struck him as a sound and true one, or that he himself appeared to think so. He used to plague Fuseli by asking him after the origin of the Teutonic dialects, and Dr. Parr, by wishing to know the meaning of the common copulative, *Is.* Once at G——'s, he defended Pitt from a charge of verbiage, and endeavoured to prove him superior to Fox. Some one imitated Pitt's manner, to show that it was monotonous, and he imitated him also, to show that it was not. He maintained (what would he not maintain?) that young Betty's acting was finer than John Kemble's, and recited a passage from Douglas in the manner of each, to justify the preference he gave to the former. The mentioning this will please the living; it cannot hurt the dead. He argued on the same occasion and in the same breath, that Addison's style was without modulation, and that it was physically impossible for any one to write well, who was habitually silent in company. He sat like a king at his own table, and gave law to his guests, — and to the world! No man knew better how to manage his immediate circle, to foil or bring them out. A professed orator, beginning to address some observations to Mr. Tooke with a voluminous apology for his youth and inexperience, he said, " Speak up, young man!" — and by taking him at his word, cut short the flower of orations. Porson was the only person of whom he stood in some degree of awe, on account of his prodigious memory and knowledge of his favourite subject, Languages. Sheridan, it has been remarked, said more good things, but had not an equal flow of pleasantry. As an instance of Mr. Horne Tooke's extreme coolness and command of nerve, it has been mentioned that once at a public dinner when he had got on the table to return thanks for his health being drank with a glass of wine in his hand,

and

and when there was a great clamour and opposition for some time, after it had subsided, he pointed to the glass to shew that it was still full. Mr. Holcroft (the author of the *Road to Ruin*) was one of the most violent and fiery-spirited of all that motley crew of persons, who attended the Sunday meetings at Wimbledon. One day he was so enraged by some paradox or raillery of his host, that he indignantly rose from his chair, and said, "Mr. Tooke, you are a scoundrel!" His opponent without manifesting the least emotion, replied, "Mr. Holcroft, when is it that I am to dine with you? shall it be next Thursday?"—"If you please, Mr. Tooke!" answered the angry philosopher, and sat down again.—It was delightful to see him sometimes turn from these waspish or ludicrous altercations with overweening antagonists to some old friend and veteran politician seated at his elbow; to hear him recal the time of Wilkes and Liberty, the conversation mellowing like the wine with the smack of age; assenting to all the old man said, bringing out his pleasant *traits*, and pampering him into childish self-importance, and sending him away thirty years younger than he came!'

The subjects of this miscellany are too numerous to allow us much farther space for remark or for extract. Besides the names already referred to, there are portraits of Lord Byron, Mr. Coleridge, Mr. Southey, Mr. Wordsworth, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Crabbe, Jeremy Bentham, Mr. Godwin, the Rev. Mr. Irving, Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Brougham, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Eldon, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. T. Moore, Mr. Leigh Hunt, Mr. Washington Irvine, and Mr. Knowles; whose respective portraits, as sketched by the pencil of Mr. Hazlitt, are either black or white: there are no softening and intermediate shades in his moral colorings.

It is pleasant to escape from the coarse and savage strokes, with which Mr. Hazlitt dashes off his portraits of political characters, for the softer and more delicate tints touched by the hand of private affection. His sketch of Mr. C. Lamb, dictated apparently by warm and vehement partiality, does equal honor to his own heart and to his friend. We copy the following extract:

'Mr. Lamb has a distaste to new faces, to new books, to new buildings, to new customs. He is shy of all imposing appearances, of all assumptions of self-importance, of all adventitious ornaments, of all mechanical advantages, even to a nervous excess. It is not merely that he does not rely upon, or ordinarily avail himself of, them; he holds them in abhorrence, he utterly abjures and discards them, and places a great gulph between him and them. He disdains all the vulgar artifices of authorship, all the cant of criticism, and helps to notoriety. He has no grand swelling theories to attract the visionary and the enthusiast, no passing topics to allure the thoughtless and the vain. He evades the

the present, he mocks the future. His affections revert to, and settle on, the past, but then, even this must have something personal and local in it to interest him deeply and thoroughly; he pitches his tent in the suburbs of existing manners; brings down the account of character to the few straggling remains of the last generation; seldom ventures beyond the bills of mortality, and occupies that nice point between egotism and disinterested humanity. No one makes the tour of our southern metropolis, or describes the manners of the last age, so well as Mr. Lamb, — with so fine, and yet so formal an air, — with such vivid obscurity, with such arch piquancy, such picturesque quaintness, such smiling pathos. How admirably he has sketched the former inmates of the South-Sea House; what "fine fretwork he makes of their double and single entries!" With what a firm, yet subtle pencil, he has embodied *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist!* How notably he embalms a battered *beau;* how delightfully an amour, that was cold forty years ago, revives in his pages! With what well disguised humour he introduces us to his relations, and how freely he serves up his friends! Certainly some of his portraits are *fixtures,* and will do to hang up as lasting and lively emblems of human infirmity. Then there is no one who has so sure an ear for "the chimes at midnight," not even excepting Mr. Justice Shallow; nor could Master Silence himself take his "cheese and pippins" with a more significant and satisfactory air. With what a gusto Mr. Lamb describes the inns and courts of law, the Temple and Gray's Inn, as if he had been a student there for the last two hundred years, and had been as well acquainted with the person of Sir Francis Bacon as he is with his portrait or writings! It is hard to say whether St. John's Gate is connected with more intense and authentic associations in his mind, as a part of old London Wall, or as the frontispiece (time out of mind) of the Gentleman's Magazine. He haunts Watling-Street like a gentle spirit; the avenues to the play-houses are thick with panting recollections, and Christ's Hospital still breathes the balmy breath of infancy in his description of it! Whittington and his Cat are a fine hallucination for Mr. Lamb's historic Muse, and we believe he never heartily forgave a certain writer who took the subject of Guy Faux out of his hands. The streets of London are his fairy-land, teeming with wonder, with life and interest to his retrospective glance, as it did to the eager eye of childhood; he has contrived to weave its tritest traditions into a bright and endless romance!'

Perhaps the ungentle and deformed character of many of Mr. Hazlitt's portraits is one of the many objections that may be urged against contemporary memoir-writing, to which authors who have strong and impetuous feelings should never addict themselves. To expect the impartial spirit of history, a calm and temperate tone of animadversion in remarks upon living characters, would be to expect what, in divided and agitated periods especially, is beyond the reach of humanity. Political

Political characters can hope for no quarter in such publications. We are but too naturally disposed in these dissensions to confound the lines which separate us from each other in political opinion with the grand distinctions which divide right from wrong in morality. In lashing a public man, pride and envy and vanity come in for a large share of gratification; and he who is railing in "good set terms" against the obnoxious statesman of the day works himself up into an imaginary greatness of mind; and fancies, whilst he is pouring out the effusions of spleen, that he is speaking the honest language of indignant virtue. Least of all do we wish to see the fame, and the honor, and the genius of contemporary authors worried by their living competitors. Jostling against each other in the same race, they are the worst arbiters of the merits of each other that could be chosen. However, it is not likely that writings of this description should endure long enough to pollute the streams of history, or to bias the judgments of posterity. They are fortunately not likely to be enrolled amongst the

"*Quæcumque Palatinus recepit Apollo.*"

They may gratify the gossips of the day, but they will not, we trust, obtain a place among those works, from which future critics will appreciate the literary genius of our age, or future historians estimate the character of our politicians and statesmen.

Art. II. *A Compendium of the History of Ireland,* from the earliest Period to the Reign of George the First. By John Lawless, Esq., Proprietor and Editor of "*The Irishman,*" published in Belfast. 8vo. 2 Vols. 18*s.* Wilson, London. 1824.

The author of this abridgment of the History of Ireland has long and honorably distinguished himself for his enthusiasm in the cause of civil and religious freedom: his exertions in behalf of Catholic emancipation, and the honest indignation which he habitually expresses in his Journal against those whom he conceives to have, at any time, betrayed the interests of his country, are well known.

Ireland has had her full share of antiquaries and historians, as well as of orators and poets; deeply and indelibly are her annals engraven on the tablet of British history: but Mr. Lawless complains, that, instead of drawing a faithful portraiture of his countrymen, most historians have taken delight in representing them in the darkest colors and with the most odious features. Mr. Hume is arraigned in this charge: but much

much more heavily so is Leland, who was himself an Irishman, though it must be confessed a *Protestant* Irishman.

'While the English historians,' says Mr. Lawless, 'feel gratification in relating those circumstances which are calculated to humble the Irish character, and anxiously seize the pen to paint those scenes in which Irish vengeance gained ascendancy over the benignity of the Irish heart, be it my office to set down those anecdotes which elevate my countrymen, and record those characters who command the veneration of posterity.'

This is a right feeling. Again:

'The book, which I now have the honour to present to my countrymen, has been written in the hope that it will contribute, in some degree, to the promotion of that liberal, enlightened, and benevolent feeling, which has been making such rapid strides for the last thirty years of our history. If the author has been guilty of any exaggeration in description, or in commentary (which he has industriously struggled to avoid), let the Irishman reflect that his errors are on the side of the honour of his country; that his feelings, if too warm, are heated by an anxious desire to vindicate the insulted character of a people who have been eternally the victims of calumny, the prey to every speculator on their fame and their glory, the devoted sacrifice to insatiable avarice, to dishonourable ambition, and a sanguinary foreign ascendancy.'

We are the last persons in the world who would measure with rule, line, and compass any expressions of complaint which a man utters when he is mourning over the miseries of his country, and writhing under a painful sense of the injuries inflicted on her. Disposed, however, as we really are to make every allowance which the excited feelings of an Irishman and a Catholic are intitled to, we are, nevertheless, constrained to say, that the tone and temper occasionally displayed in these pages are ill calculated to allay existing irritation, and 'to promote that liberal, enlightened, and benevolent feeling,' — the professed object for which they are composed. Orange ascendancy is one thing, — the question of English ascendancy is another. It would gratify us to see Catholic Ireland emancipated from the yoke of an oligarchy of Protestant Orangemen: but it would afford us any thing rather than gratification to see Catholic Ireland severed from Protestant England; to become inevitably the prey of some foreign power, some member of the holy conspiracy of continental despots, who would take the first opportunity of turning her arms against us.

If the language of Mr. Lawless does not directly express the wish, or suggest the expediency of a separation of Ireland from England, it has, in many places, we fear, a tendency to inflame

inflame and exasperate that portion of the empire which requires to be soothed and conciliated. From the paragraph we have just quoted, it is evident that he is well aware of the intemperate comment and invective in which he has so freely and injudiciously indulged. There is, indeed, abundant encomium bestowed on the great benefits of toleration; and frequent eulogies are scattered on the growing liberality of the present day. It may be difficult, perhaps it is impossible, to exaggerate the oppression and injustice which, for centuries, were inflicted on Ireland: but Mr. Lawless is guilty of the inconsistency of insinuating in one page, that things are very little better now than they were formerly; while, in the next, he expatiates elaborately and more justly on the better feeling which he acknowleges has at length arisen among us.

'In Ireland,' says he, 'we have hitherto found that revolutions terminated in the forging of new chains and the multiplication of new tortures. The liberty of England and the slavery of Ireland have invariably proceeded together; Ireland going down as England ascended. *Posterity have justly concluded that the rights of Irishmen and the prosperity of England cannot exist together — a melancholy truth, which the events of the present day only contribute to confirm, and which is still left to the enlightened English government of future days to refute.*'

This reflection, it is true, occurs in the course of his comments on the Revolution of 1688: but it is not true that posterity have *justly* concluded, — it is not true that posterity have concluded at all, whatever Mr. Lawless himself may have done, — that the rights of Irishmen are incompatible with the prosperity of England. Compare the Catholic code now with the Catholic code as it existed a hundred years back: will any one say that its *most* disgusting and frightful features were not smoothed down under the latter years of George the Third? We despair not of seeing them entirely removed: but cannot help fearing that this desirable consummation will rather be retarded than accelerated by such provocatives as are urged, and such threatenings as are shadowed out in passages like the following. Speaking of the lieutenancy of Lord Capel in 1695, and the Irish parliament of that day, Mr. Lawless says,

'They therefore began, with a pious and loyal ardour, the glorious work of that penal code which now strikes mankind with horror; which would justify any resistance, however violent, — any vengeance, however dreadful. This penal code, for the repeal of which Ireland has had the unexampled patience to petition, would have armed every hand in England. Englishmen would have again appealed to the spirits of their iron barons. Their

Russells, their Hampdens, and their Sydneys would have rallied whatever of honour or patriotism was in the land; and the blood of the persecutors, who could have enacted such laws, should have washed out the odious record, and thus have atoned for their crimes against justice and humanity; yet Ireland has carried her chains year after year, — she has manifested more than Christian fortitude, under somewhat more than Christian suffering, — she has served the hand which so often plunged the dagger in her bosom, — and she has been insulted, during the dreadful scene, with the title of rebel to her king and constitution. The Catholics of Ireland have petitioned, — the people of England would have rebelled. The reward of the Irish nation has been partial freedom, that of England has been the first constitution in the world. The tyrants of Ireland were the champions of British liberty, who have so often refused to the humility of the Irish petitioners what they extorted from their kings by the terror of their swords. Those historical facts require no comment. The mind of the reader will draw its own conclusions; and whether Protestant or Catholic, or Presbyterian, he will ask himself how a people should speak or act, when they are about seeking the restoration of their rights, the mere performance of a contract which has been infamously violated. Is it in the tones of lady-like meekness that Englishmen assert the rights of their country? Is it in the language of hollow, hypocritical sycophancy, the people of England address their rulers, when they complain of their privileges violated, or their freedom impaired? Do they measure their words, or do they ever suppose that words can be too strong to give expression to their honest indignation? This, then, should ever be the tone and language of the Irish nation: no other is either audible or intelligible in the parliament of England; you are heard because you are respected, and you are respected because you are not afraid to express your resentment.'

This is by no means a solitary specimen of the intemperate and feverish patriotism of Mr. Lawless: there are a great many others of an equally indiscreet, not to say mischievous tendency. Nothing certainly can be imagined more revolting and barbarous than what is termed the "Statute of Kilkenny," passed in the reign of Edward III. It enacted, among other inflictions, "That marriage, nurture of infants, and gossipred, with the Irish, should be punished as high treason; that if any man of English race shall use an Irish name, the Irish language, the Irish apparel, or any mode or custom of the Irish, he shall forfeit lands, tenements," &c. (vol. i. p. 136.) To reflect on the folly and barbarity of such a statute is undoubtedly the proper province of an historian, but it is the bitterness, and, we are almost inclined to add, the implacable bitterness, of a schismatic, to exclaim, in narrating a transaction which took place almost five hundred years ago.

'To

'To England alone should our eyes be perpetually turned, the prolific source of all our sorrows, and the indefatigable corrupter of our people. A Catholic or a Protestant parliament, under its malignant influence, is equally blasting of the energies, and torturing to the feelings of our country. The Catholic is a blockhead who condemns the Protestant as the enemy of Irish freedom. The Catholic, under the burning heat of an English treasury, would be equally malleable to English purposes. We should therefore learn to look to the first cause of Ireland's treachery to herself.'

Again: after speaking in terms of rapture concerning the measures of the general synod which was held at Kilkenny in May, 1642, Mr. Lawless goes on thus:

'A supreme council, composed of the chief nobility and gentry, assembled, and Lord Montgarret was named as their president. A general assembly of the whole nation was then determined upon, whose first sittings were to take place in the ensuing month of October. It is impossible for an Irishman to contemplate this great and glorious scene, which elevates the humblest mind, and animates the coldest bosom, without indulging in those reflections which must embitter the days that Ireland is doomed to experience, stripped as she is of her purest robe of honour, thrown down from that station which she once occupied, and reduced, as she now is, to the humiliating and insulting vassalage of a tributary to the pride and strength and riches of another country. Fancy may in vain delineate the picture of an independent nation, making her own laws, commanding her own armies and navies, and bringing into action, at once honourable and productive to her people, her boundless resources in genius, industry, and strength. In vain, we fear, may Ireland anticipate the blessings which flow to a nation from the enjoyment of equal rights; whose laws are administered by those who are interested in the impartial dispensation of justice; whose elevation and whose fortune go hand in hand with the honour and character of their country.'

Once more, the insurrection which broke out in Ireland in 1641 is recorded by all historians to have been accompanied with an inhuman and remorseless massacre of the English, almost unparalleled in the bloodiest page to which history can point. No age, no sex, no condition was spared. The old, the young, the vigorous, the infirm, underwent a like fate and were confounded in one common ruin. "In vain did flight save from the first assault: destruction was every where let loose, and met the hunted victims at every turn. In vain was recourse had to relations, to companions, to friends. All connections were dissolved, and death was dealt by that hand from which protection was implored and expected. Without provocation, without opposition, the astonished English, living in profound peace and full security, were massacred by their

nearest neighbours with whom they had long upheld a continued intercourse of kindness and good offices."*

It was two years after this that the King (Charles I.), from the extreme necessity to which the English army was reduced in Ireland, found it necessary to give orders to the Marquis of Ormond to conclude, for a year, a cessation of arms with the council of Kilkenny, by whom the Irish were governed.

'He met the deputies in Dublin on the 6th of September, 1644. At this interview the cessation was prolonged: but the conditions of peace proposed by the Irish, being an echo of those proposed in the former year at Oxford, could not be conceded to by Ormond. The treaty was adjourned until April, 1644; during which interval Ormond promised to communicate with his sovereign on the proposed conditions of the Irish confederacy. *Those who have doubted the wisdom of that policy which desires Ireland to estimate her hopes of prosperity by the depression of England; those who refuse to take advantage of the difficulties of the English government, or who will not measure their chances of redress by the multiplication of English embarrassment,* let them read with attention the letter of Charles to the Marquis of Ormond, in 1645.'

In that letter, Charles says, "Whatever it cost, you are to make me the best bargain you can, and not discover your enlargement of power till needs must." This passage gives Mr. Lawless great offence; and whatever of insincerity was in it meets our reprobation as strongly as it does his: but we do object to the frequent, emphatic, and very significant passages scattered throughout his pages, implying, as it seems to us, the utter incompatibility of Irish and English interests, by which notion he seems led to the conclusion, that Ireland should take the first opportunity of separating herself from us.

Mr. Lawless is very fervent in his zeal for Catholicism, and loses not the opportunity which a chapter on the reign of Henry VIII. affords of pouring out the vials of his sorrow, wrath, and indignation on an event upon which we shall not now touch, namely, the Reformation, an event involving consequences far too momentous to be discussed in a parenthesis. (See *passim*, but particularly vol. i. pp. 203. *et seq.*) He may well be horrified at the name of a monarch who 'opened the flood-gates of error, letting in an inundation of opinions, as mutable as they were wild, and fleeting as they were uncertain:' but it is impossible not to smile, or weep, at the inconsistency of that advocate for the liberty of conscience, who, while he

* Mr. Hume draws his narrative of this event from Temple, Rushworth, and Whitelock. — See Hume, vol. vi. p. 436.

deplores

deplores the bondage in which the members of his own church are kept, deplores equally and simultaneously the loss of that despotic authority always exerted by that same church when she had it, to hold in bondage the members of all others:

'The Irish abhorred the plundering and schismatic schemes of the rapacious Henry VIII. because they foresaw the decline of Christianity, in the abolition of that unity and universality *which is the grand principle of the Catholic church, and the certain preservative of the Christian doctrine.* They foresaw that the church of England, torn from the main body of the faithful, would, like a branch torn from a tree, wither and produce insects; and that a schismatical limb of the Catholic church, severed from the communion of the faithful, would decay, and be overrun with innumerable heresies. They foresaw that reform, effected by the vilest and most infamous instruments, by *substituting reason for authority,* sapped the foundation of revealed religion, and let loose the most destructive and desolating passions of the human heart. The Irish, therefore, holding firmly by the anchor of their old and venerated faith, buffeted the storms of reformation, and to this hour exhibit a nation professing sober and rational religion; while the neighbouring country (England) is distracted with conflicting sectaries, like the waves of the ocean, each burying the other in eternal oblivion.

'Three hundred years have now elapsed since this great and extraordinary revolution of the human mind took place; and those who have the volume of history before them, can best discover the advantages or the evils which have flowed to mankind from the destruction of that unity and universality of religious doctrine which preserved the peace of nations for so many centuries. In 1536, Henry VIII. summoned a convocation in England, to deliberate on the necessity of making a new translation of the Scriptures. Tindal had formerly given to the world a translation, which the clergy complained of as very inaccurate and unfaithful. It was therefore proposed, in the convocation summoned by Henry, that a new translation be made, which could not be liable to any objection. The arguments made use of, at this period, in defence of the principles and views of the reformers, and of the consequences of the reformation of the human mind, as well as the arguments made use of by the advocates of the old religion, in opposition to the innovation recommended by the reformers, are worthy of the serious and deliberate consideration of every man, who, seduced by the specious sentiment of liberal and enlightened toleration, encourages the principle of leaving to each individual the formation of his own religious tenets, or the profession of his own religious doctrines.

'The arguments of the reformers of 1536 have been the prolific source of the innumerable sects which now cover the face of England: which have divided, and subdivided, and distracted the Protestant congregations, and have at length exposed the divine

religion of Christ to the scoffs, and sneers, and sarcasms of the Deist and the Atheist.'

Like a true Catholic, Mr. L. deplores the Reformation because it has been the parent of a thousand sects, each, to use his own phrase, 'more absurd than the other, which distract the reason and corrupt the heart.' How inconsistent is all this with the doctrine held in another place, (vol. ii. p. 94.) where Mr. L. seems, for a moment, to lose sight of his own creed; and, like a man of sense, urges the modern historian to 'discourage that insolent pride which would dictate on subjects incomprehensible by man.' He there also tells us, truly, that

'Toleration is the great secret which promises to harmonize mankind, for under its government the fanatic loses all his importance, and bigotry all its malignity. The human mind ranges at large in search of truth, and no longer adheres to a doctrine which cannot bear the crucible of examination.'

Now was it not, we ask, the very Reformation which he vilifies that set free the human mind, and allowed it to 'range at large in search of truth?'

Mr. Lawless is prodigiously shocked that matters of faith should be exposed to the crucible of examination; that people should think for themselves on the subject of religion; and not take their creed implicitly from their priests, as they did formerly; and he asks, triumphantly,

'What has been the real effect of this boasted Reformation, this contempt for all human authority — this appeal to the word of God, as the only standard of theological truth? The question will be answered by the hundred sects into which Lutheranism and Presbyterianism have branched; the innumerable theological opinions with which England now swarms. The empty churches, and the crowded meeting-houses of various denominations; the inspired tailors, and cobblers, and tinkers, and soldiers, whom we see travelling through the Protestant world, bear testimony to the light which the Reformation has shed upon the human mind. Mankind, tossed about on the tempestuous ocean of polemical discussion, sink into the grave before their minds are able to find a resting-place; before their understandings are fixed on that belief which tranquillizes the feelings, gives confidence to the heart, and puts to flight all doubt and uncertainty on the subject most important and interesting to man. The reformer, ceasing to be credulous, becomes miserably sceptical, and perpetually oscillating between hope and fear, passes through life without a pilot, and in the last moments of his existence is still seeking that doctrine most likely to secure his salvation. Such are the effects of the Reformation upon a great majority of the Protestant minds of Europe at this moment.'

Does

Does this sneer at the Reformation proceed from one who is earnest in discouraging that 'insolent pride which would dictate on subjects incomprehensible by man?' Mr. Lawless, however, to use the words of Wieland, needs not fear, for "the splendid prison in which Reason is still kept in confinement by the greatest part of Europe is the work of great skill and of many centuries: thousands of minds of no ordinary stamp, and millions of enterprizing hands, have labored at the structure, and it is so firmly founded on the rock of priestly authority and priestly profit, and so artificially connected by its numerous wings and contiguous erections with another enchanted castle, that it would nearly amount to an absurdity to deem the rescue of this captive princess possible; much more, to engage in the attempt." *

We differ from the church of Rome because it professes infallibility, and, as a consequence, requires implicit obedience and blind faith; because it is thus founded on the utter prostration of that understanding and of those powers of reason which are the ennobling and peculiar gifts of God to man; because it has ever been despotic and intolerant, and dreads that the great bulk and body of the people should become enlightened. We say this with the less reserve, having invariably and strongly advocated the *civil* claims of the Catholics. Ireland will never be free, nor prosperous, nor happy, nor can she ever be content until those claims are granted. Entertaining these sentiments, we have read with much satisfaction an Address, recently published, by the Catholic Association † to the people of Ireland, urging mildness and forbearance, with unanimity and perseverance. It states distinctly the objects which they are striving to obtain by constitutional and legal means only, and through constitutional and legal channels only. We are highly gratified with the emphatical and argumentative manner in which they condemn all secret societies and unlawful oaths; all outrages, crimes, and disturbances of the public peace; and with their echo of the benevolent wish of his present Majesty, to see dissension cease, and cordial unanimity prevail throughout Ireland. In making the few remarks, therefore, which we have done on the work before us, we are

* "Liberty of Reasoning on Matters of Belief." See "Varieties of Literature," vol. ii.

† The Catholic Association, as a body, must not be deemed responsible for the violent speeches which are made by some of its members. We are concerned to see them: but hope that these intemperate individuals will imbibe moderation from the example of those around them.

desirous that Mr. Lawless should not misinterpret them into any hostile feeling against the cause of Catholic emancipation.

Had the Committee which prepared the excellent Address of the Catholic Association we have just read been intrusted with the revision of these pages, we are of opinion that they would have entirely suppressed some passages, and softened others which indicate a feeling towards this country very different from their own. We should not do Mr. Lawless justice, however, were we to withhold our assent to many of his general maxims; and have great pleasure in giving the passage which concludes his book.

'We have endeavoured, in this brief chronicle of Ireland's story, to embrace all the great and leading facts which calumny and misrepresentation have so often and so successfully distorted; which have been the subject of so much reproach, and so much exasperation; which have been the natural offspring of bad government, and the natural resource of a persecuted nation. We have endeavoured to vindicate a brave people, in perpetual conflict for its civil and religious liberties, against the black and infamous charges which the hired libeller has elaborately brought against them. We have endeavoured to demonstrate to the English reader, that when Ireland drew the sword of rebellion she was but following the feelings of human nature, which prompted her to repel the violator of her rights: that her rebellions against England were the necessary result of her sufferings, and the feeble, though disastrous struggles of a people, who, under a mild and protecting government, would have contributed to its wealth, its power, and its greatness.

'The sword of intolerance has at length been sheathed; — the bigotry of the sectarian has at length been discouraged; the human mind can now give full rein to its powers with impunity. Uncontrolled by the dictation of a supposed infallibility, every man is suffered to adore his Creator as his conscience directs him; and the profession of a particular creed of Christianity has *almost* ceased to be a measure of Irish loyalty. The Protestant, the Presbyterian, and the Catholic, respect each other's conscientious attachment to the religion of their fathers. The legislator can now discover no cause for the loyalty of the subject so strong as the possession of civil and religious liberty. He reads the cruelties of intolerance, in order to avoid their repetition; and draws from the follies of his ancestors the wisest and most beneficial lessons of instruction.

'We took up our pen with an ardent wish to avenge the insults offered to the character and honour of our country. If the reader shall be of opinion that we have performed the task with zeal and with firmness, we shall triumph in the contemplation of our labours, and congratulate our countrymen on the benefits which may possibly result from them. We have called the Irish reader to the consideration of those causes which were the fruitful

sources of Irish misfortune; we have endeavoured to point out to the future politician of our country, the errors of those who are in the tomb; or, as Edmund Burke philosophically observes, we have written under the impression that "*no people will look forward to posterity who do not often look backward to their ancestors.*"

ART. III. *Historical Notes respecting the Indians of North America;* with Remarks on the Attempts made to convert and civilize them. By John Halkett, Esq. 8vo. pp. 408. 10*s.* 6*d.* Hurst and Co. 1825.

PERISH the body, let the soul live! has been the pious maxim of every European country in its conduct towards the North-American Indians. Spanish, French, Dutch, and English Catholics, and Protestants of every imaginable diversity of sect, have made no scruple in sacrificing the animal body of any sable or copper-coloured man, while they have endeavored to atone for the destruction of his natural, by the ardor of their zeal in securing the salvation of his spiritual body; which, every body knows, could only be effected, as each upheld, by conversion to their own religious creed. Almost all the early royal charters and patents issued for British North America professed, among other objects, that of converting the Indians to the Christian faith: but it so happened that *other objects* were occasionally of such superior interest as to supersede any attention to evangelical labors on the part of those who had the glory of God very loudly on their lips. Governor Hutchinson, in his History of Massachussets, in alluding to the original charter which directed the Gospel to be taught to the heathen, has asserted that the Indians themselves asked how it happened, if Christianity was of such importance, that for six-and-twenty years together the English had said nothing to them about it? It must be acknowleged, however, that such instances of negligence are less to be regarded as the general practice than as exceptions to it.

The governors of the French and English colonies often participated in such religious disputations, not forgetting to avail themselves of the opportunities they afforded for promoting their own secular interests. An Indian of the name of Bommasine, while a prisoner with some others at Boston, desired a conference with a minister there, and solicited his instruction in the Christian religion, alleging that he was afraid the French had deceived the Indians in the religion they taught them. The minister inquired of him what it was that appeared most suspicious in their doctrine? Bommasine replied,

replied, the French taught them that the Lord Jesus Christ was a Frenchman, and that his mother, the Virgin Mary, was a French lady; that it was the English who had murdered them; and that all who would recommend themselves to Christ's favor must revenge his quarrel upon the English as far as they can. Delusions of a tendency similar to that alluded to in the foregoing story were often practised on both sides.

The North-American Indian may be compared to the forest he inhabits: the virtues and vices of his mind take a giant growth, and display themselves wildly and luxuriantly like the natural productions of his native soil; and Europeans have had recourse to such means for civilizing the tribes as they have adopted in cultivating the vast tracts of territory of which they have robbed them, — that of clearing all before them, and cutting down the chiefs like the timbers of their ancient hunting grounds.

We opened Mr. Halkett's book without anticipating much in its favor: many recent travellers, and particularly Mr. Hunter and Mr. James, have told us so much about the manners and habits of the Indians of the present day, and these are so precisely like what has been recorded of their manners and habits in the old times before them, that we expected but little from the gleanings of another traveller; and have therefore to confess ourselves agreeably disappointed. Mr. Halkett's object was not the repetition of details to which there is every where easy access and reference, but to give a concise view of facts from the early authors who resided in North America; to shew the erroneous system which, in every quarter, and with rare exceptions, has been pursued with regard to the Indian population; to exhibit the distressing results which have flowed from that system; and to submit such remarks and suggestions as are more immediately applicable to attempts made in the present time for promoting the civil and religious advancement of the existing descendants of the aborigines of the western continent.

Mr. Halkett's volume contains but little of original matter, except the result of his own personal observations on the character of the Indians being occasionally given in confirmation of other writers. It is an historical narrative drawn with considerable research from old English and French authors, and in their own words, as to the conduct of the early European settlers, in which the contrast between the kindness shewn to them by the Indians, and the barbarities inflicted on the latter by them, is very striking.

'Without entering into any comparison between the Romish missions of the former and of the present day, or inquiring whether the latter have been more successful than were their predecessors of *New France* [now Canada] in their endeavours to convert the heathen, there is one point which cannot be disputed, — that the Indians of British North America are treated by their present Roman Catholic instructors with great kindness and consideration. So far as benevolence, charity, and paternal care can afford comfort to the Indian, he receives it at their hands; and to any one who feels an interest in the fate of that race, it must be satisfactory to observe the kindness of their Catholic teachers in Canada, and painful to contrast with it the barbarous conduct of the Spanish North-American missions, bordering upon the shores of the Pacific Ocean. It has not been thought necessary in these Notes to enter upon the subject of the treatment of the Indians by those early adventurers from Old Spain who took possession of Louisiana, the Floridas, and those countries situated upon the Mississippi and its tributary waters. The narrative of the early progress of the Spaniards in North America may be very brief. Wherever they advanced, their steps were marked with blood and desolation. Their object was not to convert or civilize the Indian, but to exterminate or enslave him. Nor has the lapse of centuries materially improved their treatment of him. He was formerly compelled to march in chains to the south, and forced to dig in the bowels of the earth to satiate the avarice of his Christian masters; in some parts of Spanish North America he has since been compelled to cultivate its surface, and for the exclusive benefit of similar employers: — a fact confirmed by the testimony of various travellers of different nations.'

The public has often been gulled by wonderful tales of sudden conversion among untutored Indians, effected by the Missionaries; many of whom have mistaken the thoughtful silence of their neophytes for an admiration and acquiescence in the holy mysteries which they had taken pains to inculcate. The Indians are endowed with great and natural politeness of character: in their councils they hold it highly indecorous to contradict any thing that is said; and never interrupt a speaker in the course of his harangue. Le Clerq complains that they listened to what he said concerning those mysteries as they would to idle tales, comprehending or assenting to nothing that is not palpable and obvious to the senses: they would consent, says he, to be baptized ten times a day for a glass of brandy or a pipe of tobacco. Charlevoix also says that they would attend churches for years together with an attention and solemnity which might lead any one to suppose they had sincerely embraced as well as understood the truths of Christianity: on a sudden, however, they would refrain from going to church, and say to the Missionary, 'You had no one to pray with you: we took compassion on your solitude and kept you

you company.' Others have carried their politeness so far as to request and receive the rites of baptism; declaring afterwards that it was only done to please the priest, who was pressing them to change their religion. Sometimes this conversion has been assumed through policy and craft. The Iroquois, who were formerly in constant hostility to the French, applied to the Governor-General of Canada, on occasion of a truce, to send Missionaries into their country. This was accordingly done; and thus the Iroquois obtained some of the French among them, whom they considered as *hostages* rather than priests, to be detained if occasion required it. The French, however, were not outwitted; for these very Missionaries were employed by them as *spies* during their detention. Nor has the difficulty been found less in reconciling the North-American Indians to European habits and education than to the principles of the Christian religion. It has been found difficult to obtain a few children from their parents, on whom to try the experiment, and these few have generally taken the first opportunity to return to their woods; while, on the other hand, instances are not rare of individuals accustomed to the restraints of civilized life who have gladly got rid of them by residing among the Indians. Those of the savages, says Charlevoix, who have been brought among us have not become French, but the French who have resided among the Indians have become savages. It may be added that the contamination of such renegadoes from civil society has done great mischief to the Indian character. They have introduced among them vices and diseases of the worst description, and unknown before.

'At a grand council held in 1744, between the British commissioners from Virginia and the Indians, the former, after the principal business was finished, stated that there was a college at Williamsburgh with a fund appropriated for the education of the Indian youth; and that if the red chiefs would send some of their children to that place, they should be well provided for, and instructed in all the learning of the whites. One of the Indian orators answered by expressing the deep sense entertained of the kindness of this offer: "For we know," said he, "that you highly esteem the kind of learning taught in these colleges, and that the maintenance of our young men, while with you, would be very expensive to you. We are convinced that you mean to do us good by your proposal, and we thank you heartily: but you, who are wise, must know that different nations have different conceptions of things; and you will therefore not take it amiss if our ideas of this kind of education happen not to be the same with yours. We have had some experience of it. Several of our young men were formerly brought up at the colleges in your northern

northern provinces. They were instructed in all your sciences: but when they came back to us, they were bad runners; ignorant of every means of living in the woods; unable to bear either cold or hunger; knew neither how to build a cabin, take a deer, nor kill an enemy; spoke our language imperfectly; were neither fit for hunters, warriors, nor councillors: they were totally good for nothing. We are, however, not the less obliged by your kind offer, though we decline accepting it; and to shew you our grateful sense of it, if the gentlemen of Virginia will send us a dozen of their sons, we will take great care of their education, instruct them in all we know, and *make men of them.*" *

It is well known that, although the natives of Mexico and the southern continent of America had the art of making intoxicating liquors, those of the northern parts were entirely unacquainted with them till the baneful present was introduced by Europeans. Both the American and British government have taken laudable and humane pains to prevent the distribution of ardent spirits among the Indian tribes: but it is obviously a matter of great difficulty to prevent the evasion of an act of Congress or of Parliament where the immediate interest of the unprincipled trader is so much concerned. Fortunately, however, some particular tribes of Indians, and many of the chiefs especially, are so thoroughly sensible of the value of these prohibitory decrees, that they have resolved not to suffer the introduction of any spirituous liquor. Mr. James, Mr. Hunter, Messrs. Lewis and Clarke, all concur in having witnessed particular instances of this abstinence: the example, too, is spreading its influence. The two last chapters of the volume before us, containing general remarks on the civilization of the Indians, and on the attempts made to convert them, with the causes of their failure, testify that Mr. Halkett has calmly and sensibly considered the subject which so much interests him. Although conscious of the difficulties attending the project of civilization and conversion, he is far from discouraging the prosecution of it, and throws out many suggestions on the subject which his own personal knowlege of their disposition and character induces him to believe may have a salutary operation on the natives.

The Indian possesses strong powers of reflection: his observation is acute, and the impression on his mind which results from it is intense. There is no class of people in the world who cultivate the devotional feeling more sincerely, more habitually, more ardently, than the Indians of North America. They reverence, without grimace or hypocrisy, the

* Dr. Franklin's Essays. Remarks on the North-American Savages.'

GREAT

Great Spirit who created them, — who created the sun, moon, and stars, the mighty mountains, and the vast waters that flow at their feet. They worship this Great Spirit with *fear*, because of the wonderful manifestations of power which they behold around them; — they worship him with *love* and *gratitude*, for the fruits of the earth and the produce of the chace; for their success in war, and their security in peace; — they worship him, also, in *hope*, that when the turf has covered them they will be gathered to their fathers; that the mother will be re-united to her lost child, and the wife to her husband, in some distant and delightful country where their employments, divested of pain and trouble, will resemble those of this world; where game will be abundant, and where there is one continued spring and cloudless sky.

When Mr. Hunter and his companions unexpectedly reached the shores of the Pacific Ocean after an expedition over the Rocky Mountains, the amazement of the whole party was indescribably great. "The unbounded view of waters," says he, "the incessant and tremendous dashing of the waves along the shore, accompanied with a noise resembling the roar of distant thunder, filled our minds with the most sublime and awful sensations, and fixed on them, as immutable truths, the traditions we had received from our old men, that the great waters divide the residence of the Great Spirit from the temporary abodes of his red children. Here we contemplated in silent dread the immense difficulties over which we should be obliged to triumph after death before we could arrive at those delightful hunting-grounds which are unalterably destined for such only as do good and love the Great Spirit. We looked in vain for the stranded and shattered canoes of those who had done wickedly, — we could see none, and we were led to hope that they were few in number. We offered up our devotions; our minds were serious, and our devotions continued all the time we were in this country." Here we see the strong workings of natural religion, — of pious and reverential feelings towards the great First Cause, — in the minds of uninstructed Indians. They have neither priests, nor temples, nor ceremonies. When the Missionaries from Europe have instructed them in creeds, doctrines, and mysteries, and have declared to them that there is no hope of salvation but in the name of Jesus Christ or the holy Trinity, is it possible that such abrupt efforts to effect conversion should succeed? Little do those know of the nature of man, savage or civilized, who can speculate on the success of such experiments. We despair not, however, of the time when the light of Christianity may be shed over the whole Indian population: but it must

rise upon them mildly and gradually like the dawn of day. Their eyes are not yet prepared to receive it in its full and dazzling effulgence.

'We have not only,' observes Mr. Halkett, 'to combat the native prejudices of the Indians, but to effect the more difficult task of making them forget the impressions we had already given them. Were it possible for the Indian of North America happily to lose all knowledge or traditionary remembrance of the interference imprudently exerted in behalf of his race for two centuries, — were it practicable to replace him at once in that state of total ignorance with respect to the Christians in which he was situated when first discovered by them, — it would be far easier at the present time to teach him Christianity, and to effect his civilization. Measures cannot now be adopted with regard to him as to an unbiassed stranger: on the contrary, his education and feelings strongly tend to make him repose little confidence in those Europeans who would be disposed to exert themselves for his benefit.'

In another place Mr. H. observes, in reply to those who are of opinion that civilization and religion must go hand in hand, 'that this is extremely questionable.' The attempt to convert should invariably be preceded by an endeavor to improve the habits of the Indian, and promote his general advancement. It is more likely that his civilization has been obstructed by the steps taken to convert him, than that his own tardiness in being converted should be attributed to any want of docility in becoming civilized. Their native conjurers have, also, at all times, been considered as forming a great obstruction to the progress of conversion among the Indians. The influence and authority which these jugglers, who at the same time serve as physicians and as prophets, exercise over them is prodigious. They attend the sick, and pretend to cure by the power of magical incantations as well as of medicine. Although many pretend to effect cures by supernatural means, there are others, however, who practise the art of healing on more rational and effective principles; and Mr. Hunter's account of the state of pharmacy and medicine among these unlettered tribes has excited a good deal of attention and surprize. The observation of that gentleman is repeated by Mr. Halkett, that nothing would tend so rapidly to put a stop to the reign of sorcery and conjuration, and thus to remove one of the great obstacles to the civilization and conversion of the Indian countries, as the introduction among them of medical *science*, and a knowlege of surgery. While Mr. Hunter was in this country, his attention was distracted by too many subjects to allow of his becoming a proficient in any one: all those subjects, however, which most

most interested his mind, had a direct bearing upon the one grand object which he always had in view, — upon that which he felt himself called on from on high to be the means of accomplishing, so far as his powers of body and mind would allow; namely, the civilization of his red friends. He endeavored to make himself acquainted with the principles of medicine and surgery, and took out with him a large supply of surgical instruments. * A short time after his arrival in England, the members of the New-England Company requested Mr. H. to commit to writing his sentiments on the best means of civilizing, educating, and instructing the heathen natives of America. He accordingly penned some "Reflections on the different States and Conditions of Society," with the outlines of the plan for ameliorating their circumstances, *which he is now pursuing*. As this pamphlet was printed solely for the use of the members of the New-England Company, it is not in general circulation. It was printed by "*J. R. Lake*, Tokenhouse Yard," and Mr. Halkett will probably thank us for directing his attention to it.

We have reason to know that Mr. Hunter has had interviews with several Indian chiefs since his return to America, by whom he has been kindly received, and invited to go among them. Many of his friends here, and, subsequently, many there, have earnestly attempted to dissuade him from his design, as a task disproportioned to his power. To these friends he has replied, "I know nothing which would cause me to relax, much less to desist from my purpose. I see no way in which I could be any way serviceable in a society highly refined and deeply skilled in accomplishments, in which I am almost a novice. I think there is no vanity in saying I am capable of being in some degree useful among a people whose character I well understand, and among whom I can take information which the wisdom of ages has declared to be essential to the comfort of society. I have in my mind hewn out many plans: but having seen most of the social compacts of that character in the United States, I shall add to the information derived from them what I can collect from those of a similar character in England. In hopes of being useful, I shall cheerfully perform the task I undertake, resting the event with the Arbiter of the universe, and the Parent of Indians and white people."

* Presented to him, with many other appropriate and useful instruments, by his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. An additional supply has been forwarded to Mr. H. since his departure, by his own desire.

Nothing

Nothing grand was ever accomplished without enthusiasm: that cordial which inspires him who quaffs it with strength to undergo all toil, and courage to face all danger. Mr. Hunter has quaffed it deeply, but not to intoxication: he has tempered it in a remarkable degree with prudence, circumspection, thoughtfulness. He will not readily be deterred by difficulties nor depressed by disappointments: he is prepared to encounter both, and the better because he will never rashly expose himself to either. The civilization of the Indians occupied all his thoughts during his residence in this country: he talked of his red brethren by day, he dreamt of them by night. To use his own phrase, he had 'hewn out' many plans for their improvement in his mind; and it is not unadvisedly we can say, that his hopes of succeeding, to a certain extent, have suffered no diminution since his return to the great mother of waters, the Mississippi. *

The 'Historical Notes' which Mr. Halkett has collected, together with his own observations on the various questions to which they relate, will be consulted with advantage by all who have a desire to understand the present condition of the American Indians, and to examine further into the subject of their moral and religious improvement.

* In a chapter on the state of literature in Mr. Candler's "Summary View of America," (p. 362.) that gentleman, speaking of Mr. Hunter's Narrative, says, "This book is so evidently the workmanship of some other person than the professed author, that it should have been mentioned in the preface, and the third person used instead of the first." Mr. Hunter in his preface does very distinctly acknowlege that he "was assisted by his friend Edward Clarke in the revisal and arrangement of the manuscript." It is, however, but justice to add, that this must be understood to refer only to that part of his book which was written and published in America. After Mr. H. arrived in England he made very considerable additions to the original publication, including the "Indian Anecdotes," and a large portion of the latter part of his work. This we have reason *to know* was never revised or corrected by any one, but passed directly from his own hands to those of his publishers. And, with respect to the former part of his book, whatever verbal corrections his friend may have made for him, there is no doubt that the whole of the subject-matter was furnished by Mr. Hunter alone. We have seen a great many of his private letters, and they authorize us to speak confidently as to his competence to have written the book of which we doubt not he was the actual as well as the "professed author."

ART. IV. *A Summary View of America:* comprising a Description of the Face of the Country, and of several of the principal Cities; and Remarks on the Social, Moral, and Political Character of the People. Being the Result of Observations and Enquiries during a Journey in the United States. By an Englishman. 8vo. pp. 500. Cadell. 1824.

ACCOUNTS of America have been so prodigiously multiplied of late, that we should justly incur the reproach of tiresome repetition were we to detail the contents of every new book of travels through the United States with the fulness we have been accustomed to bestow on them. The gentleman to whom the public is indebted for this 'Summary View' extended his travels through Massachussetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. This is a range of considerable compass; and it affords him ample means of comparing the characters and customs which prevail in different states. Travellers usually note down *currente calamo* as well as *currente rotâ* the incidents which strike their fancy: outlines thus hastily taken often require to be corrected at a more leisure time: but by being taken on the spot, there is a freshness and vivacity of delineation about them which constitute no mean portion of their charm. We observe a deviation from this ordinary course in the volume before us. The author does not invite his readers to a seat beside him, that he may point out, as he goes along, the most interesting objects; but he waits till his journey is completed before he opens his port-folio, and then exhibits a generic rather than a specific portrait, which, however, he has been carefully at work upon during the course of it. Accordingly, he gives us a chapter on the *general* face of the country, and on the *general* appearance of cities, towns, and villages; on the men, the women, their domestic life, hospitality, politeness, oratory, literature, the fine arts, &c. &c. There is some novelty in this plan, but we have doubts whether it is an improvement on that which is more usually pursued. The work is written in a very praise-worthy spirit; remarkably free from all "hatred, malice, and uncharitableness" towards any political or religious opinions; and equally free from all extravagance of eulogy in favor of them. In not displeasing any party or sect, however, it is not very improbable that the author may, on that very account, fail to obtain the approbation of any but the few who enlist under the banners of none.

Those chapters which treat on the various religious sects now prevailing in America contain some curious matter. The

Metho-

Methodists there, as in England, are numerous and increasing; and are said to be "almost the only persons who have paid attention to the religious and moral instruction of the slaves;" and the mass of the free colored population as well as of the slaves are Methodists. The Shakers seem very much to have ingratiated themselves in our traveller's estimation. Their absurd, monstrous, and unnatural peculiarities are very well known. Mr. Candler, the gentleman whom we understand to be the author of this work, says that they have been grossly misrepresented; which may probably be the case. Community of goods is by no means peculiar to them. The Harmonites, whose territory has recently been purchased by Mr. Owen, adopt the same custom: but it was only for a time, we believe, that they, like the Shakers, imposed on themselves, *as a body*, the restraints of celibacy. Mr. Candler believes that among the Shakers the intercourse of the sexes is purely mental and platonic, and that continence, with very rare exceptions, has been strictly preserved among them. It may well be asked how their numbers can be perpetuated? Constant industry furnishes the members of this society with great abundance of the good things of life; and the influx from other societies supplies the waste occasioned by mortality. Mr. C.'s account of the Friends in America excites our surprize:

"Though the Friends are a more numerous body in the United States than in Great Britain, their influence in society at large is evidently less. Instead of co-operating with other Christian professors, as far as they can without compromise of principle, they stand aloof. Instead of trying to find points of union, they seem to delight in proving the incompatibility of reconciling their principles with those of others, in a harmonious design to promote the general welfare of the community. The Friends in England are known to be warm supporters of the Bible Society. The Friends in America, on the contrary, are, in conjunction with Deists, its principal opponents. For though the Catholics are averse to it, they contents themselves with neutrality; and though some of the Episcopalians are of similar sentiments, the great body of them are friendly to it. The Friends not only speak against it in private, but some of their ministers denounce it in public. On enquiring of several of them the reason of their hostility, I learnt that it arose principally from a notion that the Bible Society is founded on priestcraft, and is auxiliary to it. In former ages they say, priests opposed the circulation of the Scriptures, from a fear of the people's becoming so enlightened as to see the road to salvation sufficiently plain without paying for guidance. Now, since the people have learnt to reverence the Bible, priests avail themselves of this sentiment, and advocate the Bible Society to ingratiate themselves into public estimation; since,

whether they desire it or not, the Bible cannot be confined to the sanctuary. But the Friends do not confine themselves to the appearance of argument. They speak of the clergy and of other professors with a degree of asperity which their English brethren have long since disused, notwithstanding the examples for it to be found in the writings of some of their early ministers; and which is the more remarkable in the Americans, from the mildness generally adopted by the other religious professors in their country when speaking or writing of those who differ from them.'

In another place Mr. C. says that a strict scrutiny has convinced him 'that the opposition made by Friends to the Bible Society arises mainly from the spread of deistical opinions among them. I do not make this assertion hastily,' he adds, 'well knowing it is one which they will be reluctant to admit; but facts so fully confirm me in this opinion, that it would be wrong to disguise it.'

Those chapters which relate to slavery and the slave-trade deserve the highest praise; and will not be read without a painful degree of interest. We had thought better of the American *government* before we read these chapters than we dare do now. It has introduced slavery where it was unknown before. It has extended it into the almost unpeopled districts of Missouri, and Arkansaw, and the Illinois; and although Congress has laudably endeavored to put an end to the *African* slave-trade, by denouncing it as piracy, it legalizes its own internal slave-trade. Thousands and tens of thousands of slaves are purchased in Maryland and Virginia to be sold in Georgia, Louisiana, and other states. Agents are stationed at Norfolk, Richmond, Baltimore, and other places, to attend to the purchase and shipment of these unfortunate creatures who, by the sanction of the legislature, are torn from all their dearest relatives and connections, and sent to a distance of two thousand miles away from them. There is no honest feeling against slavery or the slave-trade where this cruel and accursed system is sanctioned. Mr. Candler's feelings are roused by its iniquity; and he speaks his mind on it with all the indignation it deserves.

'There is one point of view,' says he, 'to which I have not yet directed the attention of the reader. One part of the business of the agents of this traffic is to search for and obtain handsome Mulatto girls, to send them to New Orleans for the purpose of prostitution. What is the consequence? Why, by the unanimous accounts of all who have visited that city, it is the most profligate and licentious of any one in the United States. I have been informed that chastity is as rare a virtue there as honesty within the walls of Newgate.'

Even

Even in the free states there exists a strong prejudice against the Blacks and Mulattoes: but in the slave-states the influence of this antipathy is seen in the laziness, filth, and inferiority of the Whites themselves. When a man has been from his childhood accustomed to see all work performed by slaves of a different complexion from his own, he very naturally considers that labor is derogatory to a free White. He thus acquires habits of unconquerable indolence, as well as feelings of insufferable pride and insolence; slavery, therefore, does not confine its baleful influence to the character and condition of its direct victims, but it injures those who practise it on others. This is not an imaginary or trivial evil; and when Mr. C. says that he noticed a very striking difference in their general appearance between the free and the slave states, as to comfort, neatness, and industry, he only confirms the remark which all travellers have made before him.

If the views of the Colonization Society are such as are here represented, no terms of reprobation can be too strong in exposing them. It is affirmed that the project of establishing a colony of Blacks on the coast of Africa who had obtained their freedom in America, under the pretence of preparing the native Africans to accept the blessings of civilized life and of spreading the truths of the Gospel by these sable missionaries, was merely a veil to conceal the real object, namely, to get rid of all the free Blacks from America, and thus to have an opportunity of rivetting more closely the fetters which confine the slaves! Many of the slave-holders were, accordingly, warm advocates for the Colonization Society: free Blacks, having generally more information than slaves, are objects of jealousy to the masters. So long as the slaves are kept in ignorance they consider themselves safe; remove all the Blacks that are free, and the manumission of those that remain may be deferred without danger.

In the earlier chapters of this volume there are some trivial remarks and many frivolous anecdotes which might well have been spared: Mr. C. has also picked up several outlandish words which he would have done well to have left where he found them. It is sufficient to notice, thus generally, blemishes in a work of much information, and where the spirit of impartiality predominates over every other feeling.

ART. V. *On the Science of Agriculture:* comprising a Commentary on, and comparative Investigation of, the Agricultural Chemistry of Mr. Kirwan and Sir Humphry Davy; the Code of Agriculture of Sir John Sinclair, Sir Joseph Banks, and other Authors on the Subject. By Joseph Hayward, Author of "The Science of Horticulture." 8vo. pp. 220. 7s. Longman and Co. 1825.

MR. HAYWARD is exceedingly sore at having 'lost' what it does not appear from his own account that he ever enjoyed, namely, the patronage of the Horticultural Society of London. This patronage he confessedly sought; and not having had the good fortune to obtain it, he derides the "fashion of the times" in attaching great importance to such authorities 'as professors of chemistry, extensive practical agriculturists, or the members of any learned society.'

'Fortune,' says he, 'may enable pride and arrogance to smother truth and science for a time, but in a land of liberty these must ultimately establish themselves, however humble their immediate patrons. Although the Horticultural Society of London have refused to acknowledge the merit of my arrangement and explanation of scientific principles, they must ultimately adopt them, or be left far in the back ground, and their garden exhibit a glaring instance of a want of candour and liberality in the directors.'

This is really going a great way, and indicates a degree of presumption quite equal to the 'pride and arrogance' which have given him such offence. Mr. H., it seems, wrote a book on the science of Horticulture, submitted it to Sir H. Davy, and dedicated it to Mr. Knight, P. H. S. He has repeatedly applied to these gentlemen for their opinion of its merits, and he interprets their silence, perhaps erroneously, into contempt. The work alluded to has not fallen in our way: but the volume now before us shews a habit of observation and inference; and blends so much of practical knowlege in confirmation of theory, that we are far from thinking meanly of Mr. Hayward's judgment, whatever we may think of the supercilious tone which he occasionally adopts.

From the existence of a sexual difference in vegetables, Bradley had the merit of suggesting, a hundred years ago, that the tastes and properties of fruits might be altered by artificially impregnating one with the farina of another of the same class; and he was aware that, as in the animal creation so likewise in the vegetable, "it is from accidental coupling that proceed the numberless varieties of fruit and flowers which are raised every day from seed." As there is, generally speaking, more difficulty in regulating and limiting the sexual intercourse

intercourse of vegetables than of domesticated animals, varieties in the former have been usually produced rather by accident than system: they are, nevertheless, to be produced systematically, and the principle of their production is the same in both; namely, that of selecting and pairing the males and females.

The improvement which the late Mr. Bakewell effected in live stock by selecting parent animals of the finest form, and most valuable qualities, is well known: but the frequent degeneracy of the offspring when taken from under his management brought his system of breeding *in and in*, as it is called, that is, of breeding from members of the same family, and of the nearest relationship, into disrepute. Mr. Hayward comes forward to defend the practice of Bakewell, and to shew that wherever this degeneracy has been observed, it ought to be ascribed to inattention in some other matters which Bakewell never overlooked; namely, in furnishing and adapting such climate, lodging, soil, and food, as promoted his object.

'It must be admitted, that more valuable animals in themselves never were produced than those bred by Bakewell; but the old maxim no doubt is good, "You may purchase gold too dear." However, as before observed, Bakewell had an object in view, and to obtain this, every advantage of artificial climate, food, and lodging, were resorted to, regardless of expence; and so long as he could furnish exuberance in food, climate, and lodging, he found an exuberance in the flesh and size of his animals returned; but when his means of increase were exhausted, nature made a stand,—she never went "*farther than she intended.*" I once heard of a farmer, who, ambitious to excel, purchased a bull from Bakewell, or some such fancy breeder, and after having kept him for some time, the beast lost flesh, and became weak and languid; the farmer, on meeting with his former feeder, complained that the animal was fast declining, although he had plenty of grass, hay, &c.: the feeder told the farmer, that grass and hay were not sufficient; for besides these, he had been fed on grain, and had also been indulged with a pail of milk every day, from the time of quitting his mother. This sufficiently shows the folly of carrying things to such extremes for general purposes; but it does not prove Bakewell to have been erroneous in his judgment, nor does it detract from the principle of breeding in and in.

'It is the general practice of sheep-farmers to purchase their rams from professed breeders, at enormous prices, and these, which are bred under peculiar indulgencies, are always kept away from the flock, with an extra allowance of the best food, such as grain, pulse, &c., and frequently, also, are allowed the shelter of a house; the consequence is, that their stocks are always lean and lathy, and large in their bones, and unequal to sustain the hardships of the natural climate, lodging, and food, with health and

vigour; and hence it is obvious, that the practice of crossing is not only attended with much useless expence, but that it obstructs what ought to be the object of every rational farmer to obtain, viz. the possession of a stock in every respect adapted to the nature and localities of his situation and circumstances.'

The whole of this chapter will be read with advantage by all who are interested in the improvement of capital vested in live stock.

As the virtues of salt as a manure have been extolled in many recent publications, and as the repeal of the duties on that article will probably be followed by a very lavish use of it for agricultural purposes, we give Mr. Hayward's opinion as to its operation.

'Bradley, Hitt, and Miller, consider the food of plants to be salts, which every species of earth more or less contains within itself; and that according to the proportion of salts, contained in each kind of soil or manure, will its prolificacy be.

'That soils, and vegetable and animal matters, may be found to produce salts, under certain circumstances and chemical processes, I have no doubt; but this does not prove it to be necessary that every substance, or any substance, containing the basis, or elements of salts, should undergo this process, and be formed into salts, before it can be in a state to constitute food fit for the reception and nourishment of plants.

'Salts are various in their nature and general effects, when placed in contact with other substances.

'I have made many experiments with sea-salt, nitre, soda, barilla, alum, &c., and have never found them operate as a proportional addition of food may be expected to do.

'The opinions of Drs. Smith and Pearson on this subject appear more rational. They say, that salts, as they operate in promoting vegetation, are analogous to mustard, cinnamon, ginger, &c., which are not of themselves at all, or necessarily nutritious, but contribute to render other things nutritious, by exciting the action of the stomach and other organs of digestion and assimilation. Salts being considered to operate in this manner, in promoting vegetation, we are naturally led to their proper application, that is, in small quantities, or in a state of weak solution.

'Notwithstanding all that has been said to establish the opinion, that sea-salt is a valuable manure, I am convinced it never can, as an article of food, contribute to the increase of any vegetable; but as a chemical agent, by destroying, and facilitating the decomposition of animals and vegetables, or by its deliquescence, it may in some instances increase the fertility of the soil.

'Alkaline salts, no doubt, facilitate the solution of many animal and vegetable substances; they also increase the divisibility, change the combination, and otherwise exert an influence on the soil itself, in a manner that adds much to its fertility; indeed, there are many reasons for believing that alkaline salts increase the fertility

tility of soils, and the fertilizing powers of manures, when mixed or combined with them: the urine of cows, horses, &c., always contain a portion of alkaline salts, and this is more fertilizing than the dung of those animals. By the reduction of vegetables by fire, alkaline salts are produced; and the action of fire on the soil generally adds to its fertility.'

Mr. Hayward very frequently differs from Sir Humphry Davy, not indeed in his analysis and exposition of chemical principles or of the combination of chemical agents, in which he acknowleges him to be clear and correct: but we find him differing in his inferences, and in the application of those principles. Sir H. D., in all probability, is not so much of a practical farmer as Mr. H., and after all that can be said, the test of a theory lies in its practice: Mr. H., therefore, will often be found a useful though not a very candid commentator on the doctrines of the first chemist of the age. Sir H. D. recommends that manure from the farm-yard should be ploughed into the land fresh, and before it has gone through the process of fermentation; because, as soon as dung begins to decompose, it throws off its volatile parts, which are the most valuable and efficient. On this Mr. H. says, that in the production and application of food for plants, Sir H. D.'s opinions seem to be grounded on the belief that *quantity* is the grand *desideratum*, and to have no notion that the *health and condition* of plants determine their value; or that vegetables are as much affected by both the quantity and the quality of food as animals are. There may be, and we believe there are, many reasons for questioning whether the advantages in the system recommended are not counterbalanced by results of an opposite character: but it is perfectly absurd to charge Sir H. with ignorance as to the effects of repletion and redundance on vegetables, since he has explained the principle on which an article so costly as manure is might be economized.

Mr. H. has a chapter on 'the Rust or Black Blight in Wheat;' and concurs in an opinion which we have long since advanced, namely, that Sir Joseph Banks mistook an effect for a cause when he ascribed this formidable disease to the attachment and growth of a parasitic fungus, whereas the attachment of the fungus seems to be the consequence of a previous disease in the plant.

We object to the opinions of Mr. Knight on this and other subjects being quoted through the pages of Sir John Sinclair, when the author might so easily have referred to the communications themselves of that ingenious and scientific gentleman, in the various philosophical works which he has enriched.

enriched. By this culpable inattention, too, he has neglected to make himself acquainted with any change of opinion which further observation and experiment may have produced on given questions. Thus we find him quoting Mr. Knight (through Sir John Sinclair) "as decidedly of opinion that the disease" (the rust or mildew of wheat) "is taken up by the root; every experiment to communicate it from infected straw to others proving abortive; and, indeed, if it were introduced into the ear of the plant, how could it descend, and infect solely the stem, which is the case, unless when the disease is inveterate?" Mr. H. remarks on this passage, that 'as to fungus passing into plants by the roots it appears almost too preposterous to be seriously thought of.'

It would have been no more than is due to Mr. Knight, if the self-sufficient commentator, who *now* treats that gentleman, whose patronage he once sought to obtain, so superciliously, had looked into the Transactions of the Horticultural Society, where he might have found some "Observations on Mildew" from the pen of the President himself.

Speaking of Sir Joseph's theory, "that the disease is a minute parasitic fungus propagated like other plants, by seeds," Mr. K. has the following remark: "The evidence would, I think, be sufficient, if the means were ascertained by which the seeds of this species of fungus are conveyed from the wheat-plants of one season to those of the succeeding year. This, however, has not been done; and some still consider that the mildew of wheat consists only of preternatural processes which spring from a diseased action of the powers of life in the plants themselves." He observes, however, that it is not difficult to shew that the seeds of these fungi are sufficiently numerous, and are propagated with sufficient rapidity to account for the ubiquity of the plants they are supposed to produce; and relates an experiment which he made on a mushroom, from which he conceives that 250 millions of seeds were produced in ninety-six hours.

Mr. K.'s hypothesis as to the remote cause of that diseased state of the plant which offers facilities to the attachment of these *fungi* is this: He considers the disease to arise from a want of sufficient supply of moisture from the soil accompanied with excess of humidity from the air; particularly if plants are exposed to a temperature below that to which they have been accustomed. It has been observed, that if damp and cold weather in July succeed to that which has been warm and bright, without the intervention of sufficient rain to moisten the ground to some extent, the wheat crop is generally

ally injured by mildew. "I suspect," says Mr. Knight, "that in such cases an injurious absorption of moisture by the leaves and stems of wheat-plants takes place; and I have proved that, under similar circumstances, much water will be absorbed by the leaves of trees and be carried downwards, through their alburnous substance; though it is certain that through this substance the sap *rises* in other circumstances. If a branch be taken from a tree when its leaves are mature and one leaf be kept constantly wet, that leaf will absorb moisture and supply another leaf below it upon the branch, even though all communication between them, through the bark, be intersected; and if a similar absorption takes place in the straws of wheat or the stems of other plants, and a retrograde motion of the fluids be produced, I conceive that the ascent of the true sap, or organizable matter, in the seed-vessels must be retarded, and it may become the food of parasitical plants which then only may grow luxuriant and injurious."

Such is Mr. Knight's hypothesis, good we doubt not so far as it goes. Such an unnatural absorption of moisture as he describes must be injurious: but whatever preserves young corn in a healthy state arms it against the attack of those *fungi* which, when they have taken possession of the plant, we call mildew or rust. Too great luxuriance and too little are alike injurious; a man may kill himself by eating too much as well as too little, and die of repletion instead of starvation.

The adaptation of seed to soil and climate, by promoting the health, will repel the mildew of corn: if a want of sufficient moisture from the soil forces the plant to a morbid absorption of humidity from the air by its leaves and stems, so likewise is it of the greatest consequence to protect the young crop against absorbing excessive moisture by its roots; and no land should be intrusted with wheat that is not thoroughly drained. The season of flowering is extremely critical to all plants. We often see our pea and bean fields and our orchards after profuse blossom barren of fruit. If much wet weather occurs when the wheat is in flower the anthers are liable to be burst, and the farina to be washed away: or, should the weather at this time be cold and piercing, the farina may not become sufficiently ripe and mature to impregnate the female, the plant then grows sickly, and is soon seized upon as the *nidus* of some insect, or the food of some fungus. Various, indeed, are the diseased appearances which the wheat crop occasionally presents. Every body must have observed also, that the ear of barley, oats, and wheat, sometimes undergoes an entire spontaneous decomposition, — that it

it bursts from its sheath, inclosing, instead of healthy kernels of corn within its husk, only a black and greasy powder. Whether this substance be of animal or vegetable nature is perhaps not positively ascertained, though Linnæus says that, if it is macerated in warm water for a few days, animalculæ are produced, clearly discernible by the microscope. It may be observed, however, that as this powder is formed before the ear bursts from its sheath, and the disease being antecedent to it, can have no reference to the season of flowering.

In the year 1821 a great deal of mischief was done to the wheat-crop by the continued and severe frosts to which it was exposed, night after night, during the bursting of the ear and the expansion of the flower. On the 16th of July, the writer of this article first observed a bright yellow or ferruginous powder sprinkled over the young kernel and among the husks which envelope it. The country people called it the *red robin*. On examining the diseased kernels with a lens, several of them had sustained little or no injury, while others had the appearance of being half-eaten away, and others again were entirely destroyed. If this ferruginous or golden mucor was a fungus, its roots penetrated the vessels of the tender and pulpy kernel to which it adhered, and it probably owed its adhesion to the previous injury which the plant had sustained by frost during the season of impregnation. There is another ground for this suspicion; namely, that those wheats which in that year came earliest into ear and flower were observed to be much more affected than such as came later. On examining a field of wheat, the south-east side of which was shaded from the morning sun by a thick and tall plantation, it was particularly remarked that, for some yards from the fence on that side, the ears having been retarded for a few days from flowering, were, comparatively speaking, free from the disease, while every other part of the field exhibited its ravages. Another and a stronger case was that of a piece of Talavera wheat, which, having been sown on the 10th of March, and not having come into flower till a fortnight after those which had been sown in the autumn of the preceding year, was entirely saved from the disease: because the ear and the parts of fructification, so delicate and so sensitive, did not burst from their integuments till the weather had become milder, and were thus sheltered from the 'tyrannous breathings of the north,' and from those piercing frosts which had injured the earlier plants.

Mr. Hayward has touched on various topics connected with the physiology of vegetation and the agency of chemical principles.

ciples. The concluding chapter, 'On planting Orchards and making Cyder,' will probably be consulted also with much practical advantage.

ART. VI. *A brief Narrative of an unsuccessful Attempt to reach Repulse Bay*, through Sir Thomas Rowe's "Welcome," in His Majesty's Ship Griper, in the Year 1824. By Captain G. F. Lyon, R.N. With a Chart and Engravings. 8vo. pp. 214. 10*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Murray. 1825.

IN connection with the third expedition in which Captain Parry is now engaged, Captain Lyon had been destined to the special service of proceeding to Repulse Bay, where it was intended he should winter, and, on the return of spring, detach a small party across Melville Peninsula, with a view to explore the polar seas as far as Point Turnagain, at which Captain Franklin, as our readers may recollect, terminated his bold and perilous survey. The Griper, accordingly, accompanied by the Snap, as a store-ship, weighed from the Little Nore, on the 6th of June last. At her very outset, it was but too apparent that the former vessel pitched deeply, and had been rendered very unfit either for quick sailing, or for contending with the heavy seas and appalling ice of the northern ocean. We would not willingly impute blame to any of the parties concerned in the equipment; and yet it is painful to reflect, that an instance of such serious inadvertence was permitted to occur in a country justly celebrated for nautical skill and liberal enterprize. The requisite stores and clothing, on the other hand, had been provided on the most humane and comfortable scale.

On the 28th, when off Noss Head, Captain Lyon and his party, owing to a fog, and the ignorance of the local pilot, had a narrow escape from shipwreck.

'Having made an offing, until by the pilot's account of the set of the tide, we could weather the Head, we again stood inshore: but a heavy swell, through which the ship made no way, and a light air, rendered her quite unmanageable; and the tide having turned, we were carried right for the Head; for at ten P.M. we obtained soundings in twenty-five fathoms, and saw the shadow of the cliff close above us, while at the same moment the breakers were seen and heard under her bows.

'Our next cast gave us four fathoms, but most opportunely a flaw of wind came edging round the rock, and we were fortunate in staying the ship, and just clearing her off the reef. Guided by the sound of the breakers, and our hand leads, we succeeded in running into an anchorage in fifteen fathoms, apparently sheltered by some part of the high land. As Sinclair's Bay is the only place

place affording anchorage along a great extent of this most precipitous coast, we were most thankful for our security. I cannot pass over the circumstances of this escape without deploring the extreme ignorance of the pilots for this part of the coast; ours, for instance, not having any idea of our situation when anchored, and having been most positive that the set of the tide, with which he declared himself perfectly acquainted, could not possibly sweep us near the Head, on the course we had been steering.'

As the vessels put into Stromness for refreshments, an opportunity occurred of visiting some circular ranges of stone, commonly called *Druidical Temples.* Here, too, were procured, though not without much difficulty, two diminutive ponies, of the genuine Shetland breed, which might, it was believed, prove peculiarly serviceable in the contemplated operations on land. The inmates of the Orcadian huts declared that they had nothing better than meal and water to offer to the strangers.

'At length, however,' says the Captain, 'we made acquaintance with an old woman, who took us into her smoky cabin, and laid before us abundance of roasted eggs, roasted potatoes, bannocks, butter, and milk, while her husband produced his "ain wee bottle," from which he poured us some excellent whiskey. The old gentleman, who called himself a farmer, had several acres under cultivation, but the hut in which "Christy" and he lived was most miserable and dirty, having no light but through the smoke-hole in the roof.

'While the good farmer stood declaiming before us on his visit to London many years ago, we could not but admire his costume, consisting of sufficiently ill-assorted articles of various colours; and he completed the array of his outward man by wearing a *red* wig, which had been cropped or rather notched, over a dark shock head of hair, which peeped like a fancy fringe from beneath the boundaries of this supplemental covering. The ground of our friend was well tilled, as indeed were all the other fields through which we passed, but the corn was only yet in blade.'

The navigators resumed their course on the 3d of July, but advanced slowly through a heavy rolling sea, the Griper being frequently towed by her consort. It was observed as a singular phænomenon, that the clouds near the horizon 'were constantly rising in clearly defined and widely extended arches, being within their bounds far more luminous, and of different colors from any other parts of the heavens; and as we sometimes saw three or four of these remarkable bows at the same instant in different quarters, it is evident that locality has no influence in their formation.'

A re-

A remarkable sunset, which occurred on the 25th, is thus described:

'In the north-west was an arch, whose bases were from east to north-west, where its extremity joined a second bow, stretching to the south-south-east. That to the north-west was topped by clouds of the most vivid orange colour, shaded with deep purple, in long waving, but curved bands; and below these gleamed forth the clear blue sky, which, as it approached the horizon, blended into soft green, rose-colour, and lake. In the bluest part of these bright heavens, small clouds resembling streamers of white floss silk floated with the most airy lightness, while near the horizon were a quantity of long black streaks, in solid masses; behind which the sun was setting. One round blood-coloured spot marked its position, and the base of the dark cloud immediately above it was bordered with the most brilliant scarlet, while the reflection from the sun on the long-rolling sea imparted to it a deep purple tinge.

'A singular change took place where the two arches joined; as that to the eastward was of a pure rose-colour, packed, band above band, the divisions of which were distinguished by a dull pink streak.'

Icebergs began to appear on the 1st of August, when the temperature of the atmosphere had fallen to 34°, and that of the water to 31°. As the weather cleared up in the evening, the high, rugged, and inhospitable land of Labrador became visible in the distance. On running along the coast, next day, at noon, Captain Lyon was surprized to find that he was only in latitude 59° 24' 38", having been, as he conjectured, driven considerably to the southward, under the united influence of the currents from Hudson's and Davis's Straits. Before they became completely involved among the ice, the stores, &c. were transferred from the Snap to the Griper, the former then steering for Newfoundland, and the latter, more lumbered than ever, pursuing her solitary and hazardous course.

From such observations as he was enabled to make, Captain Lyon was led to infer that Cape Chidley is laid down in the charts 27 miles too much to the northward. On the 5th, he made Cape Resolution, in the midst of severe and disagreeable weather, which was, however, succeeded by a calm and sunny evening on the 6th. He next came abreast of *Terra Nivea*, so called by the early northern navigators from its uniform covering of snow, while the neighbouring ridges, of equal height, are destitute of such a covering. The compasses now began to exhibit great irregularities, which even the influence of Mr. Barlow's plate failed to correct. On a floe by which the ship lay were collected several hits of

of gneiss and granite, bivalve shells, sea-weed, and, what excited more surprize, leaves of the oak, and one of the common whortle-berry bush. In Hudson's Strait, the quantity of ice, so late in the season, was found to be much more considerable than usual, owing to the prevalence of north-easterly gales during July and August.

On the appearance of a very vivid aurora borealis, on the night of the 11th, the Captain candidly retracts his former assertion, that "the prismatic colours are not visible in this phenomenon." Ocular demonstration had, long ago, convinced us of the fact, and without stirring so far as the author has done from our fire-side; for one of the most magnificent displays of variously-colored auroræ that can be conceived we recollect to have contemplated long ago, in our own island.

Whilst detained in the ice, the ship was visited by about sixty Esquimaux, males and females, who came to barter their spare articles, consisting chiefly of weapons and clothes: they were, as usual, very lively and very vociferous. At first, they appeared to be scared at the ponies and the pigs: but, when their apprehensions were removed, they expressed great satisfaction at having seen two new species of *rein-deer*. Their settlement was in the bay, immediately behind the North Bluff; and they represented it as abounding in musk oxen, rein-deer, and fish. About eight miles farther up the coast, a party belonging to another tribe came alongside, and engaged in a brisk and tumultuous traffic of exchange. The Captain procured from them a small parcel of the skins of the legs of the red fox, whence we may infer that this quadruped frequents the shores of Hudson's Strait. — The progress of the vessel, meanwhile, through occasional lanes hedged with ice, was painfully slow, and often effected under the cheerless and chilling influence of fogs.

'Although the fogs in the polar regions are so frequently mentioned in the course of the recent narratives which have been published, I believe they are generally understood as resembling our English fogs, which is not, in fact, the case. In the northern seas these vapours rarely rise to above a hundred feet from the sea, and a sky of most provoking brilliancy is frequently seen over head. The view from the deck is bounded to about a hundred yards, and such is the rapid formation of the icicles on the rigging, that it is actually possible, when the temperature is low, to see them grow beneath the eye. Yet chilling as this may appear, the sudden clearing of the fog no sooner permits the sun to break forth in its full vigour, than the ship and rigging glisten in the most brilliant manner, as if they were of glass, and a rapid thaw quickly restores every thing to its original colour.'

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From the 24th, the navigation, regulated by a constant series of soundings along the coast, proved laborious, fatiguing, and dangerous; attesting, at the same time, the careless manner in which the old charts had been executed. The high land of Cape Pembroke was observed to give place to a long tract of flat and uniform beach, *awash* with the water. On landing, an interview immediately took place with some of the natives, whose language differed from that of the Esquimaux already noticed; but who, also, expressed friendly dispositions, and testified much gratitude for some knives given in exchange for their sharpened bones. Notwithstanding their poverty, none of them begged or were troublesomely importunate. They live in dirty tents, and subsist chiefly on salmon. Two boats having been dispatched on the 29th, landed in the neighbourhood of an apparently forsaken station of Esquimaux: but, although the huts were dilapidated, or overgrown with grass, stores of provisions were still hoarded in their rude magazines. In one of their graves was found a dead body, coiled up, and sewed in a sack of skin.

'Near the large grave was a third pile of stones, covering the body of a child, which was coiled up in the same manner. A snow buntin had found its way through the loose stones which composed this little tomb, and its now forsaken, neatly built nest, was found placed on the neck of the child. As the snow buntin has all the domestic virtues of our English red-breast, it has always been considered by us as the robin of these dreary wilds, and its lively chirp and fearless confidence have rendered it respected by the most hungry sportsmen. I could not on this occasion view its little nest, placed on the breast of infancy, without wishing that I possessed the power of poetically expressing the feelings it excited. Both graves lay north-east and south-west. Before going on board I placed boarding-pikes, men's and women's knives, and other articles, which might be useful to the poor Esquimaux, on the huts and various piles of stones.'

The flat calcareous coast produces luxuriant grasses and mosses: but, in the course of the three visits which the people made to it, not a particle of sorrel was to be found; and the leaves of the pigmy willows never rose above the moss.

We have now to state, that a heavy gale and dangerous shoals rendered it necessary to part with a great quantity of the stores, and that on the 1st of September destruction appeared inevitable. On such a solemn and critical emergency, we can scarcely conceive a more sublime picture of human fortitude and composure than is exhibited in the ensuing passage:

'I caused the long-boat to be hoisted out, and, with the four smaller ones, to be stored to a certain extent with arms and provisions.

visions. The officers drew lots for their respective boats, and the ship's company were stationed to them. The long-boat having been filled full of stores which could not be put below, it became requisite to throw them overboard, as there was no room for them on our very small and crowded decks, over which heavy seas were constantly sweeping. In making these preparations for taking to the boats, it was evident to all, that the long-boat was the only one which had the slightest chance of living under the lee of the ship, should she be wrecked, but every officer and man drew his lot with the greatest composure, although two of our boats would have been swamped the instant they were lowered. Yet such was the noble feeling of those around me, that it was evident that had I ordered the boats in question to be manned, their crews would have entered them without a murmur. In the afternoon, on the weather clearing a little, we discovered a low beach all around astern of us, on which the surf was running to an awful height, and it appeared evident that no human powers could save us. At three P.M. the tide had fallen to twenty-two feet, (only six more than we drew,) and the ship having been lifted by a tremendous sea, struck with great violence the whole length of her keel. This we naturally conceived was the forerunner of her total wreck, and we stood in readiness to take the boats, and endeavour to hang under her lee. She continued to strike with sufficient force to have burst any less-fortified vessel, at intervals of a few minutes, whenever an unusually heavy sea passed us. And, as the water was so shallow, these might almost be called breakers rather than waves, for each in passing burst with great force over our gangways, and as every sea "topped," our decks were continually, and frequently deeply, flooded. All hands took a little refreshment, for some had scarcely been below for twenty-four hours, and I had not been in bed for three nights. Although few or none of us had any idea that we should survive the gale, we did not think that our comforts should be entirely neglected, and an order was therefore given to the men to put on their best and warmest clothing, to enable them to support life as long as possible. Every man, therefore, brought his bag on deck and dressed himself, and in the fine athletic forms which stood exposed before me, I did not see one muscle quiver, nor the slightest sign of alarm. The officers each secured some useful instrument about them for the purposes of observation, although it was acknowledged by all that not the slightest hope remained. And now that every thing in our power had been done, I called all hands aft, and to a merciful God offered prayers for our preservation. I thanked every one for their excellent conduct, and cautioned them, as we should, in all probability, soon appear before our Maker, to enter His presence as men resigned to their fate. We then all sat down in groups, and, sheltered from the wash of the sea by whatever we could find, many of us endeavoured to obtain a little sleep. Never, perhaps, was witnessed a finer scene than on the deck of my little ship, when all hope of life had left us. Noble

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as the character of the British sailor is always allowed to be in cases of danger, yet I did not believe it to be possible, that amongst forty-one persons not one repining word should have been uttered. The officers sat about, wherever they could find shelter from the sea, and the men lay down conversing with each other with the most perfect calmness. Each was at peace with his neighbour and all the world, and I am firmly persuaded that the resignation which was then shewn to the will of the Almighty was the means of obtaining his mercy. At about six P.M. the rudder, which had already received some very heavy blows, rose, and broke up the after-lockers, and this was the last severe shock which the ship received. We found by the well that she made no water, and by dark she struck no more. God was merciful to us, and the tide, almost miraculously, fell no lower. At dark, heavy rain fell, but was borne with patience, for it beat down the gale, and brought with it a light air from the northward. At nine P.M. the water had deepened to five fathoms. The ship kept off the ground all night, and our exhausted crew obtained some broken rest.'

While we admire and applaud such a noble display of intrepidity and coolness on the part of Captain Lyon and his companions in the hour of trial, we could have dispensed with the insinuation that a miracle was wrought for their safety; for, can we doubt that precisely the same commotion of winds and waves would have occurred, although the Griper had never been involved in it? Or, are we to countenance the doctrine, that the Deity is constantly arresting or modifying the operation of those general laws which he has impressed on matter and motion for the welfare of the universe, in order to meet the exigences of countless individual and partial cases? Mariners, however, be their moral habits and conduct what they may, are apt to regard themselves as special objects of the protection of Heaven: and it is well if their superstitious cast of mind does not induce the firm belief that whistling at sea presages misfortune; that change of wind may be obtained by throwing an old cask into the sea; and that an indispensable requisite of good luck is a horse-shoe nailed to the mast.

From its memorable anchorage in the "Bay of God's Mercy," the ship was removed on the 2d; and its commander, after persevering for some days longer in a tardy, laborious, and precarious navigation, to avoid foundering in the increasing darkness and tempests, at length, with the concurrence of his officers, resolved to bear up, and retrace his course to England.

The recital of the homeward-passage contains little that can interest the general reader. For some time the com-

passes continued useless; observations were rarely obtained; and very boisterous weather more than once occasioned fresh discomforts and alarms: nor was it till the 2d of October, that the vessel entered again into the open sea, with a fine moderate breeze.

'Never,' exclaims the Captain, 'have I witnessed a happier set of countenances than were on our deck this night. To have regained once more an open ocean, in a ship in which we had so often been in danger, was of itself sufficient to rejoice at; but when we reflected, that in two particular instances we had been left without the slightest probability of again seeing our country; that when all hope had left us, we had been mercifully preserved, and that now, without the power of beating off a lee-shore, or an anchor to save us, we had run through nine hundred miles of a dangerous navigation, and arrived in safety at the ocean, I may say that our sensations were indescribable. For the first time since the 28th of August, a period of five weeks, I enjoyed a night of uninterrupted repose.'

On the 4th, however, a heavy gale from the southward, with a long swell, and which continued for twelve days, excited fresh anxieties and apprehensions; the decks being constantly flooded, and several articles washed away. Having fallen in with some of the home-bound whale-ships, Captain Lyon was apprized of the singularly tempestuous weather which they had encountered, and of their general want of success. Proceeding under variable winds, he made the Land's End on the 8th of November, the chronometers, notwithstanding the tossings which they received, having kept their rates with great accuracy.

'In our distressed state,' says he, 'I determined on running into Portsmouth Harbour, as the tide would serve until two P. M., and the wind was so fresh, that had we lost the flood we could not have remained under sail all night in safety at Spithead. Accordingly, after having shewn our number, and signalized that we had lost all our anchors and cables, we ran into the harbour in a heavy squall, and were soon secured to a three-decker's moorings. Our people were, many of them, much exhausted by their constant exposure to the wash of the sea, and three were immediately sent to the hospital. They soon, however, recovered, and the Griper was paid off on the 13th of December.

'Thus ends the journal of our unsuccessful expedition. Before I take leave of my readers, I hope I may be allowed to make a few observations respecting my shipmates, seamen as well as officers; whose conduct on all occasions was such as to entitle them to the warmest praise I can bestow. I may with truth assert, that there never was a happier little community than that assembled on board the Griper. Each succeeding day, and each

each escape from difficulties, seemed to bind us more strongly together; and I am proud to say, that, during the whole of our voyage, neither punishment, complaint, nor even a dispute of any kind, occurred amongst us.'

Painful and discouraging as this abortive enterprize has proved, it has, nevertheless, contributed some fresh materials to our increasing stock of nautical and physical information; for it has at least revealed several errors of former reckonings, as well as some important facts relative to the phænomena of magnetism, which will be found well detailed by Professor Barlow, in the Appendix. The few plants of which specimens were gathered are arranged and designated by Dr. Hooker of Glasgow, who purposes to describe some of them more particularly in the forthcoming Supplement to Captain Parry's Second Voyage.

ART. VII. *Rothelan;* a Romance of the English Histories. By the Author of "Annals of the Parish," &c. &c. &c. 3 Vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.* Boards. Whittaker. 1824.

To discuss the quality of the "Waverley novels" would be considered by our contemporaries as equivalent to calling their merits in question. The public suffrage has irrepealably stamped their excellence; and it is every where admitted that the author has infused new charms into this interesting department of letters. The palm of public favor is a trophy too noble to be enjoyed without competition; and hence we have numbers of imitative fictions, written, if not exactly in his manner, with a strong effort to approach it. Many of them have come into our hands, and have either been passed over with frigid indifference, or with that faint and qualified praise which resembles censure. It is not thus, however, that we have dealt with the ingenious productions which have successively flowed from the fertile invention of Mr. Galt, some of which have well merited and received our approbation. Frequently, indeed, his footsteps might be tracked near those of his great prototype. His fictions are occasionally full of original thinking, and show that he has a manner of his own when he trusts to his powers, and takes his subjects from the common store-house of nature. In the diversified landscapes of Gaspar, and the various figures of Nicholas Poussin, the predominating green of the former, and the red of the latter, give them an appropriate air which can never be mistaken: and so it is in these historical fictions,—in this family of Scotish novels: nor will Mr. Galt's 'Rothelan' form an exception to the remark. He is a decided mannerist;

not indeed like Marivaux, from the narrow range of his subjects, and the exclusive working of one or more passions, but in his selection of peculiar persons and situations: in other words, the choice of his characters, and the management of his plots.

We must begin our remarks, however, with a complaint, and strongly protest against the perpetual interposition of the author's own soliloquies, which break the thread of the narration, and distract our attention without rewarding it. We strongly suspect them to have been suggested by the necessity of eking out his matter to the three volumes, — the *statutable* size of a modern novel. Still, after all, he missed his aim; for even the convenient auxiliaries of two blank leaves at the end of every part, and of leaves nearly blank at the end of each chapter, would not all do; his resources failed him; and to fill up the last volume three additional tales are stuck in.

We cheerfully acknowledge, however, that we have been considerably amused with 'Rothelan,' and are disposed, from the pleasure it has afforded us, to waive sundry objections to egregious instances of bad taste, affectation, and false rhetoric, which were just ready to start from our pen. We will select one only as a sample; and sure we are that Mr. Galt himself will hardly retain his relish for the following simile, when it is again served up to him: 'The grace and loveliness of the lady had taken possession of his bosom, but the remembrance of her dignity checked the indulgence of his wishes, like the Egyptian gum, which arrests corruption and preserves even the dead in everlasting beauty.' (Vol. i. p. 263.) How a remembrance can be like a gum we are at a loss to conceive; and those who have seen an Egyptian mummy will, we think, be shy in allowing that 'the dead are preserved in everlasting beauty.'

The story is founded upon one of those romances of real life which sometimes surpass the boldest inventions of fiction, both in singularity of incident and in vicissitude of fortune: — the celebrated case of Annesley in Ireland, tried in the reign of George II., who having, while yet a child, been sold into slavery in the American plantations, returned, after thirteen years, and recovered his title and estates by an ejectment. — Edmund de Crosby, Lord of Rothelan, fell in the Scotish wars during the minority of Edward III. During a visit to Italy he had married a Florentine lady of high birth, the Lady Albertina, whom he brought with him into England. Sir Amias de Crosby his brother, although he never breathed a doubt of her being the lawful wife of

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the deceased lord in his lifetime, as soon as the disastrous news of his fall arrived, took possession of the honors and manors of Rothelan, as his lawful inheritance, pretending that the Lady Albertina had never been married to his brother; and that their only son Rothelan was illegitimate. The endeavors of the lady to recover her usurped rights and those of her son; the machinations of Sir Amias, and a diabolical agent of his villany, Ralph Hanslap, to defeat their claim; and the benevolence of a Jew, the counterpart of Mr. Cumberland's, who sustains and comforts them in their struggle against oppression and power, constitute the outlines of the novel, which Mr. Galt has filled up with considerable spirit and effect; and we think it is due to him to select a few passages, as specimens of its general execution.

Lady Albertina is under the necessity of raising money on her jewels, in order to effect her escape and that of her child from Sir Amias, and to obtain evidence of her marriage in Italy. The jewels are carried to a Jew (Adonijah), who, having first advanced a sum upon them very inadequate to their value, is touched with the misfortunes of the lady, and repairs to her with the casket in his pocket.

'Adonijah came humbly and slowly, shuffling and sliding forward, bowing as he advanced.

'The lady, who had never seen him before, was not much prepossessed in his favour, — either by his physiognomy, or the cringing obsequiousness with which he approached her.

'"What is your pleasure with me?" said she, when he had come in that manner within two or three paces of the spot where she was standing.

'"I would have discourses with yourself," replied Adonijah, glancing his eye towards the door which led to the inner apartment, and which was still open.

'The lady turned round, closed the door, and then requiring him to take a seat, sat down herself. Adonijah, however, instead of doing so, laid his hand on his breast, and bowed with profound humility in thankfulness for the courtesy with which he was treated: instead of going to a chair, he looked warily behind, and then taking the casket, which the confessor had sold to him, from under his cloak, he went close to her, and said in a whisper, —

'"Madam, there was an honest man, a priest, who brought me this to make me buy, and he said to me that the jewels were your jewels, — is it as he has said?"

'The Lady Albertina at the first glance recognised the casket, and was disconcerted as much by that circumstance as by the eagerness with which the Jew looked at her, while he held it in his left hand, patting the lid with his right as he spoke.

'"Yes, the jewels were mine," was her answer; "I intrusted them to the care of a friar for sale, and he has brought me the money which he received for them."

'"I have given him too many monies," said Adonijah: "the jewels are very bad, — very, very, — they are as stones of the rivers, bad, and worth no monies at all."

'The lady naturally concluded, that the Jew, being dissatisfied with his bargain, had come to require the return of the money, and she was at once disappointed and embarrassed.

'"I am sorry," said she, "that they have proved of so little value; but indeed I require the money, and cannot return it all."

'"I will not have the jewels," replied Adonijah: "you shall take them again, and you will give me your bond for the monies."

'The lady looked at him for some time without making any answer, and appeared as if she did not rightly understand what he had said.

'"You will," resumed Adonijah, holding out the casket, "take back your jewels, and keep them, or sell them to another man; but I will not take them for my monies, for I will have your bond."

'"But," replied the lady, taking the casket from him, and looking up in his face, "I have no security to give you."

'"Will not Sir Amias be so much a friend?" said the Jew, looking at her inquiringly: "he is a good man, — all men say good things of Sir Amias de Crosby, — there is not such another Christian man for soft sentences in all the land of England, — surely he will do that small grace to content so gentle a lady."

'The lady sighed; for a moment she cast her eyes on the ground, and then, again looking up, said firmly, —

'"I do not choose to ask Sir Amias, but I will return you half the money, — surely the casket is worth the other, and you can sell it."

'"I tell you," replied Adonijah, raising himself into an erect posture, and speaking with a free voice, "that I will not have the jewels, — they are your jewels, and I will have a bond for my monies."

'The lady remained for a short time silent, and a tear oozing out upon her cheek, she wiped it away.

'"I am friendless and a stranger in this country," said she, "and I cannot comply with your request."

'"Am not I your friend, lady, when I will take your bond for the monies, and give you back the jewels that you may sell them again? — I will take your own bond, lady."

'This was expressed with such a mild and conciliatory accent, that the Lady Albertina looked at him with amazement, and, rising from her chair, said, "How is it that I should be so indebted to a stranger?"

'"Because," replied Adonijah, "there is loveliness in your countenance, and I will give many monies to make it glad."

'The paternal kindness with which this was expressed sounded so cheeringly, that the lady smiled at the simplicity of the explanation, while she felt that the generosity of the Jew would scarcely have affected her with less surprise, even had she met with it in any Christian.

'"That good man," continued Adonijah, "who came to me with your jewels, told me your story, and that you will take away your

your child from his inheritances: that is not wise, lady; stay with him in this country; — am I not your friend?"

' " But Sir Amias is alike the enemy of me and of my unfortunate child."

' " Sir Amias is a great man," resumed the Jew, thoughtfully, " and Adonijah is a very small thing that curs snarl at, — aye, and bite too, without the compunction of any humanities; yet, sweet lady, be not afraid, Sir Amias owes monies, and he is therefore a slave. I will get Christian men to buy my bonds; for the law gives them parchments to do things which neither I nor my brethren may do."

' For some time the lady continued to regard him with a wondering, yet distrustful eye, — at last, she said, —

' " Your visit has perplexed me, — your conduct is still more surprising, — and I am altogether unable to divine the motive which prompts you to do me such unlooked-for kindness."

' " I have my pleasures in this," replied Adonijah cheerfully, but with the most profound deference of demeanour: " you are fair and comely, and you are like the daughter of Jerusalem, lonely in a strange land."

' " But what am I to you? and how is it that you should take so much interest in the misfortunes of a stranger?"

' " When you see the rose looking out from the bud," replied the Jew, " does it not give you pleasures? When you hear the songs of the morning, do they not make you glad? When you see the waters sparkling in the sun, are you not joyful? Is not the fragrance of plants in the evening as the thought of Eden and the pomegranate-gardens of Solomon? Do not the stars shine to your spirit with a holiness finer than their light? And when the moon comes forth with her silence and solemnities, is not the soul filled to overflowing with inexpressible delights? But neither the rose, nor the songs of the morning, nor the fragrance of the evening, nor the holiness of the stars, nor the solemnity of the moon, bring with them to me such plenty of contents as in making happiness with mine own hand. You marvel, to hear me so speak; but though I am a Jew, — a despised Jew, — and almost an old man, yet it hath pleased God to give me a kind heart, and with it the eye of the breast, that which delighteth in excellence, whether it be of outward loveliness or of the inward harmonies of good thoughts."

' Notwithstanding the warmth of these expressions, there was so much of paternal purity in the manner of Adonijah, that the lady took confidence in him, and said in her simplicity, —

' " I am not aware of having ever had occasion or opportunity to shew you that I possessed any claim to your regard."

' " But I have seen you many times, and felt sunshine in the sight of the beautiful spirit that beams from your countenance. O! it would be to me more pleasures than all monies to take away that adversity which makes so cold a shadow fall so darkly on so fair a thing, lady. I do not live for monies; I was not made to cleave unto gold, for I am a sincere man, and would make poverties flee

flee away; but you think me hungry for gains.—Alas! sweet lady, am I to blame that I was born a Jew?"

'After some still more animated professions of fatherly interest in her condition, Adonijah at last succeeded in obtaining from the lady a promise, that she would not leave England until she heard from him again.

' "But," said he, "this house, with Sir Amias, is now no longer a fit dwelling-place for you and your child. You are here in perils, and you must come out of the snares and escape from the fowler. Therefore I shall provide you with a habitation in pleasant retirements, and when it is ready you will come with me, for am I not your friend?" '

The young heir is stolen away by the stratagem of Sir Amias and his familiar, Ralph Hanslap, and consigned to the care of one Pierce Pigot at Rochester. Lady Albertina by the aid of Adonijah recovers him, and he is placed, at the intercession of the Jew, in the quality of page to Lord Mowbray, whom he follows to the war then carrying on in the north to check the Scotish invasion under King David. The portrait of William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester, and Lord-keeper, is well drawn.

'It was in the evening, some hours posterior to the King's departure, that they were admitted to the presence of the Bishop, whom they found, as our author tells us, a fair man, neither ruddy nor pale, but more inclined to the latter complexion, though, from the breadth and vigour of his frame, it might have been expected that his countenance would have borne a deeper tinge of the other hue. But he was studious and temperate, and his patience in meditation, industry in thought, and frugality in all things pertaining to indulgence, were causes of that delicacy, which, without any sickliness, gave him, with a robust body, the look of one that lacks somewhat in the possession of his healthful energies. His voice was pleasant, and of a rich sound, but now and then a little sharpened in the accent, betokening that, however quick in humour he had been in his youth, the practice of a sedate benevolence had chastened, if it had not entirely subdued, whatever there was of temerity in his original temper. And this visible discipline was so manifest, that it lent something of the grace of kindness to his urbanity.

'Affairs of the King having obliged him to let the lady and the Jew remain some time in the gallery, he was sitting when they were admitted to his presence. He spoke condescendingly to them in apology, as they came forward, till he chanced to observe the lady; when, surprised at the superiority of her air, and touched by the soft sadness of her matronly beauty, he rose and led her to a seat.

' "I am informed," said he, "that you have requested to see me alone, and particularly this evening. The sudden departure of the King to-day has thrown many things on my hands; but if there

there is such urgency in your business that it may not be deferred, I am ready and willing to give it all manner of consideration."

'Adonijah, who was not requested to sit down, stood at some little distance; on hearing this, he came forward, and taking at the same time from his bosom the casket, he opened it, and presented it to the Bishop, and began to relate the circumstances of his first bargain. During this recital, the Bishop, who continued to look at the contents of the casket, appeared to endure more than to hear what was said. But when Adonijah spoke of the lady's misfortunes, and the interest he had himself taken in her condition, the casket was laid on the table, and the benevolent prelate, overlaying his hands on his lap, listened with a calm expression of wonder and attention.

'The Jew having related all the circumstances in the history of the lady and her child, with which the reader is already acquainted, — having also explained the apprehensions which he entertained of the enmity of Sir Amias, and the motives which had induced him to solicit with the lady the interview so freely afforded, — paused, and remained some time in expectation of an answer. The Bishop, however, continued for the space of several minutes silent; and Adonijah bending eagerly forward, with his left hand slightly elevated, seemed as if he read the thoughts that were passing in his mind: the lady, who, on coming into the room, had thrown her veil aside, in the mean time drew it again over her face.

'"Madam," said the Bishop at last, — he was however interrupted for a moment, by the sudden gesture with which Adonijah clasped his hands in evident triumph, — "Madam, this is a singular story. There is in it much to breed suspicion to the prejudice of Sir Amias de Crosby; and if the things told be true, I shall not doubt the validity of your rights; but I am quite sure, that without some other evidence, there is not enough, in all the show of probabilities which this respectable man hath stated, to enable the King to redress your wrongs. Nevertheless, this I will do, and where a Jew has done so much, surely I ought not to stand too nicely on forms in a case so singular. Sir Amias de Crosby, as the Jew hath suggested, shall be privately invited hither, and I will myself sift him on the subject. However, the Jew shall have my special protection; and while your son is with the Lord Mowbray, than whom there is not a truer nobleman in all England, you have nothing to fear on this account. I cannot, however, enter upon the business to-night, but to-morrow I will send for the knight, and in the evening, at this hour, come to me again."

'So assured and comforted, Adonijah and the lady departed; but many things of public concernment so pressed next day on the Bishop that he had not leisure to fulfil his promise; and, in consequence, Ralph Hanslap and his patron had time to ripen their machinations to effect.'

A favorable specimen of our author's historical powers occurs in the description of the great plague in Edward III.'s time, which will remind our readers of Daniel Defoe's feigned,

feigned, though substantially authentic, account of that dreadful calamity when it broke out at a much later period, and with it we must close our extracts.

'"It was as if Heaven had repented the making of mankind, and was shovelling them all into the sepulchre. Justice was forgotten, and her courts deserted. The terrified jailors fled from the felons that were in fetters;—the innocent and the guilty leagued themselves together, and kept within their prisons for safety;—the grass grew in the market-places;—the cattle went moaning up and down the fields, wondering what had become of their keepers;—the rooks and the ravens came into the towns, and built their nests in the mute belfries; silence was universal, save when some infected wretch was seen clamouring at a window.

'"For a time all commerce was in coffins and shrouds; but even that ended. Shrift there was none;—churches and chapels were open, but neither priest nor penitent entered; all went to the charnel-house. The sexton and the physician were cast into the same deep and wide grave;—the testator and his heirs and executors were hurled from the same cart into the same hole together. Fires became extinguished, as if its element too had expired;—the seams of the sailorless ships yawned to the sun. Though doors were open, and coffers unwatched, there was no theft;—all offences ceased, and no crime but the universal woe of the pestilence was heard of among men. The wells overflowed, and the conduits ran to waste;—the dogs banded themselves together, having lost their masters, and ran howling over all the land;—horses perished of famine in their stalls;—old friends but looked at one another when they met, keeping themselves far aloof;—creditors claimed no debts, and courtiers performed their promises;—little children went wandering up and down, and numbers were seen dead in all corners. Nor was it only in England that the plague so raged; it travelled over a third part of the whole earth, like the shadow of an eclipse, as if some dreadful thing had been interposed between the world and the sun-source of life."

'The good Lady de Crosby died, the gentle Beatrice died, and Sir Amias, followed at a distance by Ralph Hanslap, went murmuring every where in quest of the infection, but he could not die.

'He confessed aloud, to every one he met, the wrongs he had done to the widow and the orphan, but no one heeded his tale; for all were flying, they knew not whither, from the pestilence.

'He ran to the house of Adonijah the Jew to make restitution. The door was open, and he rushed in; but a swarm of horrible flies came buzzing into his face, and he heard the sound of swine grovelling in the darkness within.

'He turned slowly round, and seeing Ralph Hanslap standing in the street, he beckoned him towards him, but was refused. He darted back in his frenzy into the house; and the cries of the swine,

swine, driven from their devouring, were heard, and two that were black came raging out.

'At that epoch, for a short time there was a silence, and every person in the street for a moment stood still: and London was as dumb as a church-yard. Again the sound of a bell was heard; for it was that sound, so long unheard, which arrested the fugitive multitude, and caused their silence. At the third toll an universal shout arose, as when a herald proclaims the tidings of a great battle won, and then there was a second silence.

'The people fell on their knees, and with anthems of thankfulness rejoiced in the dismal sound of that tolling death-bell; for it was a signal of the plague being so abated that men might again mourn for friends, and hallow their remains with the solemnities of burial.'

Of the three stories inserted to eke out the third volume, we must speak in terms of qualified commendation.

ART. VIII. *A Practical Guide to the Composition and Application of the English Language;* or, a compendious System of English Grammar, Literary Criticism, and Practical Logic, illustrated by appropriate Definitions, Rules, Examples, and Exercises; arranged upon a Plan entirely new, and adapted to explain the Principles of these important Branches of Education. By Peter Smith, A.M., Teacher of English Composition, &c., Edinburgh. 12mo. pp. 436. 10*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Whittakers. 1824.

MUCH is promised in the title-page of this compilation, and much has been performed. We have rarely met with an elementary work designed for the use of the younger students of English literature better adapted to its end. It conducts them through the successive stages of grammar, criticism, and logic, by easy and gradual steps; and its rules are illustrated by clear and impressive examples. The nature of such a book must divest it of all claim to originality: but, though in many respects a compilation only, it contains much ingenious and useful reflection conveyed in neat and perspicuous language.

We doubt, whether grammar, properly so called, be the best entrance into language. It is certain that, in ordinary practice, time and labor are often most unprofitably wasted in "hovering," as Cicero expresses it, "about the elements." The analogy between words and reason is too remote from apprehension for undisciplined minds; and abstract rules are merely mechanical exercises of the memory. Experience, however, is an oracle to which we are bound to defer; and the long succession of able teachers who have kept the beaten track

track ought to make us scrupulously careful how we arraign a method so long established. Granting, then, that it is indispensably necessary for the learner to be conducted through the vestibule of grammar into language, it is of the utmost moment that the rules and definitions, as they are severally and successively impressed upon his mind, should be each accompanied with a sufficiency of examples to shew their use and application. In this respect, as well as in the arrangement of the rules of syntax, it is that the common English Grammars are most defective; and in the first part of his work Mr. Smith has judiciously labored in the accomplishment of these objects. Let him, however, explain his entire plan in his own words:

'With respect to the plan of this work, the author may be permitted to say that it is either entirely new, or at least very different from that of any other with which he is acquainted. The first part, denominated "Principles of English Grammar," contains new definitions of the parts of speech and rules of construction, illustrated by copious examples and exercises arranged throughout upon a systematic plan, and by appropriate directions for understanding prosody and punctuation; together with an explanation of the most common Scotticisms, and phrases borrowed from foreign languages, and various other appendages necessary for those who would speak or write the English language with propriety. — The second part, entitled "Sketches of Literary Criticism," illustrates those higher properties of language, which consist in the choice of such words and phrases as are pure and perspicuous, appropriate and precise in their application, — in their suitable arrangement for promoting perspicuity and unity, vivacity and harmony in the structure of sentences, — and in those ornaments of speech and sentiment, whereby simplicity, elegance, and sublimity of style, may be best attained by the student of English composition. — The third part, containing "Elements of Practical Logic," is intended to direct the student how to exercise his reasoning powers in the discovery of truth; and explains shortly the intellectual capacities of the human mind; the nature and qualities of its ideas; the relations and laws of their association; the nature of propositions, syllogisms, and arguments; the various kinds of reasoning and of evidence; the topics for proving any point or discussion; and the method of writing on any kind of subject. All these branches of Logic are illustrated by appropriate rules, examples, and exercises, adapted to point out a regular plan of arranging our ideas in the most natural order, and expressing them in the most conclusive manner, either in speech or in writing. — In the course of this extensive plan, it has been the object of the author to furnish the student with every thing necessary for unfolding the elementary principles of a classical education; and, though the work should be found to contain nothing that deserves the attention of the learned, and may even be

be chargeable with several imperfections, — if it prove useful to those who are engaged in their academical studies, or who are endeavouring, by their own private labours, to acquire a knowledge of the art of speaking, writing, and reasoning accurately in their native language, his purpose in composing it will be fully attained.'

We must dismiss his principles of grammar with observing, that Mr. S. has consulted the most eminent authorities, Lowth, Priestley, Crombie, and Lindley Murray. Harris and Horne Tooke are also occasionally cited. Notwithstanding, however, his general precision, among the examples of the rule by which the plural of foreign nouns used in the English language is formed, we notice the following errors: 'Animalculum, animalcula,' is evidently wrong; as is also 'genius, geniuses.' (P. 18.) There is no Latin plural of genius but genii. *Geniuses*, used as the plural, is formed by a vicious analogy.

The most original part of the work is that which treats of criticism, or the art by means of which the student of English composition may be enabled not only to relish but also to imitate the excellences of style which he admires; and to dislike and avoid faults in writing. It is not enough to merely experience pleasure or displeasure from what we read: we ought to ascertain the precise species of composition from which either results, and to be able to refer it to the sentiment or the expression, — to the design or the execution, — to sublimity or beauty, — to wit or humor. True criticism requires a classification of our emotions; and a just attachment of each to its particular cause. Admiration, indulged involuntarily, without reference to the principles according to which we admire, is the source of half the false taste in literature. — To afford an instance of Mr. Smith's mode of illustrating his rules by passages from eminent writers, and of then shewing, by analysis, their adaptation to those rules, we make the following extract:

'But as the proper choice of words in the formation of sentences will be best illustrated by observing the manner in which they are employed by an eminent English author, the following quotation from Mr. Addison may serve as an example of the preceding definition.

'*Illust.* — "Man, considered in himself, is a very helpless, and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties which he could not foresee, nor have prevented, had he foreseen them." — *Spect. No.* 441.

'These

'These three sentences exhibit the most correct choice of words for expressing the precise meaning of those ideas which they contain. The first word, *man,* is an appellative for the *human race,* and universally used in this sense by our best authors; —" *man considered by himself,*" signifies — man as existing by himself, and unconnected with all other beings. In this state, says our author, he is "a very helpless and a very wretched being." The term *helpless* denotes "the want of power to succour one's self;" and surely, it is evident that if man were left to himself in infancy, he would perish; for, if he had not parents or guardians to support and instruct him in youth, he could make no exertion to acquire either bodily sustenance or mental endowments; and if he were altogether detached from society in manhood, he could have no means of procuring either the necessaries or the comforts of life.

'But man, considered by himself, is not only a very helpless, but also "*a very wretched being.*" The term *wretched,* as applied in this passage, signifies unhappy, or miserable, and is more expressive of the meaning, than if any of these other terms had been chosen. Though unhappy, miserable, and wretched, may appear to express nearly the same idea, yet there is a great difference in the meaning of each of these words. *Unhappy* denotes merely the uneasiness of a man, who may be happy if he pleases; as the discontented are unhappy, because they think others more prosperous than themselves; — *miserable* is a term applicable to the condition of persons whose minds are tormented by the stings of conscience, agitated by the violence of passion, or harassed by worldly vexations; and accordingly, we say that wicked men are miserable; — but *wretched,* derived from the Saxon word *wrecca,* an exile, signifies cast away or abandoned; — and hence appears the proper application of the word in this sentence; as *man,* if abandoned to himself, might indeed exist in a *solitary* state, without being either *miserable* or *unhappy,* provided his bodily wants were supplied; though he certainly would be a very *wretched* being, when deprived of all the comforts of social life, and all the endearments of friends and kindred. "*He is subject,*" continues our author, "*every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes.*" The adjective *subject* here implies that man is "exposed, liable, or obnoxious" to any thing; but none of these words would have expressed the meaning so exactly as *subject* does in this passage. For, *exposed* conveys the idea of a passive state into which we may be brought either through our own means or that of others, as a man who ruins himself by his folly is exposed to contempt; — *liable* implies the idea of suffering evils which we may avoid by proper care; — as delicate people, by exposing themselves to the night air, are liable to catch cold; *obnoxious* signifies that we have brought ourselves into a certain state, and must suffer the consequences; as a criminal has rendered himself obnoxious to punishment; whereas *subject,* the word which our author has chosen, denotes that we *cannot avoid* the evils of humanity; as we are subject to accidents, diseases, and death.

death. These may befall us every moment; the most unexpected casualty, as daily experience proves, may injure our feeble frame, and prove fatal to our existence; some slight indisposition may soon terminate in a mortal disease; and death may seize us unawares in the full enjoyment of health and sprightliness.

'"We are also subject," continues our author, "to the greatest calamities and misfortunes." These words, though synonimous, are very different in their application, and therefore they are both very properly employed. A *calamity*, derived from *calamus*, a stalk of corn, denotes whatever injury is suffered from the elements, as stalks of corn are beaten down by a tempest. Hence boisterous winds or deluges of rain which destroy the crops, and thereby affect the whole community, are the causes of a public calamity. *Misfortunes*, on the other hand, affect only the interests of an individual; so that whatever a person suffers by loss of fortune, or loss of health, is termed a misfortune. Since man, then, may at any time be exposed to these evils, which often deprive him of all his comforts, it may well be said that he is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes.—"He is beset," continues our author, "with dangers on all sides." The participle *beset* signifies hemmed in or surrounded; words which express, in the most lively manner, the real condition of human life. For every man is surrounded by objects, animate and inanimate, which may prove dangerous to his fortune, his health, his tranquillity, or his virtue. The noun *danger* conveys a more correct idea of the author's meaning than the synonimous words *peril* or *hazard* could have done. *Peril*, derived from *pereo*, to go through in search of something, signifies an evil which a person suffers by going out of the ordinary course of human life; as an adventurer who visits a foreign country is exposed to the perils of his journey thither, or the perils arising from the climate and other incidents which he may meet with in it. *Hazard* denotes some fortuitous evil, to which a man exposes himself by engaging in enterprizes attended with danger; as a merchant engages in some uncertain speculation at the hazard of his fortune, or a General risks an engagement with a superior enemy at the hazard of his life. *Danger*, however, is an evil to which we are exposed at all times and in every condition, as we may be in danger of losing our property from the inclemency of the seasons, our wealth by the carelessness or fraud of others, and our lives by accidents, indiscretion, or disease; so that this word is the most correct one that could have been employed, as it may justly be said that man is beset with danger on all sides.'

Thus does the author examine analytically the remaining members of his quotation. His distinctions, however, are sometimes frivolously drawn; as between the words 'peril' and 'danger.' In his rules for purity of expression, we were surprized to find such words as 'concernment,' 'habitude,' &c. &c. proscribed as barbarisms! Is Mr. Smith aware that

he is legislating against the authority of our best writers; — Milton, Clarendon, Tillotson, Burke, &c.? He also takes upon himself to denounce the use of the word 'conscience' for consciousness; not aware that the former is, in reality, the genuine word, for which consciousness (the abstract quality of being conscious) is usually substituted. *Conscientia facti* is the consciousness, or, as our elder writers would have written, the *conscience* of the deed. So Milton, in his sonnet upon his blindness, exclaims, alluding to the loss of his eyes,

> "What supports me, dost thou ask?
> The *conscience*, friend, t' have lost them overplied
> In liberty's defence, my noble task," &c.

We have expressed in just terms of commendation our opinion of the industry and judgment with which Mr. Smith's entertaining and instructive work is executed: but there are many of his rules to which we cannot subscribe; because we think an adherence to them would fetter the freedom and lower the spirit of our national language. He is evidently a *purist* in letters, — one of a sect, which wages unsparing warfare upon the native idiom, the careless elegance, the unrestrained luxuriance of our tongue. This severe spirit of regulation is adverse to the natural genius of true and undefiled English. It sets up arbitrary and conventional laws to model it into tameness and to affright it into uniformity. It would do that for the language of England which her academies, her Boileaus, her Richelieus, have done for that of France. The fundamental maxim of this class of critics is an error. They set out with demanding the sacrifice of every expression, which is in colloquial use, — as if written composition should uniformly erect itself into a haughty, stiff stateliness, above the common speech. The result of this would be an inflexible, monotonous, measured diction, well-bred, cold, and polite; in which no other excellence could be obtained but the frigid and formal absence of those faults which are only to be avoided at the expense of every beauty. Are our best writers to be tried as offenders by these *martinets* in verbal discipline, as many of Mr. Smith's examples of faulty composition are taken from Addison, Swift, Sherlock, and Tillotson?

> "*Committit vates et comparat, inde Maronem,*
> *Atque aliâ parte in trutinâ suspendit Homerum.*"

Sir Walter Raleigh, in his History of the World, thus describes the mode in which the Deity manifests his existence by

by the works of nature: "God, whom the wisest men acknowledge to be a power ineffable and virtue infinite, *a light by abundant charity invisible*, was and is pleased to make himself known by the work of the world."—'Every one must perceive,' observes Mr. Smith, 'that the low and vulgar expressions employed in this extract are a violation of all classical taste;' and he proposes to rectify it thus: 'God, who, according to the conceptions of the wisest men, is a being of almighty power and infinite greatness, *whom no man has seen or can see*, was and is pleased to manifest his eternal power and godhead by the creation of the world.' By what hallucination has Mr. S. taught himself to imagine the tame and common-place sentence which he proposes to substitute for the glowing language of Raleigh an improvement? To our ears, and to our understandings, neither the expression nor the sense is improved by it. In one respect, the meaning of that admirable and eloquent writer is quite destroyed. When Raleigh speaks of "a light by abundant charity invisible," he extols the Divine benevolence in not dazzling us with excess of light by nearer approaches to our senses. He is "invisible or dimly seen;" and therein he manifests his charity or good will to his creatures. In Mr. Smith's bed of torture, a limb has been lopped off from a beautiful sentence; and yet we are to be told that the new-modelled passage is an improvement! We protest against such improvements; and ask, in the name of just criticism, where are the low and vulgar expressions so hypercritically denounced?

We were pleased to observe among the examples of violations of simplicity, elegance, and sublimity, a passage from Mr. Irving's Orations handled with just severity. Nothing can convey a more useful negative instruction to the young student of composition than an exhibition of the deformities and extravagances of bad writers. The Spartans to dissuade their youth from drunkenness exhibited before them slaves in that disgraceful condition. The disgusting intoxication of the following sentences may operate also as a salutary admonition:

'"Here, then, is hell enough out of *the natural workings* of such a population, without one interference of Almighty God. With what *full swing* power will rage and havoc! with what *fell swoop* the arm of revenge will bring its bloody stroke! Hosts encountering hosts in *dubious battle*, wounds, and bloodshed, and agony, and no relief in death!—Hitherto I have supposed things *no otherwise conditioned* than they are on earth. But their (the wicked's) torture is the absence of *the ministry of God. God comes not to their quarters*, and therefore their *quarters* are *so hot*;

for where God is, there is a peace and love, and where *he is not*, there is confusion and every evil work. The *murderous devil* is their master, *his emanations* inspire them, his powers of darkness rule them. They *aye toil like Vulcan* and his slaves, *manufacturing thunderbolts* for this their cruel Jove, *to overwhelm themselves withal*; and these wretched men will *aye conceive*, within their souls, malicious fiendish imaginations and purposes, which, being brought forth, will destroy all the *good* which else might *flourish in their clime.* — *Oh!* when I think how near every man *verges* upon the confines of madness and misery, and how *the least shift* in the *fabric* of our minds would *send* heavenly reason into howling madness, — I *see*, I *fancy* a thousand *powers resident in God*, by the smallest *expense of means*, to make a hell such as no earthly *science* or earthly language *is able to represent.* Bring *me* all the classes of men upon the earth, and *let me* have the *sorting* and the placing of them upon this earth, and *I shall make hells* for each one of them *without farther ado.* I would send the *poets* to *bear burdens*, and the *porters* to *indite* tuneful *songs.* The *musicians* I would appoint over the *kennels*, and the roving *libertines* I would station over the *watch* and *ward* of streets. I would banish the *sentimentalists* to the *fens*, and send the *rustic labourers* to seek their *food* among the *mountains*; each *wily politician* I would transplant into a colony of *honest men*, and your *stupid clown* I would set at the *helm of state.* Sure I am, I could set society into such *a hot warfare* and confusion, as should in one day make half the world slay themselves, or slay each other, and the other half *run up and down* in wild distraction." (Irving's Orations.)'

The perusal of such nonsense from the pen of a *popular* writer makes us disposed to quarrel with the folly and fashion, the caprice and ignorance, which have invested him with popularity.

We earnestly recommend every literary student to pay assiduous attention to the practical logic with which Mr. S. closes his work. It is judiciously abridged from the best writers, Locke, Campbell, Stewart, &c., and being wholly divested of scholastic jargon, contains all that is useful in this branch of education.

We cannot take leave of Mr. Smith without offering him, in the names of the parents and instructors of youth, our heartiest thanks, for the time and labor expended upon his valuable treatise. Where we have differed from him we have candidly expressed our dissent: but our exceptions are few, and do not lower our estimate of the *general* merits of his compilation.

ART.

ART. IX. *Inaugural Discourse* of Henry Brougham, Esq. M.P., on being installed Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, Wednesday, April 6. 1825. 8vo. pp. 51. Constable and Co., Edinburgh; and Longman and Co., London.

FEW distinctions to which a gentleman may be ambitious to elevate himself are more intrinsically noble than being made choice of to preside over a civil and religious community, so eminent in itself as that comprehended in a University: but when this high dignity is obtained by superior culture of the mental powers, and strict perseverance in a straightforward moral path, the investment is doubly honorable.

The useful theories with which early education stored the mind of Mr. Brougham he must be allowed to have succeeded in carrying very far into practice: every lesson from an authority so competent will, therefore, no doubt, be regarded with attention. A knowlege of words, without an adequate knowlege of things, is of very little value to the world; and the richest treasures of learning, wherever they may happen to be deposited, are only to be estimated in proportion as they are thrown into general circulation for the universal good. These seem to be the leading principles on which Mr. B. founds his opinion on the subject of education, and as they perfectly accord with our own sentiments, we put them categorically, embracing, at the same time, an early opportunity of giving a short account of his inaugural precepts and observations, with such remarks as may be educed by particular parts of the address.

Passing by those salutations which his advancement to the high office of their Lord Rector made a first duty towards those learned friends by whose suffrages he had been elected, the subject of the discourse commences with an earnest exhortation to students to pursue with eager and indefatigable assiduity the many important branches of knowlege which their academic period affords them an opportunity of acquiring. Many reasons are advanced to shew that no subsequent years can be so well adapted for making efficient progress in the various studies requisite for such as desire to rise to any eminent degree of ascendancy in society, as those passed in the University. The great moral end of all learning is then pointed out; and two special subjects are proposed to which it is meant to confine the remaining part of the discourse, namely, the means of acquiring the art of rhetoric; and, secondly, the purposes to which that art should be made subservient.

In discussing the former of his two subjects, Mr. B. endeavors to shew the fallacy under which those judge who ima-

gine that nothing more than a study of the best specimens in our own language is necessary for completing the orator, emphatically contending, that a most rigid adherence to the discipline in speech observed by the old Greek masters is indispensable for giving to eloquence the magical quality of producing, as it were, electrical effects on the faculties of an auditory. His arguments on this head are exemplified by extracts from the Greek and Roman orators, from which a degeneracy of the art among the latter is manifested; and some excellent admonition is offered to those desirous of becoming proficient in this art, of the value of which the following extract will afford a sample:

'After forming and chastening the taste by a diligent study of those perfect models, it is necessary to acquire correct habits of composition in our own language, first by studying the best writers, and next by translating copiously into it from the Greek. This is by far the best exercise that I am acquainted with for at once attaining a pure English diction, and avoiding the tameness and regularity of modern composition. But the English writers who really unlock the rich sources of the language, are those who flourished from the end of Elizabeth's to the end of Queen Anne's reign; who used a good Saxon dialect with ease, but correctness and perspicuity, — learned in the ancient classics, but only enriching their mother-tongue where the Attic could supply its defects, — not overlaying it with a profuse pedantic coinage of foreign words, — well practised in the old rules of composition or rather collocation (σύνθεσις) which unite natural ease and variety with absolute harmony, and give the author's ideas to develope themselves with the more truth and simplicity when clothed in the ample folds of inversion, or run from the exuberant to the elliptical without ever being either redundant or obscure. Those great wits had no foreknowledge of such times as succeeded their brilliant age, when styles should arise, and for a season prevail over both purity, and nature, and antique recollections — now meretriciously ornamented, more than half French in the phrase, and to mere figures fantastically sacrificing the sense — now heavily and regularly fashioned as if by the plumb and rule, and by the eye rather than the ear, with a needless profusion of ancient words and flexions, to displace those of our own Saxon, instead of temperately supplying its defects. Least of all could those lights of English eloquence have imagined that men should appear amongst us professing to teach composition, and ignorant of the whole of its rules, and incapable of relishing the beauties, or indeed apprehending the very genius, of the language, should treat its peculiar terms of expression and flexion, as so many inaccuracies, and practise their pupils in correcting the faulty English of Addison, and training down to the mechanical rhythm of Johnson the lively and inimitable measures of Bolingbroke.

'But in exhorting you deeply to meditate on the beauties of our old English authors, the poets, the moralists, and perhaps more

more than all these the preachers of the Augustan age of English letters, do not imagine that I would pass over their great defects when compared with the renowned standards of severe taste in ancient times. Addison may have been pure and elegant; Dryden airy and nervous; Taylor witty and fanciful; Hooker weighty and various; but none of them united force with beauty — the perfection of matter with the most refined and chastened style; and to one charge all, even the most faultless, are exposed — the offence unknown in ancient times, but the besetting sin of later days — they always overdid — never knowing or feeling when they had done enough. In nothing, not even in beauty of collocation and harmony of rhythm, is the vast superiority of the chaste, vigorous, manly style of the Greek orators and writers more conspicuous than in the abstinent use of their prodigious faculties of expression. A single phrase — sometimes a word — and the work is done — the desired impression is made, as it were, with one stroke, there being nothing superfluous interposed to weaken the blow, or break its fall.'

The impotency that appears in modern composition when set beside the nervous expressions in the original Greek orations, with the chief faults which seem to have conduced to the effeminacy of harangues of the present day, are next illustrated by examples; and having run through the train of evidence and argument deemed sufficient to enforce what was designed, some reflections on the contrast which had been made are introduced; and this part of the author's instruction concludes with the following counsel:

'In forming the taste by much contemplation of those antique models, and acquiring the habits of easy and chaste composition, it must not be imagined that all the labour of the orator is ended, or that he may then dauntless and fluent enter upon his office in the public assembly. Much preparation is still required before each exertion, if rhetorical excellence is aimed at. I should lay it down as a rule, admitting of no exception, that a man will speak well in proportion as he has written much; and that with equal talents, he will be the finest extempore speaker, when no time for preparing is allowed, who has prepared himself the most sedulously when he had an opportunity of delivering a premeditated speech. All the exceptions which I have ever heard cited to this principle are apparent ones only; proving nothing more than that some few men, of rare genius, have become great speakers without preparation; in nowise showing, that with preparation they would not have reached a much higher pitch of excellence. The admitted superiority of the ancients in all oratorical accomplishments is the best proof of my position; for their careful preparation is undeniable; nay, in Demosthenes (of whom Quinctilian says that his style indicates more premeditation — *plus curæ* — than Cicero's) we can trace, by the recurrence of the same passage, with progressive improvements in different speeches, how

nicely he polished the more exquisite parts of his compositions. I could point out favourite passages, occurring as often as three several times with variations, and manifest amendment.

'I am now requiring, not merely great preparation while the speaker is learning his art, but after he has accomplished his education. The most splendid effort of the most mature orator will be always finer for being previously elaborated with much care. There is, no doubt, a charm in extemporaneous elocution, derived from the appearance of artless unpremeditated effusion, called forth by the occasion, and so adapting itself to its exigences, which may compensate the manifold defects incident to this kind of composition: that which is inspired by the unforeseen circumstances of the moment will be of necessity suited to those circumstances in the choice of the topics, and pitched in the tone of the execution to the feelings upon which it is to operate. These are great virtues: it is another to avoid the besetting vice of modern oratory — the overdoing every thing — the exhaustive method — which an off-hand speaker has no time to fall into, and he accordingly will take only the grand and effective view: nevertheless, in oratorical merit, such effusions must needs be very inferior; much of the pleasure they produce depends upon the hearer's surprise, that in such circumstances any thing can be delivered at all, rather than upon his deliberate judgment, that he has heard any thing very excellent in itself. We may rest assured that the highest reaches of the art, and without any necessary sacrifice of natural effect, can only be attained by him who well considers, and maturely prepares, and oftentimes sedulously corrects and refines his oration. Such preparation is quite consistent with the introduction of passages prompted by the occasion; nor will the transition from the one to the other be perceptible in the execution of a practised master. I have known attentive and skilful hearers completely deceived in this matter, and taking for extemporaneous, passages which previously existed in manuscript, and were pronounced without the variation of a particle or a pause. Thus, too, we are told by Cicero in one of his epistles, that having to make, in Pompey's presence, a speech after Crassus had very unexpectedly taken a particular line of argument, he exerted himself, and it appears successfully, in a marvellous manner, mightily assisted, in what he said extempore, by his habit of rhetorical preparation, and introducing skilfully, as the inspiration of the moment, all his favourite common-places, with some of which, as we gather from a good-humoured joke at his own expense, Crassus had interfered: "*Ego autem ipse Di Boni! quomodo ἐνεπεριεισάμην novo auditori Pompeio! Si unquam mihi περίοδοι, si καμπαὶ, si ἐνθυμήματα, si κατασκευαὶ, suppeditaverunt, illo tempore. Quid multa? clamores. — Etenim hæc erat ὑπόθεσις, de gravitate ordinis, de equestri concordia, de consensione Italiæ, de immortuis reliquis conjurationis, de vilitate, de otio — nôsti jam in hâc materiâ sonitus nostros; tanti fuerunt ut ego eo brevior sim, quod eos usque isthinc exauditos putem.*" (Ad Att. i. 14.)'

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The second division of the subject, proposed as the latter part of the discourse, is next brought forward, in which our able guide seeks to evince, that the end of eloquence is the public good; and that according to the virtuous and rational use made of them the powers of oratory ought to be valued. Exercised in the cause of religion — of wronged innocence — against tyranny — in times of anarchy, or in times of peace, — eloquence, dictated by a right spirit, is described to be the guardian of all the blessings that can be showered upon the human race. The course of reasoning here adopted is designed to shew that the sure consequence of intellectual refinement, and the diffusion of useful information, is an improved condition of the moral world. Lurking jealousies and alarms, lest any danger to society should proceed from yielding to education free scope, are reprobated as contrary to reason; and all those capable of promoting, in any way, the unrestricted progress of useful knowlege are urged to assist in propagating it throughout all classes; and in thus aiding to release, as far as they are severally able, the human mind from the thraldom of prejudice, ignorance, and superstition.

'No man of science needs fear,' says Mr. B., 'to see the day when scientific excellence shall be too vulgar a commodity to bear a high price. The more widely knowledge is spread, the more will they be prized whose happy lot it is to extend its bounds by discovering new truths, or multiply its uses by inventing new modes of applying it in practice. Their numbers will indeed be increased, and among them more Watts and more Franklins will be enrolled among the lights of the world, in proportion as more thousands of the working classes, to which Franklin and Watt belonged, have their thoughts turned towards philosophy; but the order of discoverers and inventors will still be a select few, and the only material variation in their proportion to the bulk of mankind will be, that the mass of the ignorant multitude being progressively diminished, the body of those will be incalculably increased who are worthy to admire genius, and able to bestow upon its possessors an immortal fame.

'To those, too, who feel alarmed as statesmen, and friends of existing establishments, I would address a few words of comfort. Real knowledge never promoted either turbulence or unbelief; but its progress is the forerunner of liberality and enlightened toleration. Whoso dreads these, let him tremble; for he may be well assured that their day is at length come, and must put to sudden flight the evil spirits of tyranny and persecution, which haunted the long night now gone down the sky. As men will no longer suffer themselves to be led blindfold in ignorance, so will they no more yield to the vile principle of judging and treating their fellow-creatures, not according to the intrinsic merit of their actions, but according to the accidental and involuntary coincidence

cidence of their opinions. The Great Truth has finally gone forth to all the ends of the earth, *That man shall no more render account to man for his belief, over which he has himself no control.* Henceforward, nothing shall prevail upon us to praise or to blame any one for that which he can no more change than he can the hue of his skin or the height of his stature. Henceforward, treating with entire respect those who conscientiously differ from ourselves, the only practical effect of the difference will be, to make us enlighten the ignorance on one side or the other from which it springs, by instructing them, if it be theirs; ourselves, if it be our own, to the end that the only kind of unanimity may be produced which is desirable among rational beings — the agreement proceeding from full conviction after the freest discussion. Far then, very far, from the universal spread of knowledge being the object of just apprehension to those who watch over the peace of the country, or have a deep interest in the permanence of her institutions, its sure effect will be the removal of the only dangers that threaten the public tranquillity, and the addition of all that is wanting to confirm her internal strength.

'Let me therefore indulge in the hope, that, among the illustrious youths whom this ancient kingdom, famed alike for its nobility and its learning, has produced, to continue her fame through after ages, possibly among those I now address, there may be found some one — I ask no more — willing to give a bright example to other nations in a path yet untrodden, by taking the lead of his fellow-citizens, — not in frivolous amusements, nor in the degrading pursuits of the ambitious vulgar, — but in the truly noble task of enlightening the mass of his countrymen, and of leaving his own name no longer encircled, as heretofore, with barbaric splendour, or attached to courtly gewgaws, but illustrated by the honours most worthy of our rational nature — coupled with the diffusion of knowledge — and gratefully pronounced through all ages by millions whom his wise beneficence has rescued from ignorance and vice. To him I will say, "*Homines ad Deos nullâ re propius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando: nihil habet nec fortuna tua majus quam ut possis, nec natura tua melius quam ut velis servare quamplurimos.*" This is the true mark for the aim of all who either prize the enjoyment of pure happiness, or set a right value upon a high and unsullied renown. — And if the benefactors of mankind, when they rest from their pious labours, shall be permitted to enjoy hereafter, as an appropriate reward of their virtue, the privilege of looking down upon the blessings with which their toils and sufferings have clothed the scene of their former existence; do not vainly imagine that, in a state of exalted purity and wisdom, the founders of mighty dynasties, the conquerors of new empires, or the more vulgar crowd of evil-doers, who have sacrificed to their own aggrandisement the good of their fellow-creatures, will be gratified by contemplating the monuments of their inglorious fame: — theirs will be the delight — theirs the triumph — who can trace the remote effects of their enlightened benevolence in the improved condition of their species, and exult in the

reflection, that the prodigious change they now survey, with eyes that age and sorrow can make dim no more—of knowledge become power—virtue sharing in the dominion—superstition trampled under foot—tyranny driven from the world—are the fruits, precious, though costly, and though late reaped, yet long enduring, of all the hardships and all the hazards they encountered here below.'

Though persons of acknowleged talents and influence have questioned the expediency of making the laborious classes able to examine and judge for themselves upon moral and religious questions, yet, setting aside all particular tenets, and taking the subject of the proposition on the broad grounds which our learned orator has done, we are inclined to consider that but very few who have themselves been enabled, by tasting, to appreciate the benefits of education, would be found to dissent from the principles and tendency of the discourse here noticed: for, on those advocating the contrary doctrine, it would be incumbent to shew, that moral good is the result of ignorance; and that to stint knowlege is the way to make a people prosperous, powerful, and magnanimous.

As none of the opinions of Longinus have been introduced into this discourse on rhetoric, it may be presumed that he is less a favorite with Mr. B. than Quintilian, who seems to have been freely consulted. The Greek critic, in specifying those endowments necessary for constituting his perfect orator, has spoken to the following effect: "The *first* qualification that we are to look for in a great orator is, that he must not have a sordid spirit, since it is impossible that a man whose sentiments and inclinations are mean and grovelling should ever express any thing noble and worthy to be regarded by posterity. It is probable that they only who entertain great and liberal conceptions are capable of making elevated discourses; and it is peculiarly the part of great men to say surprising and extraordinary things." (Treatise on the Sublime, chap. vii.)

Now whether experience leads Mr. B. to differ with this celebrated master concerning the *first essential qualification* in a public speaker he has failed to tell us; and we cannot but look upon it as rather strange that, in a didactic lecture, delivered on so memorable and conspicuous an occasion, a writer of the highest repute upon the subject treated of should have been wholly omitted to be mentioned in the discourse of the Lord Rector.

ART. X. *Revelations of the Dead Alive.* 12mo. pp. 376. 10*s.* 6*d.* Boards. London. Simpkin and Marshall. 1824.

THERE are a great many good things, several things not positively bad, and much that is absolutely absurd, here strung together. The *cadre* is ridiculously extravagant. It is taken from an exaggerated case related by Dr. Cheyne of a man, who was endued with a singular volition of dying when he pleased. The author to improve upon this, acquires such extraordinary skill in the art of dying, and during the period of his death, of identifying himself with futurity, that he contrives to remain dead one hundred and ninety-eight days and a quarter; and in the course of each day a year of futurity is conceived to be seen; so that he remarks, 'When I came to life again I had observed what was and is to be in the lapse of one hundred and ninety-eight years and a quarter; a year for each day.' The knowlege thus acquired forms the substance of our modern Quevedo's lucubrations. The humor, if from visions of this nature humor could emanate, must necessarily consist in such imaginary changes of manner, sentiment, science, taste, and literature, and in such revolutions in the social system, as might be conceived to take place during the cycle of generations included in the trance: but it is in humor that this *dead* gentleman falls most short. His efforts at facetiousness for the most part remind us of his inanimate condition; and shew that death does not very much improve the faculty for wit.

He takes his place on the outside of a stage-coach, at what period, he does not tell us, but, as we conjecture, about the beginning of the 21st century, and proceeds to relate the fancied metamorphoses he meets with between Fulham and London, with certain changes in particular houses and streets, at which, on reaching the metropolis, he seems to have been greatly astonished.

Every body would guess that, in such a lapse of time, Apsley-House might be in ruins; — that Mr. Murray's shop might be a pork-shop; — and that the White-Horse in Piccadilly might possibly have changed its sign to that of the Cat and Fiddle: but who can be amused with such ideal doings? Occurrences so common-place and insignificant were hardly worth dying for; indeed, had he been actually alive, the author could scarcely have been more dull and prosing. There is, however, every now and then, a stroke of good sense and of well-placed satire, which half redeems the monotony and tediousness of his whims. We heartily agree with his remarks upon the new buildings at the west end of

the town, which like the ruins in Mr. Sterling's garden will speedily cost more than they are worth to keep in repair.

'Passing through Hanover-Square, of which three sides were taken up with shops, I got into Regent-Street. Alas! that theatrical chain of lath and plaister splendour was in utter ruins. Scarcely any of the original houses remained, and these in rags and patchwork; wind and rain, sun and frost, had done their natural work upon them. I was no longer disagreeably startled with the inconsistency of a crispin or a stay-maker, hammering or stitching under a Grecian portico. The ostentatious, misplaced, and, as I could afterwards learn, never-inhabited quadrant, had vanished. Sensible looking-houses, with plain, tradesman-like, brick faces, predominated, and even these were venerable: here and there was a shed. I must remark, in general application to the change that had come over the whole physiognomy of future London, that noblemen's houses, retail shops, agents' offices, and the dwellings of petty gentry, individually bore some resemblance to their real character. You would scarcely confound one with another. They seemed in outside pretension as distinct as they were in name, nature, and purpose. The only trait of my old Regent-Street, that I thought I could now recognize, and even that smote my soul with something of the horror experienced by Voltaire, at a sight of his old mistress after half a century of separation, was the romantic steeple of the new church I had left unfinished, at the upper end, towards Portland-Place. I well remembered its pristine assumption of form, agreeably resembling a thick, clumsy, antique candlestick, with an extinguisher placed over a snuff at the top; but the meagre remains of its former comeliness and symmetry now made me sigh instead of laugh.'

The whole of our author's observations upon dress, of which we submit a few, are judicious; and the endless vicissitudes of fashion are well exemplified by feigning an apartment in the British Museum, on the walls of which are supposed to be suspended original specimens of the garments of English men and women since we first became a nation.

'But to take one lounge through the gallery. On the first peg, at the north-west side, hung, in lieu of a specimen of costume which it was impossible to procure, inasmuch as it never had had existence, the preserved, painted, and tattooed skin of an aboriginal Briton, such as he was found at the first visit of the Romans. I saw some exquisites of 2023 regard this with a complacency that shewed how proud they were of their honest, primitive ancestor. On the next peg dangled a scant piece of wolf-skin, the first simple encroachment on the unconsciousness I have just described. Next was a clumsy imitation of the classic costume of the conquerors; and next the heavy incumbrance of the Lombards. Passing many intervening pegs, I shall particularly notice

notice the silken and embroidered foppery of Henry the Second's era, when the short mantle appeared, and with it, for the first time, all the gingerbread pomp of coronation-robes, and robes of state. But about this age an old chronicler describes, better than I can hope to do, and while he also mentions several statutes passed to clip its extravagance, the dandy costume of his day.

'"The commons," he says, "were besotted in excess of apparel, in wide surcoats reaching to their loins, some in a garment reaching to their heels, close before, and strutting out on the sides, so that on the back they made men seem women, and this they call by a ridiculous name, gown. They have another weed of silk that they call paltock; their hose are of two colours, or pied, which with latchets, which they call herlots, they tie to their paltocks, without any breeches. Their girdles are of gold and silver, some worth twenty marks; their shoes and their pattens are snouted and piked more than a finger long, crooked upwards, which they call crackowes, resembling the devil's claws."'—

'On separate pegs hung Elizabeth's ruff, and the first pair of silk stockings she ever wore, or which ever had been worn in England; and in the same compartment, the odd kind of things like Gothic niches, windows, or arches, in which the ladies of her day most unaccountably disguised their heads. Next I admired the easy, flowing, and, at the same time, scanty drapery that afforded to Kneller and Lely such good opportunities for the almost unreserved study of the female figure; next the cylinder waists, balloon gowns, and branching caps, of Anne's time, together with the blowzed periwigs, and niggard skirts of the men; and at the very next step, all this useless hair, still, however, too precious to be put out of sight, was shut up in a bag; while the caps simultaneously dwindled, and the petticoat, now ribbed and substantially stiffened with bone, stood, independent of peg or any other aid, firmly on the floor, not unlike a huge cathedral bell, mouth downwards; the short male-skirt, growing to the ankle, by its side.

'This I thought a little more rational; but, lo! on the very succeeding peg was a man's coat with diminished skirts again, and a hoop of inconceivable magnitude! And what on the very next? —A gown without hoop of any kind, and so short, and with such a dip about the bosom as I shall not dwell upon; but its consort-coat furnished with skirts that swept the floor! Here also was a lady's wig, made to lie flat to the top of the head, and supplied with hanging ringlets that must sometimes have tripped up her heels; and a reduced gentleman's bag; and — I had entirely forgot — a little China saucer, laid on a shelf, half filled with discarded patches, round, square, angular, and hyperbolical; all the worse for the wear. And then, such quaint or monstrous contrarieties of female and male hats, shoes, and boots, the jarring products of one little era! Hats like pent-houses, and hats that could not ward off a drop of rain from the nose; hats cocked into a point little less than ferocious, and hats like a round flat cymbal; shoes with soles, even and thin as a pancake, and shoes with stilts under the heels, of half a foot high.'

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The dead gentleman becomes acquainted with an author of the 21st century, Mr. Drudge, who introduces him to Mrs. Drudge, and invites him to dinner. The knives and forks are laid by mechanism; and commence, of their own accord, to cut the contents of every plate, while, once in the quarter of a minute, the knife reposed for a time, and the fork found its way to the mouth, laden with a proper proportion of food. This is too childish even for children. Mrs. Drudge is a profound woman; and the Dead Alive contrives, in a conversation after dinner, to obtain the opinions of this literary couple on our present school of poetry.

'"We have lost some of Lord Byron's works, which I am led to suspect I need not, as a virtuous lady, be sorry for," continued Mrs. Drudge, "and we read and like him most in his earliest effusions."

'"His college-volume, Madam?" I asked.

'"No," answered Mr. Drudge, "that we have never seen, though it is sometimes good humoredly spoken of. Mrs. Drudge means the Giaour, the Corsair, and their family, and some of Childe Harold. We preserve, indeed, his tragedies, too; but, though they are fine things, regard them almost as the works of another man. There were, in fact, two or three Byrons, according as the first poet of that name became an admirer of different models and styles; for I suspect a good portion of his Lordship's genius lay in happy adaptations of the essence of other poets; and even here, you see, I do not withhold the term genius, for, with Voltaire, I allow judicious imitation to be one of its best attributes. That apart, and leaving the college-effusions as quite original, Byron wrote his Eastern Tales, because the Lady of the Lake had been written before them; Childe Harold was generated by a luxurious indulgence in Spenser; and Manfred was born after Faust, and while the first impression of that wonderful production irritated and fired his Lordship's mind."

'"Crabbe," said I, "is ——"

'"What a contemporary essayist* has stamped him," interrupted Mr. Drudge, "sometimes the Salvator and sometimes the Teniers of poetry. So let us leave him as he is; a volume, or ten hours' talk, could not define him better.

'"The next of your list of names I shall take up is Moore."

'"You delight me," said I, "for while some people grumbled at the popularity of Moore, I always thought no contemporary poet had a sweeter fancy, or a purer feeling, while few equalled him in numbers and metre."

'"We fully agree with you, recollecting, meantime, that these same perfections often ran into their own extremes, redundancy, prettiness, and sound," said Mr. Drudge.

'* Mr. Charles Butler.'

'"No

'"No enthusiasm is more real than Moore's, and not a poet trifles half so well," said his lady. "No man, or woman either, can send out his little winged conceits, the unique creations of his own brain; in fact, no one but Moore can make any thing of a mere conceit; and very often he bewitches, and strives to bewitch, with nothing else."

'"He was never yet vulgar, nor 'mouthy,' nor puzzling," resumed the author, "nor heavy, flat, or dogmatical. He is not, to be sure, the eagle of poetry, soaring out of sight, and clutching the thunderbolts, nor any other great bird with wings as heavy and less power to use them."

'"But he is the little lark of poetry, though," Mrs. Drudge went on, "for ever on the wing, for ever singing his sweet song, and for ever pleasing us with its repetition."

'"No dramatist, however, and no painter from nature, either visible nature, or as she works under the veil of the human breast. He once attempted to be both, and failed. Moore lives with us in his Native Melodies, and not, with the exception, perhaps, of Paradise and the Peri, in his Lalla Rookh. The two longest poems in that volume are after-thoughts of his genuine mind, not half of them Moore; and they would never have been written, if his bookseller, or his purposes, had not set him to make money by a precedent. There is little human drama in the long speeches his ideal people hold together, and little nature in the highly wrought, and fiery, or frightful pictures or situations with which he has surrounded them. By a blessed coincidence, Westall was an illustrator of Moore's *pictures*. They were born for each other."

'"And now," said I, "tell me something of Wordsworth and Coleridge."

'Mr. Drudge looked down, played with his wine-glass, and smiled.

'"Do you recollect any such poets, my dear?" politely endeavouring to fill up the pause, said Mrs. D.

'"Does he recollect!" I repeated, "to be sure he does."

'"Being something of a bibliophile, I *do* recollect, then. By a singular chance I possess a few very old volumes, attributed to gentlemen of the names you have mentioned; and I must say it is a pity they are not rather better known, if it were only for the curiosity of the thing. But the greatest pity is, that these authors seemed to have laboured all along for the profound obscurity into which they have at last fallen; or rather this eventual fate is no novelty to them, inasmuch as from the very first they were self-enveloped in it."

'"In different ways, however," said I: "Wordsworth appeared obscure from choice; Coleridge in spite of himself: the one never intelligible but when he could not help it; the other never so, but as matter of chance; and I was therefore always better disposed towards the infatuation of Coleridge, than towards what seemed to me the elaborate flirtation of Wordsworth."

'"This

'"This criticism is too nice, perhaps too flippant, for me," bluntly rejoined my host; "but let that pass; I think we have now done with your list.'

An eccentric suggestion is started by Mr. Drudge, that Mr. Thomas Campbell is the author of the Waverley novels. He is also hard upon the periodical works of the present age. With some absurdity there is mixed considerable truth in the following remarks:

'"Behold, on the other hand, a grand army of Reviews, of all shapes and prices, from five shillings down to fourpence, in many of which was to be had the cream of from five to five-and-twenty authors together, carefully skimmed for your sipping palate, and ready for use at your tea or coffee in the morning. Moreover, you bought ready-made opinions for your money, a few shillings or pence, as it might be, and so were saved the trouble of forming your own. And what man or miss in his or her senses might be expected to pay a great deal for so little, when, with a little, he or she could have the great deal?"

'"No one did so," said Mr. Drudge: "the 'reading public' rested satisfied with periodicals alone, and the author was left on the publisher's shelf. Of course no author would continue to write for the profit of other persons only; so the pen was at last totally abandoned, and the sole comfort resulting to authors was, to see their monstrous tyrant, the periodical press, sharing with themselves a common ruin and oblivion."

'"The periodical press?" I exclaimed, —"truly, Sir, it was a species of steam-loom, or thrashing or winnowing-machine, that, with its short methods and unnatural despatch, threw thousands of honest people out of bread."

'"I wonder," said Mrs. Drudge, "they never rose out against it, as, about the same time, the indignant trades, weavers, and spinners, and carders, rose out against the mechanical encroachments, monopoly indeed, of Manchester, Glasgow, and other manufacturing places. — Surely, if the great body of authors were united, (but that was, in itself, rather a difficulty,) one night would have been sufficient for the demolition of all the periodical presses in London and Auld Reekie."

'"Or I should have chosen a more legal proceeding," said Mr. Drudge. "It is my fixed opinion that a good action, — Authors *v.* Reviewers, — might have been made out, to go, for damages, to a special jury, in King's Bench. I think an author might have crippled them in a thumping verdict, not on account of their defamatory praise or censure, but on account of their piratical quotations. Where was their right to republish, without end, the best part of a man's book? Was it not as black piracy as if the promulgators of the sixpenny Cain did so, without any dull or prattling remark at the head, the tail, or between the passages?"'

The author seems most at home in that part of this whimsical farrago which contains his criticisms upon painting. He is introduced by Mr. Drudge to the fine arts, exhibitions then (2030) open; and considerable judgment is displayed on these subjects: but we forbear farther citations, lest the author should charge us with pirating the best parts of his work, which though very unequal, and often insupportably dull, and trivial, contains nevertheless many sound and just reflexions expressed in pleasing and elegant language.

ART. XI. *An Account of the Colony of Van Diemen's Land,* principally designed for the Use of Emigrants. By Edward Curr. 12mo. pp. 207. 5*s*. Boards. Cowie and Co.

WHEN the vessel goes to wreck, the planks, and spars, and empty casks are tossed by conflicting waves and drifted by the currents to various and distant shores; so are the sons and daughters of misery blown about, they heed not where, to seek a perilous subsistence in sunless forests and unhealthy swamps, exposed to the attacks of beasts of prey, or to the still more formidable attacks of lawless, untamed man. Even Van Diemen's Land, the abode of congregated felons, has its "settlers," and has its *puffers* too — men who, for selfish purposes, mock at the misfortunes of their fellow creatures, and allure them to a den of thieves by the most captivating and treacherous enticements. Mr. Curr has exposed, with becoming indignation, the audacious falsehoods contained in a work entitled "Godwin's Emigrant's Guide to Van Diemen's Land," prepared, it seems, either by a writer who had never set foot on the colony which he presumes to describe; or, having visited it, has for some sinister purpose made a paradise of pandemonium. We express ourselves strongly; perhaps rather too strongly. It is the moral and not the physical features of the country which would deter us, above those of all other countries on earth, from settling in New South Wales or Van Diemen's Land; at least for a generation to come. Mr. Curr's business in the colony not being of an agricultural nature, his residence was in Hobart Town, where he continued from February, 1820, to June, 1823, making excursions through most parts of the country. His account being given with all the appearance of strict impartiality, no part of the purpose of the work is to recommend emigration. In all countries there are certain unquiet spirits who, from the mere desire of change, and of seeing the world, will quit their homes. 'To such I can offer no hopes,' says Mr. Curr, 'and scarcely any advice.

advice. 'I can only assure them that poverty will be their portion the moment they set foot on Van Diemen's Land,' which nevertheless possesses many advantages of climate and navigable streams.

Hobart Town contains about 600 houses and 3500 inhabitants: but let no one mistake this for a sign of colonial prosperity. It is by an enormous issue of paper money that much of this building has been carried on: it is hardly credible that promissory notes are issued to pay the bearer *sixpence*, on demand! To these notes are often added, 'payable in dollars at five shillings each,' and sometimes they are made payable in colonial currency. It is astonishing what an issue the parties find for this sort of paper, and with what avidity it is received, even at par with Spanish dollars. Those persons who do not issue, will yet receive it, relying on the facility of paying it to others. If there is not *honor* among thieves, there seems to be plenty of *credit* at any rate. Where materials and labor can be obtained by a man who has no other property than in such notes as these, building may go on very merrily for a time. It must be owing to this inordinate issue that house-rent, likewise, is very dear; namely, from one to two hundred a year for moderate accommodation; and that Hobart Town, where it is often difficult to procure the most ordinary comforts and necessaries of life, is, in all respects, an expensive place to live in. It is impossible that this system should last long.

The moral condition of the lower classes, consisting chiefly of prisoners, or of those who are become free by the expiration of their term of servitude, is neither better nor worse than might be expected. They have not forgotten their old practices, although instances of improvement are not wholly wanting; particularly, Mr. Curr says, among that class of persons who have received the benefit of education. Many of these rise to independence; a few to opulence: and, it is to be hoped, there are some who have redeemed their lost reputation. Though the receivers of stolen property are numerous and notorious, personal outrages, it seems, are rare; and the fact is accounted for thus, namely, that the chances of escape from justice are so numerous that it is seldom necessary for the robber to add the crime of murder for his security. This ingenious argument probably escaped the acute mind of Sir Samuel Romilly: but we trust it will not be thrown away on his illustrious follower in the task of reforming our criminal jurisprudence, Sir James Mackintosh. If there were *no* chance of escape — if punishment *certainly* and *inevitably* followed crime — the criminal code would soon become a dead

letter. He who commits murder on the person whom he has robbed, extinguishes one evidence, no doubt; but what must that state of society be where it is perpetrated for the sake of security? "Set a thief to catch a thief" is an old proverb. The police at Van Diemen's Land ought to be the very model of perfection; but it is just the contrary. A murderer knows that he will certainly be hanged *if* he is taken, tried, and found guilty: but if he knew as certainly as he committed murder that he would be taken, tried, found guilty, and hanged for it, he would not commit the crime.

Bagdad is one of the most populous settlements: the traveller in passing through it may reckon about twenty farm-houses.

'The mention of a farm-house must not, however, mislead the English farmer. He naturally couples with it barns, cow-houses, and other out-buildings; a yard for the collection of manure; and a garden contiguous to the homestead. At the same time, he pictures to himself the thrifty housewife busied in the concerns of her household, her dairy, and her poultry. But here, for the most part, is little of the kind, and that little is any thing but picturesque or pleasing.

'The cottage is usually built of sods, logs, or mud, and thatched with straw; a few logs laid together in the style of the American fence, perhaps, compose a pig-sty; and an open detached yard of the same materials, serves to contain the working cattle.

'These are in a majority of cases the only features of a farm-house in Van Diemen's Land, unless, indeed, we think proper to add the disgusting appearance of wool, bones, sheep-skins, wasted manure, and the confused heaps of ploughs, harrows, carts, fire-wood, and water-casks, with a few quarters of mutton or kangaroo hanging on a neighbouring tree, and a numerous tribe of dogs and idlers; the former barking, the latter lounging about. Every thing betokens waste and disorder, the total absence of industry and economy. As to the thrifty mistress of the house, her place is too frequently supplied (among the lower classes in particular) by being of a different nature, generally a convict, or one free by the expiration of her term of transportation. In respect to the dairy and poultry, the latter are indeed generally to be met with; but the possessor of a hundred head of cattle often cannot command milk to his tea.

'Such is, for the most part, the uninviting state of a farm-house in Van Diemen's Land, so opposite to the comfort, neatness, convenience, and frugality, which are conspicuous on the first approach to houses of a similar class in England. Though it would be too much to expect the economy, good order, and comfortable appearance in a new colony, where there has as yet been time for little more than what is necessary for existence; yet we too frequently see in the cottages and fields, much to remind us of the idleness and profligacy in which a great proportion of the inhabit-

ants

ants have been brought up, and but for which they would never have been colonists in Van Diemen's Land.'

There are some residences of a better description, but they are by no means numerous. Norfolk Plains is a rich and populous settlement on the banks of the South Esk.

'Let the settler beware how he places himself amongst these people, for they are in general as poor and as flagitious as idleness, encouraged by the almost spontaneous fertility of their lands, can make them. Woe to the fat wethers and even to the pregnant ewes of their more wealthy neighbours! None of these depredators will want meat while there is a flock of sheep within a convenient distance; and few of them will want rum while those who sell it encourage their depredations. I am acquainted with a gentleman in this neighbourhood, who, with three thousand acres in one spot of the finest land and richest pasturage in the island, dares not feed a single sheep of all his large flocks upon it.

'Sheep-stealing in this island, but more particularly in this part of it, is organized into a most complete system, and various methods are adopted in the commission of the robbery, and in the secretion of the flocks when stolen.

'In somes cases the shepherd is a party concerned; and where his integrity has been corrupted, the matter becomes simple enough. In other cases, where the flock is large, consisting perhaps of a thousand or more, and extending over a considerable surface of ground, it is scarcely possible that the shepherd can have the whole in view at one time. It is well known that the strongest and best sheep will always head the flock; and the robbers, taking advantage of this, break into the midst of them, and cut off a number of their leaders, frequently from two to three hundred; but usually not less than from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. These they drive away, and if they are not missed for an hour or two, there is a great probability that they will evade pursuit; for the shepherd, at first only suspecting his loss, will count his sheep to ascertain it; and before this is done, and he knows which way to pursue, the robbers have gained a start of several miles. The sheep, once clear off their own beat, are driven about in various directions, to disguise and confuse their track; and when removed to a sufficient distance, from twenty to fifty miles, if wanted for immediate use, are killed, and perhaps salted, in some secret part of the bush; or left in the flock of an accomplice, usually a small proprietor, who has previously agreed for the purchase, and the price, generally in ardent spirits, is paid to the plunderers. If the sheep are to be kept alive, they are driven to a considerable distance, and in some unfrequented place, where secret stock yards are kept up, unknown to any but these depredators, they proceed to disfigure them. If pitch-marked, they are in the first place shorn; any remarkable spotted sheep being generally destroyed. If they are marked by any notch in the ear, the tip is cut off; or if the notch be cut too near the

head, the ear is taken off altogether. If, as is often the case, they are branded on the face, the brand is altered by the addition of some other strokes; thus, I is easily converted into D and several other letters; L, by prolonging the first stroke downwards, and adding another on the right hand, is converted into H; and the same with many others. If the letter be such that it admits of no alteration, it is covered entirely with another brand, which renders it a mere blotch, but probably puts it out of the power of any person to swear to the property.

'After they have recovered from their sores, and their coats are a little grown, they make their appearance in the flock of some person known to be possessed of sheep, and in several cases have actually been sold again to their rightful but unsuspecting proprietor.'

There must, surely, be some very culpable negligence at home in not exacting a better administration of justice in our colonies abroad: vigilance is particularly necessary in the seat of convicted felons. Mr. Curr says, that one great cause of the frequency of sheep-stealing and other crimes is to be found in the nature of the court which should repress them. Van Diemen's Land possesses no permanent criminal court for the trial and punishment of these offenders. The judge resides in Sidney; and during the last three years, he only twice visited Van Diemen's Land. Accordingly, when a man has been robbed, he will rather put up with his loss than, by going to Port Jackson to prosecute, incur almost certain ruin in his absence. Is it possible that such facts as these are unknown in our colonial department; or, being known, that they are connived at?

The soil of Van Diemen's Land is in many parts poor, and its hills are an impediment to agriculture, which is not so profitable a concern as sheep-grazing. The climate is singularly salubrious and favorable to the rearing of sheep, which are subject to few diseases and extremely prolific. This tendency to increase, unaccompanied with a corresponding demand, produced such a superabundance a few years ago, that a flock of sheep might readily have been purchased at six or eight shillings a head; while a scarcity of meat occurring at the same time in New South Wales, many persons availed themselves of the circumstance to destroy even the ewes when heavy with lamb; sheep being at this time spoken of as vermin which, if not kept down, would soon overrun the country! This mad act of improvidence was carried to such excess, and the slaughter was so general and indiscriminate during the whole of the year 1820, that a few persons, less insane than the rest, began to see the whole breed in danger of

of extermination. A consequent rise in the price of mutton and beef brought people to their senses. In Mr. Godwin's "Emigrant's Guide," he talked about the fine quality of the wool grown in the colony: and affirmed that the importation of 1819 averaged 5*s.* 6*d.* a pound in the London market; while it appears from Mr. Curr that no wool had been exported from Van Diemen's Land before the year 1820; and that up to the very publication of Mr. Godwin's puff-book, the average of what had been exported had fallen considerably short of one shilling a pound in London. All classes of people now begin to consider their flocks as the staple commodity, and as the real source of wealth to the colony. Merino rams are imported from Sidney; those from Port Jackson are sold at about 15*l.* a head; but the best are imported from England and fetch 25*l.* The most important business of the shepherd is to prevent the plunder of his master's flock; and the danger of robbery ought never to be one moment absent from his thoughts, night or day. The shepherds are either freemen, prisoners possessing tickets of leave, or assigned servants. The wages of the two former are from 20*l.* to 50*l.* a year; of the latter government fixes the stipend at 10*l.*; but this is generally exceeded in favor of those who happen to be found trust-worthy.

With repect to horned cattle, they are reared rather for slaughter and for draft, than for the dairy. In short, they are almost wild; and often the possessor of a large herd of kine cannot, as before observed, command even a cup of milk. 'Wolves,' says Mr. Curr, 'are not more savage, nor antelopes more swift than many of the cows which I have seen the farmers attempt to milk.' Milk is from one to two shillings a quart. Very little cheese is made, though it is sold at about half a crown a pound; while the price of butter varies from five shillings to seven and six-pence!

Mr. Curr has conferred a favor on those who are trembling on the verge of emigration to Van Diemen's Land. His representation will probably arrest many on the final step. Others, who are not to be deterred, will find much information that will be useful to them: they will find a general account of the colony and its inhabitants; and what prospects are fairly held out to emigrants. He has shewn them how best to turn whatever means they may possess to the best advantage; giving them, at the same time, such advice as will help to smooth down some of the difficulties which must be encountered at their first settlement; and all this desirable information and admonition is furnished in a small compass and at a moderate price.

ART. XII. *The Foresters.* By the Author of "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life;" and "The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay." Blackwood, Edinburgh; Cadell, London. 8vo. pp. 414. 1825.

THIS is a very beautifully written volume; though rather too carefully labored into beauty: affecting too unvarying a tone of melancholy sweetness: and obtruding, a little too ostentatiously, its displays of sensibility and amiable feeling. The author is no doubt aware of the advantages to be derived from the adoption of this plan. The constant appeals to our religious and moral sympathies; the pictures of kind and gentle emotions with which we are so carefully surrounded on all sides; the soft drowsy tone of pastoral melancholy which is breathed over the whole, prepossess the mind in its favor, enlist all our best feelings on its side, and blind us in some measure to the weaknesses and defects with which these beauties are alloyed. How, indeed, is it possible to speak harshly of a composition "*tout de lait et de miel*," which brightens all the lights of Scottish life and softens its shadows; which invests with such a character of dignity and innocence; and which labors so assiduously to persuade us, that human nature is something more noble, more elevated, and more disinterested than we had ever been accustomed to believe —

"That goodness is no name—and happiness no dream."

Amiable, however, as these feelings are, we are disposed to doubt whether the views of the author are either well founded in themselves or well adapted for the purposes of fiction. His object is to present the character of the Scottish peasantry in an imposing and elevated light, and to draw from the confined circle of rural life, and the limited range of feelings with which it is conversant, those materials of fiction which other writers have sought in the more bustling and crowded theatres of the world. We are far from thinking that "the simple annals of the poor" are destitute of interest; or that their feelings are, in themselves, less susceptible of dramatic effect than those of the more elevated classes of society: but uniformity of existence produces uniformity of feeling, and varied exhibitions of passion and character must be sought where variety of situation, and "moving accidents by flood and field," place the mind in new and uncommon relations, and evolve all those shades of emotion and peculiarities of character of which it is capable. In the even tenor of rural life, few feelings are developed; the circle of thought is narrowed; the picture of one day is that of all; and any attempt

attempt to diversify its monotony by the introduction of events of a more striking cast startles us as a harsh and unnatural contrast to the habitual repose of the scene. Such we think, at least, is the impression left on the mind of the reader by the perusal of 'the Foresters.' The incidents are so much of a piece, the progress of the tale so solemn and languid, and the few events of a darker cast, by which its course is at times disturbed, so little in keeping with the general tone of the story, that we cannot doubt but the defect lies more in the exclusive nature of the plan on which it is constructed, than in defective imagination of the author; as well as in attempting to expand into a large and closely printed volume what was scarcely calculated to furnish materials for a few chapters.

From the adoption of this system a monotony and tediousness pervades the tale: and not only so; for the necessity of exalting the characters of its actors, and of refining their feelings and habits, has really deprived them of much of their verisimilitude, and given to the whole an unreal and theatrical semblance. Entertaining, as we do, the highest respect for the character of the Scottish peasantry, we feel that the portraits drawn by the author of 'The Foresters' exhibit them too much in their holiday dress, — that they soften and throw into the shade much of what is intimately interwoven with the character of peasantry all over the world, — that the tone of thought and feeling which is here represented as habitual to them, is rather the occasional result of those momentary and violent emotions, under the influence of which, nature seems to suggest, even to the rudest, her own eloquent language, — and, that the influence of religion, however deeply and constantly felt, is not thus ostentatiously and obtrusively brought forward. This last particular is certainly neither agreeable to nature nor to good taste. The whole portrait thus exhibited is at once gaudy and feeble; the coloring is luxuriant, but the likeness is faint; and the impression, to use a phrase of the author (*millies repetita*), "glides away like a dream." The spirit of the Lake School presides over these eternal sensibilities; and the airy genius of the Isle of Palms is transplanted to the sober realities of Lasswade and Hawthornden.

In one point however we think there is a decided improvement in this tale. The author has here avoided in a great measure that common-place engine of pathos, the frequent introduction of death. There is something in the dissolution of our nature which comes home so closely to the bosom of every individual, that in the hands of the most indifferent artist,

artist, a death-bed scene is seldom without its effect: but what any one can do tolerably well no one can claim any especial merit for performing. We were sorry to see that a person, so capable of better things, should have so frequently made use of this trap for the feelings in Margaret Lyndsay, where he really seemed to be animated by the spirit of Muley Bugentuf himself, sparing neither sex nor age, and cutting off his characters with the rapidity of a pestilence. This error he has here reformed indifferently well. We were a little apprehensive, indeed, at one time, of a threatened revival of the old system, and were beginning to "bend up each corporal agent" for the shock of a death-bed scene among the lakes, where the mother of the heroine is suddenly brought to the brink of death: but the author resists the temptation; suspends, in a very beautiful manner, the fate of the victim; and restores to her husband his

——"Espoused saint
Brought to him like Alcestes from the grave."

Without attempting a regular outline of the tale, we now hasten to insert a few extracts from the work, merely connecting them by such notices as may render them intelligible.

The family of the Foresters, at the period when the business of the story properly commences, consists of the father, Michael Forester, a person of superior intelligence and education, of firm religious principle, whose heart is overflowing with charity and kindness towards his neighbours: his wife Agnes Hay, mild, beautiful, religious, domestic; with no thought beyond the limit of her own little circle: Aunt Isobel, a cheerful bustling old lady, continually on the alert, but always thinking more about other people's comforts than her own: and the heroine, Lucy, a beautiful child of eight or nine years old. The happiness of the family is suddenly disturbed by an unexpected calamity; Michael Forester being deprived of sight by a thunder-storm. The picture of the accident; of the state of his feelings at the moment of his deprivation; of the gradual recovery of composure and confidence under the influence of his strong religious hope, are very beautifully given: but we cannot venture to quote. Michael soon afterwards visits England with his wife; and the gentle Agnes is seized with a violent fever in the house of the vicar of Ellesmere. The intelligence is conveyed to Scotland; and the affectionate Lucy, like another Elizabeth, sets out on a pilgrimage to Ambleside, which she reaches at the crisis of her mother's disorder.

'The Vicar, and indeed the whole family, had nearly given up all hope of Mrs. Forester's recovery. A fatal crisis seemed to be

be at hand; and as if each person read in the other's eyes, an intimation that they ought all to leave the room, one by one they began to do so, and at last none were left there with the dying person but Mr. Ianson and her husband. The family collected themselves together in the large room below, and there they sat, not without sobbing and tears, fearing every moment to see Mr. Ianson coming down stairs, with a countenance telling that all was over. And thus they had sat nearly an hour, — the storm was hushed — and sunshine was again struggling through the gloom, and finding its way through the lead-latticed window to the floor of the room where they had been sitting so dark and silent. The swallows were beginning to twitter without — and nature slowly to re-assume her customary cheerfulness and tranquillity. The door opened — and a stranger girl, stepping timidly across the floor, asked eagerly, " Is this Mr. Colinson's, the Vicar of Ellesmere? O Sir, I am the daughter of Michael Forester and Agnes Hay, and my name is Lucy. Is my mother in the land o' the living?"

' Many kind tongues, and eyes, and hands, were soon comforting the dutiful daughter: but Lucy heard nothing but that her mother was not dead. " Oh! surely you are not deceiving me — and yet why are you all weeping so? Where is my father — perhaps he too is gone — and God's judgments more terrible than I can bear? Here am I, a' the way frae Scotland, come to pray by my mother's bed-side — and God has brought me here unharmed, by means o' the kind hands o' my fellow-creatures, who all helped me on towards this house, so far away from Bracken-Braes where we live! Oh! my bonnie lassie, tell me — tell me — if my mother is indeed likely to live!" Ruth Colinson felt her own hopes strengthened by the passionate earnestness of this appeal, and said with a faint smile to Lucy, that her mother had not been any worse since the morning, and that perhaps the danger might be past. Just then Mr. Ianson came down stairs — and there was no fatal expression in his countenance — so Ruth once more assured her that there was hope. Then Lucy sat down and cried bitterly as if her heart would break.

' At such a time there was no need of deception or concealment. None knew how God was dealing with her in the room above; but here was the creature dearest to her on this earth, brought to her bed-side as by a prayer. So they led Lucy to the sick-room, and in a moment, with every sob hushed, she was on her knees at her mother's bed-side, with her forehead resting upon the hands of her father.

' The mind of Agnes had been wandering for some time — and the fever had caused many afflicting dreams. " Poor Lucy! drowned in that black marl-pit — merciful God! see her — see her clinging to a branch! What can a blind father do to save his child — oh! what shrieks! what shrieks!" Michael turned his sightless countenance towards Mr. Ianson, as if he looked for comfort. In the agony of his despair, he believed that in medical knowledge lay a foresight of futurity, and he felt as if even the issues

issues of life and death were committed to his mortal hands. "Oh! father — father — I your daughter, Lucy, am here — put your hand upon my head and know — my mother's face is not so changed as I thought — and she will live — will live — and go back with us, under the mercy of the Almighty, to Bracken-Braes." Michael Forester sat for a few moments mute and motionless — and then he, too, knelt down by the bed-side of Agnes, and laid his cheek on Lucy's head, the touch of whose hair, wet as it was with the rains, and sorely dishevelled, was familiar to the yearnings of his inmost heart, and calmed in some measure the severity of his protracted passion.

'Agnes started up in one of those sudden fits of disordered strength, that in a fever often come upon the apparent prostration of all vital power, and opening her eyes for the first time during twenty-four hours, fixed them upon Lucy, who by this time had risen from her knees, and was standing by the bed-side. Perhaps the sound of that voice had been recognized in the seeming deafness of her spirit. Ever and anon she averted, and then again cast her eyes, with a bewildered eagerness, upon her daughter — till at last she stretched forth her arms, and with a face expressing the most passionate fondness, but nothing else, drew Lucy to her bosom, and kissing her with a thousand kisses, fell back on her pillow. Lucy, in that embrace, had crept into the lowly bed, and there she lay by her mother's side — both mute — and to all who looked upon them beautiful as in the happiest sleep.

'Now that Michael had been permitted to reflect on the wonderful appearance of Lucy at the Vicarage — and then had been told by Mr. Colinson of the nature of her journey, he could not help feeling that the mother of such a child would be spared even for her sake. He had for several days and nights past thought of Lucy as an orphan. In his dreams he had seen her weeping in sore distress, and she would not be comforted. For in all his dreams, Michael saw still the objects of his affection; — and indeed there was no blindness in that imaginary world. Now God and God only had sent Lucy to restore her mother to life. "Impossible — impossible — that our child has been brought hither only to see her mother die! Hush — hush — they have both fallen asleep — and Agnes's breathing, methinks, is assuredly more free, and more composed." "I am not asleep — father — but my mother is — and, oh! I beseech you all — here let me lie till she awakes."

'The fever in which her mother lay might be infectious, but Lucy never thought of that — nor perhaps did any one then present, for in such extremities, prudence is not known to love, and all fear is for the dying. Without any clearly understood reason for it, every heart now began to hope; the Vicar walked out into his orchard — Ruth looked after some little household duty with noiseless steps — and Mrs. Colinson prepared some refreshment for Mr. Ianson, who now appeared in the lower room, and said that there certainly seemed a decided change for the better in the condition of his patient. Michael Forester had followed

lowed him down stairs unperceived, and on hearing these words, not meant for his ear, but manifestly addressed to another, he felt as if lifted up out of the grave.'

Her mother recovers; and many delightful descriptions of lake scenery and amusements follow.

We must make room for two other quotations in the author's best manner. A childish affection springs up between Lucy Forester, and Edward Ellis, a young Englishman residing with the clergyman of the parish. The first is a fine picture of the romance of youth.

'They stood together by a little spring, known only to hunters and shepherds, overshadowed by a rock, whose base was covered with briar, broom, and bracken, and from whose cleft-summit grew one solitary drooping birch-tree. "Lucy — I am about to leave Holylee — I know not if for ever. No — no — not for ever — yet it may be years before I return to visit Mr. Kennedy and your father. A change has been suddenly made in the plan of my education — and to-morrow I go away. Will you accept a few keepsakes? Never again shall I meet with so sweet a maiden as Lucy Forester, nor one whom I love so well." Lucy had scarcely power to reply; but, with a faltering voice and trembling hand she accepted them, and after a few inarticulate words of affection, put them without looking what they were, into her bosom.

'Edward Ellis knew not what was the nature of his feelings, nor what ought now to be his conduct. His boyish passion — at least delightful affection for Lucy Forester had for nearly a year past been growing with his growth, and now that he had even expressed it, he felt as if Lucy were betrothed to him by her kind acceptance of his love-gifts. But what could that word "betrothed" mean between him a mere boy and the daughter still younger of a man in Michael Forester's humble situation of life? Again he fixed his gazing eyes upon her, and her beauty was more and more irresistible. "When I return — Lucy — after a few years — I shall find you married to Isaac Mayne, the famous scholar." — "Never — never," — and Lucy, unrestrained by shame or pride, now wept bitterly; for thoughts over which she had no power came in a tumult into her heart, and almost stopt its beatings, quick and strong as they had for some moments been in that sudden colloquy. There had been a dream enveloping her, which yet she had not known to be a dream, till now she saw it dissolving with all its enchantments. Now had she the first agonizing insight into her own heart, and into many feelings that lay couched there, strong as life itself, feelings that had been rising there in rapid growth every hour since that travel, side by side with Edward Ellis beneath the moon and stars. A sudden gladness was breathed over her soul — an intimation given that grief is a guest in every human breast — a voice whispering that she must forbid that glee in which she had revelled from the first morning-light — that she must tame the fairy flight of those footsteps

steps over the daisied green — that the laughter indulged to childhood must be now restrained — and that tears, or a calmness more sorrowful than tears, must often now subdue the smiles that had hidden her eyes as it were in their own kindling light. Something was to be removed soon, sudden, and for ever, that unknown to herself had been the chief bliss of life. Her brother, Edward, was no more to visit Bracken-Braes! yet even in that fit of grief, her heart acknowledged him to be her brother, for what affection could be more sisterly, pure, and irreproachable? What although a few sobs were heard! Yet was that affection not to cease — not to be utterly extirpated — but by absence and separation kept down within the heart, till reason and religion should overmaster it, before affection became love, and love trouble, and then the whole of life by night and by day, in the lonesome glen, or the crowded house of God, infested by one dream never to be broken, stronger even than piety or superstition, and colouring all the humblest incidents of life with one hue, till the soul, formerly free in its wandering innocence, should be enslaved at last beneath the bondage of one unrelenting passion.'

Years roll on; — the father of Edward Ellis unexpectedly appears at the cottage, and announces that these illusions of childhood must be abandoned. This is the description of the breaking of the spell.

'Almost without knowing whither her steps were carrying her,' she 'followed the stream down — down to the Linn — and the Howlet's Nest, where Edward had first learned to meet her by accident two summers ago, — summers, alas! how swiftly flown, and never to be equalled in beauty, and in delight, long as that sun should shine in Heaven.

'The waterfall was cheering the solitary dell with its foaming murmurs, but Lucy saw — heard it not — or if she did, 'twas like something sounding and gleaming in an imperfect dream. She leant, sick and blind, against the ivy-tree — and at last opened the letter, in which she felt she was to read something for ever fatal to her happiness. There were not many lines — and kind — perfectly kind they were — but still they were charged with meaning not to be misunderstood. Thenceforth Edward Ellis was to be nothing to her — but a name, a thought, a shadow — and as for herself, never more would her image come before his eyes as he roamed over foreign lands, or sailed on the bosom of the wide sea. Lucy Forester wept in grief — love — perhaps anger — shall it be said — despair? She went to the edge of the Pool, and taking from her bosom the keepsakes Edward had given her at the Hawkstane Spring, she dropped them one by one into the deep water — all — all but one, which would not leave her hand, the brooch which contained his dark glossy hair, with two names engraved upon it — "Edward to Lucy." She took out the hair — and then the dearest memorial of all sunk to the bottom of the Linn. Now, indeed, the dream was broken, like a foam-bell upon the flowing waters. Not till this moment had she been completely unde-

undeceived. Yet there had been no deceit — no faithlessness — no falsehood. Ignorant of themselves — their present condition — and their future lot, had Edward and Lucy been in the joy of their mutual affection. He had first come to see the impossibility of their ever being more to one another than they had already been — and now Lucy saw the same truth with the same sad conviction. " Vain creature that I was, and void of all understanding, ever to dream for a single time in my sleep that Edward Ellis was all his life long to love Lucy Forester! And yet often — too often have I dreamt it, and lo! he has passed away from Holylee — from Bracken-Braes — from the Linn and the Ivy-tree like a cloud — and I shall never see his bonny face again till my dying day!" But as her tears flowed, her thoughts grew less and less bitter. She now began to recal all the delightful traits of his character, and to her unselfish nature that meditation brought an alleviation of grief. How courteous had he ever been in the cottage! How tenderly polite to her mother, how more than respectful to her father, how pleasant to aunt Isobel! But all at once she tore herself away from the trysting-place, and said within her heart that she would never more venture to revisit it — for all its beauty, all its blessedness was gone, just as the indescribable brightness of some too heavenly dream, that is felt at the time to be but a dream, and long long after, when it returns in indistinct remembrance on the soul, sheds something of its yet unextinguished light over the dim, and clouded, and imperfect happiness of this waking world!

' Lucy looked at Bracken-Braes — but Edward Ellis's father might still be sitting there — and she dared not — could not again meet his face even in the gloaming. So she sat down among the broom, and did not go home till the Plane-tree was standing quite visible in the moonlight.'

We feel that these unconnected scenes can give the reader no idea of the nature of the story: but they may enable him to judge of the richness and beauty of the style in which it is written. At the same time, our own impression is, that the style is too ornate and poetical for the nature of the subject; and that the simplicity of the incidents demanded something of a congenial simplicity of expression. The book, however, on the whole, is one which will please generally; and though not indicating, in our opinion, a very fertile invention, or extended range of talent, it is calculated to make its way quietly to our sympathies; and perhaps, to continue a favorite when works that seem, at first sight, of deeper and more stirring interest have been forgotten.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

For MAY, 1825.

POETRY *and the* DRAMA.

Art. 13. Sonnets and other Poems. By D. L. Richardson. Post 8vo. pp. 151. London. Underwoods. 1825.

The sonnets and miscellaneous poetry contained in this little volume are the effusions of a tender heart and a cultured intellect. They breathe strains, we venture to say, of unaffected sorrow, composed under some bitter domestic privation; and may at once be pronounced "flowing numbers" from "a bleeding heart." *

We think the sonnets the best pieces in the collection. The first (written in India) entitled Night and Morning, is exquisitely beautiful: but *jackall* should have been spelt conformably to the Indian pronunciation shákál.

'The moon was darkly shrouded, — chilling rain
Fell on the grove with melancholy sound, —
The jackall's piercing cry, — the voice profound
Of Ganga's rolling wave, and shrieks of pain,
Came on the midnight blast! — Hill, vale, and plain
Were in impenetrable gloom o'ercast;
Save when the fitful meteor glimmer'd past,
Or the blue lightning mocked the drear domain! —
Lo! what a glorious change! The rising sun
Sheds his reviving beams! The fragrant bower,
Ringing with morning hymns, — the stately tower, —
The Shepherd's quiet home, alike have won
His smile of light and joy. Fair nature's dower
Of beauty is restored, and pleasure's reign begun!'

The sensibilities of that reader are little to be envied, who can peruse the third sonnet without a lively sympathy with this tender mourner.

'Lady! If from my young but clouded brow,
Joy's radiant beam depart so fitfully, —
If the mild lustre of thy sweet blue eye
Cheer not the mourner's gloom, — Oh! do not *Thou*,
Like the gay throng, disdain a Child of Woe,
Or deem his bosom cold! — Should the low sigh
Bring to the voice of bliss unmeet reply, —
Oh! bear with one whose darken'd path below

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* "Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart."
Tickell's *Elegy on Addison.*

The

The tempest-fiend hath crossed! The blast of doom
Scatters the ripening bud, the full-blown flower,
Of hope and joy, nor leaves one living bloom,
Save love's wild evergreen, that dares its power,
And clings to this lone heart, young pleasure's tomb,
Like the fond ivy on the ruined tower!'

The following elegant stanzas are also written with great taste and feeling:

'Oh! sweet departed saint!
If aught of earth could reach thine ear,
Love's fevered sigh, and sorrow's ceaseless plaint,
Might wake an angel's tear!

'Not that my wretched heart
Would stain thee now with kindred woe,
Or bid thy spirit's holier dreams impart
A less etherial glow!

'But, oh! the thought of pain,
That we on earth shall meet no more,
Hath wrung a broken heart, whose griefs disdain
All that would peace restore!

'Oh! desolate and cold!
Hope's lingering beam is quenched at last, —
The trusting mind futurity controlled
Now dwells but on the *past!*

'O'er this deserted scene,
Where'er my wandering eye may turn,
Rise long-remembered spots, where thou hast been,
But never shalt return!

'The fragrant noon-tide grove,
And the moon-light hallowed bowers,
The sweet haunts of ecstacy and love
But breathe of happier hours!

'I seek thine early tomb
With sad and unavailing tears,
While echo wakes, amid the cheerless gloom,
The voice of other years!'

Art. 14. *Poems and Poetical Translations*, by Samuel Gower. London. 8vo. pp. 46. 2*s*. 6*d*. Simkin. 1824.

This is one of the numerous tribe of poets, who browze downward on the slopes of Parnassus. His *fasciculus*, however, is put forth in an unadorned shape: and many of the pieces contained in it are far from being destitute of merit. Among these we cannot certainly comprehend such mawkish and unmeaning *things* as the following.

'*Sketch of a Passage in "the Miller and his Men."*

'Count Friburg return'd on one stormy night
To his native land from the wars,
And in the wild forest was fain to alight
Through the darkening of the stars:'

'For the Sun it had set a long time before,
And the Moon asleep was rock'd
By the tempest beneath it, that swung like a door
On which the thunderbolts knock'd:

'And the Stars were all in their chambers seal'd,
Except a very few;
And dark grew the whole of the heavenly field,
Which before was so light and blue;

'And the rain and the sleet began to beat
And patter on the walls,
And flashes of pallid lightning to fleet
Through the forests leafy halls;

'And a light as of hell seem'd at moments to glare
Through the sulphury crevices
Of the sheet of pitch that curtain'd the air,
And mantled its distress.'

It is hardly to be imagined that the stuff we have just copied, proceeded from the author of the Sonnet to Night.

'*Night.*

'Leaning on Darkness, Night, with noiseless foot,
Glides onward, like a Vampyre from his tomb,
Through the damp cloisters of the East; her plume
The raven-winged Clouds; — her rustling suit
Of dewy drapery, the Winds that hoot
And flap all black'ning round the formless gloom
Of her approach; — while, quickening in her womb,
Lurk Treason's and Adult'ry's guilty fruit; —
Ev'n yon blue Argus, with his thousand eyes —
Yon huge unslumb'ring creature of the gods,
Yon Sky, — upon his weary watch-tow'r nods
Starless and blind to his neglected prize: —
Like Beauty ravish'd in a sepulchre, —
While shrieks the chilly world a prey to Lucifer.'

The address of Napoleon to the young king of Rome, we conceive to have been intended as a satire upon some vicious poetaster of the age; but the author having given no *key* to his meaning we lose the pleasure of joining in the laugh.

HISTORY.

Art. 15. *The History of Huntingdon,* from the earliest to the present time; with an Appendix, containing the Charter of Charles I. under which the Borough is now governed. Crown 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* Sherwood and Co. 1824.

Many of our books are "ridiculously magnificent," as a French writer expresses it. The present volume is humble in this respect, but it is executed with propriety and research, and deserves to be reprinted in a more handsome form, with engravings of the principal edifices described. The author's name is

is to us unknown, but he has given a History of Huntingdon at once compendious and full, which comprises all that is desirable to be recorded of a town, for the use of the inhabitant or the stranger. The eminent persons connected with the place by birth or residence, by pecuniary or literary benefits, by local or national conspicuity, are severally commemorated with proportionate justice; and the entire work needs not shun comparison with the many similar guide-books which our provincial towns have produced. They are a useful class of writings; for they tend to produce an affection for a person's native place — a sort of civic patriotism, disposed to exert itself for the improvement and embellishment of the site of our earliest home — "*Spartam nactus es, hanc exorno.*"

In a preface subscribed with the initials R. C. the author records his obligations to the corporation of Huntingdon for a liberal access to their archives; whence it appears that representatives were returned for the town so early as the year 1295. An introduction follows, which gives a general history of the country: it was colonized by the Iceni, and the author relies on Camden, who tried to turn every ancient English name of either people or district into Welsh, for deriving this appellation from Y-cini *foremost:* but, as the Welsh tribes never dwelt east of the Peak, and as the oriental coast of England was peopled by Goths, he should have sought in the Saxon language for the derivation of Iceni, which probably comes from Eiche, oak-tree, and signifies *hearts of oak.* In like manner Durolipons (p. 60.) is not to be metamorphosed into Durosipens, and then translated with Camden, *Ousebridge,* but may rather seem an awkward attempt of the Romans to imitate the Saxon appellation of *The Earl's bridge.*

The history is divided into seven chapters, of which the first treats on the situation, extent, and population of the town, and the agriculture of its neighbourhood. On the authority of Bede and William of Malmsbury, the writer hazards the following improbable assertion.

'About a thousand years ago, the country now denominated the Fens, was one of the most delightful spots in the whole kingdom; it was not only richly cultivated, and produced all the necessaries of life, but grapes also, that afforded excellent wine. The writers of that age are copious in the description of its verdure and fertility; its rich pastures covered with flowers and herbage; its beautiful shades, and wholesome air. But the sea, breaking in upon the land, overwhelmed the whole country, took possession of the soil, and totally destroyed one of the most fertile vallies in the world. Its air, from being dry and healthful, from that time became unwholesome, and clogged with vapours; and the small part of the country that, by being higher than the rest, escaped the deluge, was soon rendered uninhabitable, from its noxious vapours. Thus this country continued under water for some centuries; till at last the sea, by the same caprice which had prompted its invasions, began to abandon the earth in like manner. It has continued for some ages to relinquish its former conquests;

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and although the inhabitants can neither boast the longevity, nor the luxuries of their former preoccupants, yet they find ample means of subsistence; and if strangers happen to survive the first years of their residence there, they are often known to arrive at a good old age.

'Trunks of trees, hard, black, and close-grained, are frequently found when digging in the Fens. Abundance of wild fowl — ducks, teal, widgeons, &c. — are found in these parts.'

That a high tide entered the estuary of the Ouse, and laid the Fens under water, to the great distress of the inhabitants, is very probable: but that this inundation swept away any other vineyards than the currant bushes in the monastery-gardens, we are slow to credit. In the Saxon Chronology appended to Bede's Ecclesiastical History, the people of Huntingdon are said to have left their town in the year 921, and to have founded Temsford, (query Stamford?) expelled, perhaps by some accident of nature, and accompanied by the fugitive inhabitants of the deluged district.

In the County Chronicle of remarkable events, (year 1795) the present author includes this item. 'The celebrated Charles James Fox was married in the church of Wyton to Elizabeth Blane,' by the then rector; and signifies that John Horne Tooke, the tutor of Sir Francis Burdett, had been curate of the parish: but Horne Tooke should not be termed '*tutor* of Sir Francis Burdett.'

At p. 147. occurs the copy of a letter written by King Charles I., and dated Huntingdon 25 August, 1645, in which the king says: "My owen declaration, wch is this, that let my condition be neuer so low, my successes neuer so ill, I resolue (by the grace of God,) neuer to yield up this Church to the gouernment of Papists, Presbiterians, or Independents, nor to injure my Successors, by lessening the Crown of that ecclesiasticall & military power wch my Predecessors left me."

The fourth chapter commemorates the eminent natives, especially Henry of Huntingdon, who died in 1280, and left a history of England down to the reign of king Stephen; and the famous Oliver Cromwell, the deposer of his sovereign, but not the liberator of his country. This life of Cromwell is equitable, and contains personal particulars not always remarked by the historians. He was a libertine and a gambler in early youth, but married at the age of twenty-one, and then took a serious turn. At one time he was a brewer: but it cannot be said of him as of the French General Santerre, '*Il n'eut de Mars que la bière.*'

Chapter V. enumerates the various benefactions given by pious individuals for the foundation of schools and hospitals: The sixth describes the town; and the seventh relates to the environs. An appendix gives a full copy of the charter; and is followed by a good index.

It would not be amiss if local historians allotted a separate section to a list of useful projects for improving the district under their survey. The canal, which local means cannot realize, might be undertaken by distant speculators, and the bridge, which in private hands must be repaid by an inconvenient rate, might be con-

conferred by the patronage of some candidate or some neighbouring nobleman.

Art. 16. *A descriptive and historical Account of Dudley Castle,* and its surrounding scenery: with graphic illustrations. By the Rev. Luke Booker, LL.D. F.R.S.L. Vicar of Dudley. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Longman and Co., &c. 1825.

A Stranger's Guide to Dudley Castle will no doubt highly accommodate those travellers who go to visit that extensive venerable ruin, and the romantic various scenery of the park which encompasses it with so beautiful a precinct. The late respectable proprietor Lord Dudley and Ward, seems to have consulted in his alterations the convenience and gratification of the public, and to have made the drives and walks about his grounds as compendious, smooth, and pervasive, as they could be consistently with a full display of the singular and impressive features of the scene. We trust that this descriptive catalogue of the extent, phænomena, and adherent reminiscences of the spot will convene, from a distance, a long succession of pilgrims, anxious to place in their memories a picture from nature of so remarkable and so interesting a train of prospect. Have not Compostella and Loretto owed to the love of landscape-hunting half the pilgrimages, which superstition claims the honor of having caused?

Dr. Booker divides his account into three parts, of which the first pourtrays the grounds, and the second the castle, in a somewhat overstrained style of eloquence imitated from Hervey's Meditations, full of common places equally applicable any where else, (see for instance, p. 6.) and full of compliments to the late and the present noble owners, which would have been better placed in the author's intended history of the town and priory of Dudley: for in a book made at their own request, as a directory over their own premises, panegyrics of this sort have too much the appearance of fulsome flattery.

Part III. gives historical notices of the castle and its lords, and displays highly respectable antiquarian acquirements. An appendix contains various documents and vouchers; and also the natural history of the spot in its several branches of ornithology, entomology, and mineralogy. Nine engravings exhibit plans of the ground and ruins, and views of the principal objects of curiosity.

A cheaper edition of this publication might be desirable: for it is not every pedestrian from the neighbouring towns and mining districts, who can conveniently afford so expensive yet so useful a companion of his saunter.

BIOGRAPHY.

Art. 17. *Memoirs;* including Original Journals, Letters, Papers, and Antiquarian Tracts, of the late Charles Alfred Stothard, F.S.A. Author of "The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain." With connective Notices of his Life, and some Account of a Journey in the Netherlands. By Mrs. Charles

Stothard, Author of "Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, Britanny, and other Parts of France, in 1818." 8vo. pp. 497. 15*s*. Boards. Longman and Co.

Mr. Charles Alfred Stothard displayed considerable merit as a graphic antiquary, and superintended the publication, in numbers, of a splendid work entitled "The Monumental Effigies of Great Britain." He also published "Illustrations of Letters written during a Tour through Normandy and Britanny, by Mrs. C. Stothard," — "Illustrations for the Magna Britannia" of Lysons; — and "Illustrations for a Description of the Bayeux Tapestry," published by the Society of Antiquaries; all which contributions to the line of art he practised have rendered some biographic notices concerning him desirable. If the affection of his widow, by whom the task has been performed, has given more than due extent to the memoirs of a life not in many respects remarkable, there is, at least, in this garrulity of the heart, a consolatory piety and a meritorious pride.

Mr. C. A. Stothard was born at London in 1786: and was put to a Latin school. He was sedulously instructed in drawing by his father, a well-known artist. In 1807 he was admitted to the Life Academy: but a taste for antiquarian studies, much increased by the sympathy of a fellow-student named Kempe, gradually drew his attention to the drawing of monuments, and led him to project the publication of the principal Monumental Effigies of Great Britain. He acquired the necessary skill in etching; and undertook to publish at his own expence and risk, some successive numbers of the work. In 1809 he became attached to his friend's sister, Miss Kempe, whom he nine years afterwards married. In the summer of 1811 he visited Canterbury for the purpose of making drawings in the Cathedral. While there engaged upon an effigy situate in the under-croft of the church, which he had caused to be lighted up with candles, his foot slipped, and he fell from the ladder on which he stood. In one of his letters dated Worthing, August 11th, 1814, he relates a visit to Arundel Castle, in which the following passage occurs:

'We then passed into an anti-room, where there is a pavement quite perfect, formed with Greek and other ornaments. Here were human bones, pieces of earthenware, fragments of dilapidated columns, &c. Dame Tupper was not without her suspicions, and watched me narrowly; but I managed to steal part of a vase, and a bit of a broken flue; following, in this, the worthy example of my fellow antiquaries, the learned investigators of Holwood Hill, on some such occasions, and whose consciences let them rest in peace, in spite of certain remembrances of purloined Roman keys, old tiles, bricks, and broken pitchers.'

We cannot look upon pilfering in this way as less than criminal, though committed with unblushing impunity; and the levity, with which the confession is so candidly made, appears to us very unbecoming in one ranking above suspicion. What would become of our museums, our libraries, our public monuments, our collections of works of art, if every one having access were to think himself

himself at liberty to purloin the volumes or specimens allowed to be inspected as objects of curiosity? — Some further account of the visit to Arundel, in a style equally flippant and indiscreet, occurs at p. 178.

'I was at Arundel last autumn, drawing some fine monuments of the earl's there. The chancel which contains them was locked up, all drawing forbidden; and yet, in spite of such obstacles, from an encourager of the arts and sciences I obtained access.

'Two parties possess keys of the chancel. I attacked that point I thought weakest, — three pretty girls, friends of the duke's. I got into the chancel by these means; but paid for it by attending at dances, &c. &c., and being as unmonumental as possible. I hope my difficulties may be ever overcome in this manner.'

In 1816 Mr. C. A. Stothard went to France at the expense of the Society of Antiquaries to draw the Bayeux tapestry: and a sort of journal is given of his tour. Of a subsequent tour in Flanders a similar journal is also given; and these curious antiquarian comments constitute the most prominent part of his contributions to the present volume. They display the characteristic mythology of his sect; the patient industry of tomb-explorers.

"Dim lights of life, to burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres."

In May, 1821, Mr. Stothard went to Beer-Ferrers for the purpose of copying some stained glass, which had long been preserved in the church there. He borrowed a ladder of a gardener; and while he was at work about ten feet from the ground, he fell and fractured his skull. The fatal blow by which he was cut off in the flower of his days was received on the temple. A pathetic description follows of the distress of his widow and family which terminates the narration. The deep feeling displayed by the authoress gives a powerful interest to the story of the melancholy catastrophe, which is calculated to draw many a sympathetic tear from readers to whom he was unknown. Every part of the volume which Mrs. Stothard has supplied is remarkable for elegance of diction, for tenderness of heart, and for purity and propriety of moral sentiment.

EDUCATION.

Art. 18. *A Vocabulary of the Greek Roots*, calculated to facilitate to the young Student the Acquisition of that Language. By the Rev. Richard Povah, LL.D. 12mo. London. Baldwin. 1824.

Dr. Povah's experience as a teacher would silence our objections, if we had any, to his Vocabulary. Still we do not think that barren exercises of the memory, unassociated with actual reading, are necessary helps to the attainment of any language, and much less to that of the Greek. It is right, however, that the author should propound his plan in his own words. We, therefore, copy his preface.

'The editor of this Vocabulary presents it to the world from the conviction that much less time is necessary than is usually spent in the knowledge of Greek. Boys feel discouraged in turning over the leaves of a Lexicon before they are sufficiently interested in the search. The following Vocabulary contains most of the words that occur in classical authors; and a page committed to memory every day, with the judicious application of it by their tutor, would (he speaks from experience, and therefore with confidence) greatly facilitate the knowledge of the finest language ever spoken by man.'

We have carefully inspected the Vocabulary, and have noticed one or two inaccuracies only. In page 3. Ὁ *ἀράχνης*, a spider, has the second syllable short and is thus printed *ἀρᾰχνης*. The *α* must be long by position. So the second syllable in the derivative *ἀράχνιον*.

Ὀδυσσῆος δέ που εὐνὴ
Χῆται ἰνωνάων πάλαι ἀράχνια κεῖται ἔχουσα. Hom. Od. ii. v. 34.

In page 25. *το μαγγανον* is translated *juggling*. We are aware that Dr. Povah has the authority of Suidas, "*inopīnatum quippiam, et inexpectatum machīnamentum, qualia sunt præstigiatorum:*" but this means only a *juggle*, not *juggling* in the abstract; and in a vocabulary, we prefer those acceptations which are most in use. The most ordinary meaning of *μαγγανον* is machinamentum or machina, a machine or engine; *μαγγανον πολεμικον*, a warlike machine such as the balista; *μαγγανα πολεμικα*, tormenta.

Art. 19. *The Etymologic Interpreter;* or an Explanatory and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language; to which is prefixed an Introduction containing a full Developement of the principles of Etymology and Grammar, &c. &c. &c. By James Gilchrist. 8vo. pp. 274. Hunter. London.

Mr. Gilchrist's *Philosophic Etymology* was noticed by us at great length in vol. lxxxiv. p. 304; and this work is little else than a republication of that treatise in a somewhat varied form. Eloquence, dialective resource, various knowlege, a love of analogy, and simplicity in language, adorn both publications; but a predilection for seeking the roots of words in the classical languages gives rise to many improbable etymological conjectures. Thus in p. 25. we are told that *yellow* is derived from the Latin *melleus* and signifies honey-coloured; whereas, in all the Gothic dialects the word is allied with the root *gold* or *goold:* in Swedish *gul*, in Danish *guul*, in Icelandish *gulur*, in German *gelb*, in which last the substantive *gold* occurs in the form *geld*, money. The *yolk* or *yelk* of the egg means the *gold* of the egg. The Italian *giallo*, changed in English into *yellow*, is a Gothic word introduced by the Lombards, and not a corruption of the Latin *melleus*, whence evidently we have *mellow*.

Again, at p. 46., the verb *hint* is set down as a derivation from *intimate:* whereas, it is etymologically connected with the *hind* part; and means a suggestion from *behind*. Thus, again, at p. 61., we are told that *fact, feat, fight, fit*, are all originally one word. We say,

say, no. *Fact* and *feat* are originally one word; the Latin *factum* becoming, in French, *feat:* but the verb *fight* is of Gothic origin; and, according to Adelung, etymologically connected with the root *fist*, in Low-Dutch *vugst;* as *pugnare* from *pugnus*. *Fist*, according to Junius, is deduced from the root, *fight*.

In the chapter on *Case* (p. 116.), Mr. Gilchrist proposes to discard the accusative cases of our personal pronouns, and to employ, as in substantives, the nominative form instead. This would occasion frequent obscurity, and give to the imperative mood the appearance of the interrogative form. Translate, for instance, into this Gilchristian English, these words of Pope:—

"No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole:"

and they must be written

"No, fly I, fly I, far as pole from pole:"

which would be mistaken for a question; or these words of Gray:—

"Now my weary lips I close;
Leave I, leave I, to repose."

in which form the sentence would seem unfinished; and to require a regimen. Yet Mr. Gilchrist thus appeals to our patriotism in behalf of this rash innovation.

'Let the influential personages of the literary world, particularly the *corps diplomatique* of reviewers (as powerful in the modern republic of letters as lawyers in the state), and the writers in all the periodicals, and all the gentlemen of the press, discard accusative cases of pronouns. In making an experiment upon established usage, they have an opportunity of trying their strength and of proving their power. If they will not hazard a little innovation for the sake of simplicity and utility, let us give arbitrary grammar the usual valediction — esto perpetua. The author will at least possess the satisfaction of having abated its pretensions.'

When Mr. Gilchrist contends for writing *hisself* and *theirselves*, instead of *himself* and *themselves*, he defends analogy against euphony, and deserves attention. *Self* is certainly a substantive signifying *soul*, and should be united with the possessive, not with the personal pronoun.

The best chapter in this treatise appears to us to be that on Prefixes and Affixes. The examples cited by Mr. G, in treating upon this branch of etymology, extend to all the most common terminations in use in our language: but his conclusions are not always satisfactory. We suspect the affix *ship* to be derived from the verb to *shape*, to create; as the German *schaft* from *schaffen*, and not from *super*, as Mr. G. conceives most likely.

Mr. Gilchrist announces a Dictionary, of which the work here noticed is a sort of prospectus; and we doubt not but it will tend to shake many prejudices, and favor the cause of rational grammar.

LAW.

Art. 20. *A Treatise on the Principles of Indemnity in Marine Insurance, Bottomry, and Respondentia;* and on their Practical Appli-

Application in effecting those Contracts, and in the Adjustment of all Claims arising out of them. For the Use of Underwriters, Merchants, and Lawyers. By William Benecke, of Lloyd's. 8vo. pp. 498. Boards. 1*l.* 1*s.* Baldwin and Co. 1824.

Although this treatise relates to a subject which involves much intricacy and perplexity of detail, it is in itself remarkable for precision and perspicuity. The treatises by Park and Marshall on the law of insurance, admirable as they are, in many instances, report cases, which have been decided in the courts of law, at greater length than the ordinary occasions of business can require: but Mr. Benecke has presented the results of the decisions in a manner at once compendious and clear. His arrangement of his materials is also extremely good; and the comments which he makes on many of the decisions show much reflection, as well as that tact in glancing at remote consequences, which nothing but practical habits and long experience can communicate on any subject. — The doctrine of particular average has been before elucidated in many points by Mr. Stevens and Mr. Strickland: but we think that the chapter on this subject in the present volume removes many difficulties which still enveloped the matter; and Mr. Benecke has succeeded in introducing some very complicated calculations in such a luminous manner, that they become interesting from the clearness of the notions which are presented to the mind in gradual succession.

The passages, in which Mr. B. shows that, when the goods arrive at the place of destination, the amount of the particular deterioration can only be ascertained by a calculation on the gross proceeds, deserve much consideration. It is a point on which great difference of opinion has prevailed; but, if the system on which *total* losses are uniformly adjusted be correct, the author's conclusions from the analogy of such cases seem quite irresistible. We will do him the justice to let him express his own reasoning in his own language, and the rather because it rests on what may be termed a cardinal principle of the treatise.

'It has been fully shown in the first chapter, that there are two modes of insuring goods, and of indemnifying the assured: one, according to which the assured is to be placed in the situation after a loss, in which he would have been if the loss had not taken place; and another, by which the assured is to be placed, as to the goods insured, in the situation in which he was *before the adventure;* that of these two modes, the latter is exclusively adopted, and that, according to theory, law and practice, the meaning of a policy on goods (unless it contains different stipulations) is, that in case of deterioration of the goods by any of the perils insured against, the quantity or extent of the deterioration shall be ascertained by comparing the gross amount of the sales of the damaged goods with the gross amount which the same goods would have produced if sound, and that the underwriter shall pay the same proportion of the original value of the goods including all charges till on board, or of the value in the policy, which represents that original value. — Thus, if a quantity of

coffee, valued at 1000*l*., would have sold at 100*s*. per cwt. if sound, but on account of being sea-damaged, sells at 75*s*., the amount of the deterioration is one fourth, or it is the same, *as to the goods themselves*, as if three fourths had arrived sound, and one fourth had been annihilated; the underwriter, therefore, will have to pay one-fourth of 1000*l*., or 250*l*. The same sum the underwriter will have to pay, whether the goods come to a favourable or a depressed market, whenever the comparison between the sound and damaged goods shows the deterioration to be one fourth.

'It being thus established, that the underwriter shall have nothing to do either with the state of the market, or with the loss on landing expenses, freight, duty, &c., accruing in consequence of the deterioration, for this simple reason that no premium is paid for those items; it will be very easy to show, that all other modes of adjusting particular average, except that on the principle of the gross proceeds, are erroneous. It will be sufficient to prove, that they all involve those items which are foreign to the contract of insurance upon goods.

'These modes are: 1. Adjusting the loss on the difference between the sound and damaged sales, without a reference to the cost; 2. As a salvage loss; 3. On a comparison between the net produce of the sound and damaged goods.

'I. When the underwriter pays the difference between the sound and damaged sales, or, which comes to the same, when he replaces the damaged article with a sound article of the same description and quality, it is clear that the assured *will be placed in the situation in which he would have been if the loss had not occurred*; that consequently he will be indemnified according to the *first* mode of insurance, which comprises the expenses, duty, and freight, payable at the place of discharge, and the profit or loss of the market, although the insurance was made according to the *second* mode, by which only the prime cost or value of the goods regards the underwriter.

'II. When the underwriter pays the difference between the prime cost, &c., or between the valuation in the policy which represents the prime cost, and the net proceeds of the damaged goods, the assured, it is true, will be placed in the situation in which he was prior to the adventure; but he will be so, not only with respect to the *goods*, for which alone he paid a premium, but also with respect to the charges, freight, and duty, for which he had paid no premium; and moreover, the state of the market will influence the calculation. Supposing the deterioration to be one fourth, and this loss to be counterbalanced by the rise of the market; then the underwriter will pay nothing, although by his contract he was bound to pay one fourth of the original value. On the other hand, supposing the article to come to a losing market, the underwriter will have to make good the loss of the market over and above the depreciation occasioned by sea-damage.—This mode, in fact, is equal to abandoning goods under circumstances where no abandonment ought to take place.

'III. When

'III. When the difference of the net proceeds of the sound and damaged goods is made the scale of comparison, to ascertain the quantity of the loss, and to determine the proportion which the underwriter has to pay of the prime cost, &c., or of the value in the policy, then the underwriter's liability will also depend upon the state of the market, and upon the amount of freight, charges, and duty, and will vary with these items.—Suppose the freight, charges, and duty on goods, valued at 1000*l.* to be 100*l.*, then, if the gross proceeds of the sound would have been 1200*l.*, and the gross proceeds of the damaged are 600*l.*, the calculation, according to the net proceeds, will be as follows:

Gross proceeds of the sound goods - - -		£1200
less charges, &c. - - -		100
net proceeds - - - -		1100
(i.e. 1000*l* cost and 100*l.* profit)		
gross proceeds of the damaged goods - -	£600	
less charges, &c. - - -	100	
net proceeds - - - - -		500
loss - - - - - - -		600

therefore, as 1100*l.* (the sum insured, *and* 100*l.* profit) are to 1000*l.*, (the sum insured,) so are 600*l.* (the loss after deducting the charges) to $\frac{1000 \times 600}{1100}$ (the sum which the underwriter has to pay). Now the latter term clearly shows:

'1. That the sum which the underwriter has to pay will *decrease* when the profit which the undamaged article would have yielded *increases*, because the divisor is then augmented while the dividend remains unaltered; and that it will *increase* when the profit *decreases* or is turned into a loss, because in that case the divisor is diminished while the dividend remains unaltered;

'2. That the sum to be paid by the underwriter will increase with the amount of freight, charges, and duty; which is to be deducted from the gross proceeds.

'Thus it is clear that the gross proceeds, or the market price of the goods, can be the only true scale of comparison to determine the deterioration.'

The chapters on Bottomry and Respondentia manifest a very accurate acquaintance with the laws of foreign states. Altogether, the researches of the author reflect great credit on his industry, intelligence, and accuracy; and the information which he has brought together is so well digested, that his treatise will no doubt be a very popular manual among those for whose benefit it is principally calculated, viz. merchants and underwriters.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 21. *The Village Pastor.* By One of the Authors of "Body and Soul." 12mo. pp. 335. 8s. Longman and Co. 1825.

The title-page of this volume led us to anticipate from our perusal a supply of such rational, pleasing, and acceptable instruction as might be expected from a country clergyman: our disappointment

pointment is therefore the greater on finding it what it is. — Two volumes were some time since published, at different dates, called "Body and Soul," followed by another entitled "The Christian armed against Infidelity," all which seem to have been the offspring of a sort of co-parentage. The nature and character of each of these, having been sufficiently noticed in our former numbers, vol. c. p. 175.; — vol. civ. p. 402.; — and vol. cvi. p. 213., we have occasion now to mention them no further than as the little production here presented under the foregoing title claims a sort of kindred to them.

'In introducing the Village Pastor to those beyond the sphere of his own quiet and retired circle, the author,' as he says, 'has only to remark by way of preface, that his design in adopting a mixed style of writing in conformity with the taste of the present day, is to represent, more attractively, the power and excellency of the Christian faith, reflected through the medium of the established Church.' — For ourselves, we cannot see where 'the power and excellency' of the faith we profess is 'more attractively' represented, in the garb thus furnished, than in the old suit heretofore worn. For an effort at *the something* attempted in the volume before us to be performed in a merely decent or passable way is not enough to do the cause of the church the slightest good. It is not sufficient for *a design* of this sort to be laudable: in order to answer the professed object, the task of executing it must, moreover, be pre-eminently well done. As true disciples, then, of the principles of our established religion, we must express deep regret at seeing a work of this nature so inadequately turned out.

'A mixed style' is spoken of as having been adopted, which said *mixed* style is, to our ear, uniformly dull — running on as much in one and the same key as the notes of a sheep-bell, or of a muffled drum. The piece is exhibited, certainly, in a dissected state, after the manner of most novels; and at the head of each new scene has been stuck a sort of meagre *posy*, with a view to make it, as we suppose, at first appearance, the more alluring. Not, however, to be thought more censorious than is just, it is proper that we should appeal to the judgment of our readers by a quotation or two, from which the talents of the writer, viewed as he now is, single-handed, may be estimated: but in making our extracts we are urged, as well by the unimportance of the work as by our own limited space, to be brief. — The second chapter is chiefly occupied with the description of a village church, and occasional reflections upon particular objects and circumstances connected therewith; among which the constant appearance of the aged portion of the village flock at public worship is noticed, and accompanied with the following sentiment.

'There is something of almost feudal affection in those who love to worship their Almighty Father in the house where their earthly fathers bowed, to the spots indented by their knees. It is an affection associated to the best feelings of the heart; and baneful is that effort, unallied to spiritual purity, which would destroy a principle grounded in "the form of godliness" vouchsafed to

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us by the inspiration of God's holy Spirit, without whose sanctifying influence our faith, our prayers, our hopes, are vain.'

Now the epithet *feudal*, as every one is aware, applies strictly to such family or party confederacies as league in warfare one against another: to talk, therefore, of 'feudal affection under the Father of All,' independent of the phraseological impropriety of such a speech, is not quite compatible with the principles of 'the Christian Faith as reflected through the medium of the established Church.' We merely recommend to notice the remaining portion of the extract; and now, instead of dwelling upon merely *verbal* incongruities, with which these pages abound, let us take a score lines together, and look at the gross violations of syntax, deficient acquaintance with the meaning of terms used, and the frivolity of observation which they throughout evince.

'From the western tower arose a small but elegant spire, which, tapering from its base, till it ended in what appeared a sharp point, seemed from its direction to lift the thoughts above, and

'"Point the way to heaven."

'This tower, in which also the bells were suspended, was placed at the western end, and was at once light and durable. It was surmounted at the four angles by as many square parapets, which diverged at the top into irregular cones: the buttresses projecting from the north and south corners of it widened in their descent; and in a few irregular places were stuck some rude sculpturings of grotesque heads and figures of anomalous animals, whilst one of them on the northern side was protruded like a spout in the form of a fabulous dragon. Corresponding with these were placed, beneath the eavings of the roof, several rude stones of the likeness of the heads of fawns and satyrs, and martyrs and confessors.'

The spire broadest at its base! — the bells suspended in the tower! — the *western* tower placed at the *western* end! — surmounted at the four angles by *square parapets!* — by square parapets which DIVERGED *at the top into* IRREGULAR CONES! — a new-discovered figure, certainly, from which may be deduced, peradventure, a new species of geometry. The buttresses *wider at bottom than at top!* — an *anomalous animal* that protruded *like a spout!* — like a spout *in the form of a fabulous dragon!* — to correspond with which, were placed beneath the eavings, sundry rude stones *of the likeness of the heads of fawns and satyrs, and martyrs and confessors.* — This description, taken as a sample of our polite literature, manufactured, as the author tells us, 'in conformity with the taste of the present day,' admirable as it is, and satisfy, as in itself it might do, every one who is desirous to become acquainted with the capacity of the writer, still, we can hardly refrain from adding a few gravely moralizing lines on the rude initials carved in the church-porch.

'How many an autograph was there, indented in rude misshapen letters, which might afford to the curious in kaligraphy a practical study, and convince the vain race of manual scribblers that,

that, even with all their boast of fame, the time will come when "they must lie down in the grave," unnoted and unknown.'

The book contains fourteen chapters severally *posied* as follows, — 'A Domestic Sketch, — A Village Church, — An Old and Young Squire, — Friendship and Affection, — Faith and Practice, — Feelings, — The Stranger, — The Seventeenth Article, — Trials, — Reprobation, — Pastoral Visitings, — A Recapitulation, — Retribution, — The Lord's Day.' — Some scraps of poetry are occasionally brought in, which, for the most part, rank somewhere below the mean. On certain doctrinal points a rather dogmatic tone has been assumed; and even the clergy themselves come in for a little lecturing, particularly in the chapter on 'Reprobation.'

The sending abroad as fugitives whom nobody owns, such productions of the press as 'The Village Pastor' and many of its companions, is a fashion we deprecate; inasmuch as it serves to bring forward, and that under a disguise which is imposing, a literary issue basely begotten, seeking countenance from a dubious aspect and implied connection with popular characters. — We shall never, till obliged, persuade ourselves to believe that the work we have just read originated from any professional limb of the church; and, for the present, we set it down as a juvenile essay; — probably, although the masculine pronoun be used in the preface, it is a theme which has engaged the pen of some rural young lady of a rather enthusiastic cast, from which impression we have treated it somewhat more leniently than we might have otherwise done.

Art. 22. *The Hermit in Italy*, or Observations on the Manners and Customs of Italy; being a Continuation of the Sketches of French Manners, by M. de Jouy. 3 Vols. 12mo. 18*s*. Boards. Whittaker. 1825.

The French work, whence these three volumes are translated, was noticed at length in our civth volume, p. 519. By the similarity of title, of decoration, of form, and of manner, and the intimation in the title-page, that this is a continuation of M. Jouy's Sketches of French Manners, we were led erroneously to attribute both books to the same author; though we hinted, at the close of our article, a strong suspicion that the writer must have been in the employment of the imperial government of Bonaparte. We have since learnt that M. Jouy is not the writer to whom these pages may be ascribed: but they are very amusing; and if they approach somewhat nearer to faded recollections than to fresh observations; or if they fill up the chasms of memory with more of fiction than M. Jouy introduces, yet they notice much that has hitherto not been observed, and deserve the attention of the reading public.

The translator has permitted himself to make some suppressions and some corrections in the work: but we should have preferred an entire text, and the substitution of critical notes for arbitrary insertions. He probably did not attend personally to the correction of his proof-sheets, as many proper names are mis-spelt, and the Italian mottoes to the chapters are frequently so much disfigured by the printer as to be almost unintelligible.

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Wood-cuts, which illustrate the objects described, are appended as vignettes to the several chapters of the original: but these, for obvious reasons, could not be employed to decorate the translation; which, no doubt, will be continued, since an additional volume has been lately published in France, a version of which is desirable to complete this series of topographical descriptions.

Art. 23. *The Hermit Abroad.* By the Author of the Hermit in London, and Hermit in the Country. Vols. III. and IV. 12mo. Boards. Colburn.

The two preceding portions of this lively work were noticed in our 2nd volume, p. 278; and we think that the Hermit gains by wandering from his cell, for he becomes more at his ease in the world, less bitter in his sarcasm, and fuller of the gentle affections. A rage for quibble, however, has grown on him, and he is constantly setting pun-traps; turning one phrase for the return in the next. Moreover, he is not wholly free from repetitions of the same trains of idea, however varied may be the expression of them. As there is an order of time, the neglect of which offends in an historian, so there is an order of space, the neglect of which offends in a tourist. He should travel in a balloon, who "*modo me Thebis modo me ponit Athenis,*" or the imagination is offended with the abrupt dislocation of idea. The present Hermit sometimes inflicts this unwelcome misplacement of the thoughts: as in the third volume, where the chapter intitled *The Galley-Slave* lays the scene at Genoa, when the previous and subsequent chapters domesticate the reader in France. These little blemishes would be easily remedied by shifting the order of the chapters.

The author of this work, apparently a native of Scotland, is obviously the imitator of M. Jouy; from whom not only the title but the form of the work is borrowed; and to whom he is indebted for many specific hints. Few imitators, however, approach nearer to the merit of their originals than the present; and if he manifests rather less of political liberality, or of moral tolerance, than the writings of the French philosopher display, he perhaps evinces more of genuine feeling and genuine piety. Those who are about to travel in France will do well to consult his observations; as a warning against those peculiarities of manner which expose Englishmen to the displeasure of foreigners, as well as to the vindictive scourge of ridicule, or the mortifying stare of scorn.

CORRESPONDENCE.

G. D. C. will please to accept our thanks for his suggestion on the subject of Irish affairs, in which we beg leave to say he was anticipated; and will, it is presumed, derive the satisfaction he wishes from the dispassionate and unbiassed course of discussion on the topics connected with this great question which our subsequent numbers will contain.

We beg to inform *W. H.* of Sunderland that the subject of his letter is under consideration.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For JUNE, 1825.

ART. I. *The History of Italy*, from the Fall of the Western Empire to the Commencement of the Wars of the French Revolution. By George Perceval, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. Whittaker. 1825.

To Mr. Hallam is the merit to be assigned of having first brought the subject of Italian history, during the middle ages, before the English reader; and we should have difficulty in naming any historical essay, on a narrow scale, in which philosophical reflection and lucid compression of facts have been more happily blended than in his single chapter on Italy. It, however, embraces only about five centuries; and the plan of the work has, for the most part, restricted the author to allusion in place of narrative. We agree with Mr. Perceval, that 'some previous acquaintance with Italian history is necessary before the value of Mr. Hallam's reflections can be appreciated;' and we have accordingly turned with some interest to the present volumes to observe how far they are calculated to supply that information.

With regard to arrangement, Mr. P. has endeavored to break his chapters into distinct periods, wherever the course of events would furnish natural resting places in the narrative. When these have been wanting, he has divided his subject according to the mere chronology of centuries or half centuries. His first chapter opens with the Fall of the Western Empire, and closes with the Coronation of the Emperor Otho the Great. On this brief but laborious passage over five dark centuries, in scarcely more than sixty pages, we have little to remark. It attempts to narrate the successive settlement of the Goths, the Lombards, and the Franks in the dominion of Italy; the rise and growth of ecclesiastical and papal power; and 'the dawn of the long glories of Venice.' So much having been here attempted in such narrow limits, what was intended to be done has not been quite satisfactorily performed. The next chapter deserves more commendation. It describes the great struggle for ecclesiastical investitures between the empire and the papacy; the growth of independence in the Lombard cities; the settle-

ment of the Normans and their dynasty in southern Italy; and the Progress of the Maritime Republics of Venice, Pisa, and Genoa: the whole closing with the Peace of Constance (A.D. 1183), which established the liberties of Lombardy. The foundation of republican constitutions in the cities of that great province is obscure; and Mr. P. has not made it more clear: but, when he enters on the long and glorious contest for freedom which Milan and her allies fearlessly prosecuted against the imposing array of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, he displays great vigor and animation. We shall extract his description of the battle of Legnano, the Marathon of Lombardy.

'Six years had passed before Frederic could again lead his forces into Italy; and two years more, in which he sacrificed another army to the murderous influence of climate, were consumed in indecisive hostilities with the Lombard league, before his unbending spirit would receive the lessons of misfortune and chastisement. At length was fought that memorable battle, which was to confirm the independence of Lombardy, and to put the finishing stroke to the humiliation of her oppressor.

'It was in the spring of the year 1176 that Frederic, having received large reinforcements from Germany, and collected all the troops which he could previously bring into the field, advanced for the last time into the territory of Milan, at the head of a formidable army. The Milanese on their part had not neglected to avail themselves of the cessation of hostilities during the winter, to prepare for the struggle of the campaign. They had formed two bodies of chosen cavalry; the one a devoted band of nine hundred men, who had sworn to die for their country rather than to yield ground to the enemy; the other of three hundred youths of the first families of the republic, who were bound by a similar oath to the defence of the sacred Carroccio. The rest of the citizens were divided into six great masses of infantry under the banners of the several quarters in the city. When intelligence was learnt of the approach of Frederic, the republic had not yet received the expected succours from all their confederates. The militia of Placentia, with a handful of the chosen troops of Verona, Brescia, Vercelli, and Novaria, were the only allied force which had effected their junction. But the Milanese boldly led out the Carroccio from their gates, and advanced to encounter the imperial army on the plain of Legnano, within less than fifteen miles of their capital. As the two armies approached, a skirmish of cavalry soon brought on a general engagement; and the German chivalry, led by the Emperor in person, made a furious charge upon the Carroccio. As they came on at the gallop, the Milanese threw themselves on their knees, commended the purity of their sacred cause to God, St. Peter, and St. Ambrose, and then, rising and unfurling their banners, bravely advanced to meet the assailants. But so impetuous and tremendous was the onset of the German chivalry,

chivalry, that the chosen guard of the Carroccio was borne down before them and broken by the weight of the shock, and the sacred car itself, as its defenders wavered, became in imminent peril. At that moment of trial, the devoted squadron of the Milanese raised their voices to heaven with the solemn and enthusiastic repetition of their vow to conquer or perish, threw themselves with resistless desperation upon the enemy, and decided the glorious fortunes of their country. The imperial standard was trampled in the dust, and Frederic, who fought with a courage worthy of a better cause, in the foremost ranks of his nobles, was thrown from his horse. The column which his example had animated fled on his fall, and the Milanese infantry steadily advancing, the rout in the imperial army soon became general. The swords of the Milanese were dyed with a terrific vengeance. For eight miles the plain was covered with the slaughter of the fugitives; and, of those among them who escaped the pursuit, the greater number were drowned in the waters of the Tesino.

'Frederic had not been killed as was supposed for some time by his followers, but, after being several days missing, he appeared at Pavia alone, humiliated, and in the disguise in which he had contrived to escape after the battle. Two-and-twenty years had elapsed since his first expedition into Italy; and during that time, in the vain struggle against freedom, he had led seven great armies to their destruction by pestilence or the sword: he had shed torrents of blood, razed cities to their foundations, and sickened humanity with his atrocities. Yet so precarious is power when raised on injustice and oppression, so unextinguishable the spirit and so elastic the courage which can animate a people in the cause of independence, that, in the zenith of his greatness, and when he appeared most completely to have succeeded in the establishment of despotism, Frederic was plunged by his insatiable ambition and relentless temper from one misfortune into another; defied, baffled, and ignominiously put to flight by the people on whose necks he had fixed the yoke, and whose heart-rending supplications for mercy he had sternly and inexorably resisted.'

The third period embraces almost a century, and closes with the extinction of the imperial dynasty of Swabia. It is principally filled with the various wars between the Lombard republics and the second Frederic; the struggle of that monarch with the papacy; the rise of the factions of the Guelfs and Ghibelins; the conquest of the Sicilies by Charles of Anjou; and the splendid share of Venice in the crusade against the Greek empire. The details of this last expedition have, however, been too gorgeously illuminated by Gibbon, and related with too much chastened elegance by the living historian of the crusades, to bear repetition.

The next chapter which, for want of any determinate epoch, Mr. Perceval conducts generally to the middle of the

fourteenth century, embarks us at once in the most busy and intensely interesting age of Italian history: — the stormy but classical age of Dante, the fierce meridian of Guelf and Ghibelin hatred. Here 'we are thrown,' as Mr. P. remarks, 'on a wide and tempestuous sea of endless revolution, and bloodshed, and crime; and yet these are not the storms of barbarism. The refulgence of intellectual light, the revival of poetry and literature, the dawn and noonday of immortal art, play over the troubled scene in strange contrast with its gloomy horrors, — with the atrocities of implacable factions, the din of unceasing wars, the appalling silence of domestic tragedy!'

The troublous annals of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries occupy from the fourth to the seventh chapter inclusive; and deservedly fill the greater portion of this work. Here the lists are crowded with the wily and desperately wicked tyrants of Lombardy; the merchant-statesmen of Florence; the dark and vindictive oligarchy of Venice; the turbulent nobility and bold democracy of Genoa; and the successors of St. Peter, prostituting the assumed sanctity of their office to purposes of temporal ambition, and setting the baneful example of perfidy and violence. Whoever has attentively studied the events of the middle ages in any of the European countries will rise with astonishment at their atrocity: whoever has consulted the annals of Italy in those times will dismiss them with mingled incredulity and horror. We shall copy only a single brief portrait from among those of the tyrants of which Lombardy (particularly in the ducal house of Visconti at Milan) was fertile after the overthrow of the liberties of that country.

'The Duke Giovanni Maria had hitherto reserved to himself no other share in the government than to preside at the torture and execution of state criminals. Of all the execrable tyrants produced by the family of Visconti, this was the most madly and wantonly ferocious. His infancy and boyhood had been nursed in atrocities; and as he had advanced towards manhood, he discovered an inherent appetite for blood, and a horrid delight in sporting with the extremities of human agony. His principal diversion was to course the victims of the Milanese tribunals with blood-hounds; and his huntsman, who had fed these dogs with human flesh to accustom them to this royal chase, was his chief favorite. When the prisons of Milan were emptied of prey, Giovanni Maria declared his resolution to avenge the murder of his mother, in which he had himself assisted; and under this plea he successively delivered over Giovanni di Posterla, and many other Ghibelin gentlemen of Milan, to be torn in pieces by his dogs. Even the young son of Posterla was thus inhumanly sacrificed

ficed; and when the dogs, perhaps sated with prey, would not fasten on the helpless boy as he knelt for mercy to the Duke, the fiend-like huntsman of that Prince cut his bowels open with his knife. Reason revolts from the belief of such enormities; yet they are verified by the agreement of several contemporary chroniclers, and history has even preserved the name of the huntsman, Squarcia Giramo, who was the fitting instrument of his master's devilish propensities.'

If there be a redeeming part in the Italian annals of the two centuries to which this portion of the history relates, it is to be found in the description of the spirit of freedom and public virtue of the Florentines. We do not remember any of the republics of antiquity whose political career was gifted in an equal degree with attractive and graceful interest. If we examine her internal history, we shall find Florence characterised by that high-minded disdain of absolute power which is the only firm safeguard of a free state. In the meridian of her glory, for three hundred years, it was her boast and her happiness to have escaped that odious rule of vile usurpers, under which so many free cities had been crushed. The account of the constitution and political vicissitudes of this republic is interwoven by Mr. P. in unavoidable but skilful transition with the general web of Italian affairs; and whatever relates to this subject is told with animation and felicity of thought. It is certainly not only the most interesting, but the best executed part of the work. As we cannot follow the author regularly through either this or other portions of his history, we shall bring to view a few fragments collected from different intervals in the chain of events.

We have no room to afford for the account of that long struggle between the Guelf oligarchy and the democratical faction at Florence, which terminated in the elevation of the Medici to the direction of the state. The Medici are no favorites with our author: but warmed as he is by a manly attachment to free principles, he has yet avoided the intemperate zeal of Sismondi; and has weighed the characters of both Cosmo and Lorenzo de' Medici with remarkable impartiality. We must offer his able estimate of the latter.

'The character of this celebrated man, who is still known by the surname of the Magnificent, has been so variously stated by literary and political partiality, that it is not easy to gather an unbiassed estimate of his virtues and merits. On the one hand, it has been strangely maintained that his attachment to Italian liberty was as distinguished and sincere as his love of letters; and, on the other, the warm advocates of freedom, in natural indignation at his final and selfish destruction of the fairest among the republics of the peninsula, have perhaps not always been just

to his many real excellences. It must at least be our endeavor to weigh these opposite opinions in the balance of historical evidence. If we judge the personal qualities of Lorenzo de' Medici by the standard of his times, we shall find that few of his contemporaries equalled him in the moral beauty of his private life, and that not one of the Italian statesmen of that age can be compared to him in his personal exemption from flagrant and revolting crime. His mental recreations were chaste and ennobling; he was affectionate and faithful to his numerous friends, munificent and courteous in his general disposition, and exemplary in all the domestic relations. In his political dealings he was neither profligate, nor regardless of oaths, nor cruel and blood-thirsty, nor habitually perfidious. For, as no distinct charge of murder or treachery has ever been credibly established against him, the few vague imputations of guilt which he could not escape, are contradicted by the whole recorded tenor of his conduct, and should in equity be ascribed only to the dreadful frequency of such crimes; to which, in his age and country, it was believed that no politician could scruple to have recourse.

'The private character, then, of Lorenzo de' Medici might even in our happier times still be deemed unsullied and noble: he is only further to be considered with reference to his public life as the statesman and the protector of learning and genius. Of him in this last capacity, it may seem scarcely within my province to speak; yet, in noticing generally the versatility and extent of his literary talents and attainments, his pure and exquisite taste for the arts, the enthusiasm of his intellectual spirit, and his splendid patronage of philosophers, scholars, and poets; of painters, architects, and sculptors; it is here that we must rest his true glory: that of having honorably associated his name with the most brilliant epoch in the literary history of Italy. Hence it is that Lorenzo de' Medici has merited the admiration of centuries; and his panegyrists have done neither wisely nor justly in laboring to claim for him a more universal pre-eminence, as the unerring holder of the political balance of Italy, and the disinterested promoter of the happiness of Florence. In these respects his reputation has been, I think, grossly over-rated; and his fame in a great measure undeservedly bestowed. That he was an active, a prudent, and an acute politician, is certain. A tone of moderation and justice pervaded his transactions with foreign powers, and repaid him in the general estimation which it secured to him, and even in the ultimate success that it unquestionably favored. His ambition was great, but it rarely exceeded his prudence; and his thirst of power was not the mere blind avarice of dominion. There is no doubt that the brilliancy of his talents, and the public opinion of his equity, obtained for him in the latter part of his life a remarkable ascendancy in most of the cabinets of Italy; and therefore his eulogists have taken occasion to describe him as the balance-point of the Italian potentates, whose affairs he kept in such nice equilibrium as to prevent the preponderance of any particular state. But, as Sismondi has justly remarked, there is really

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no sufficient evidence of this incessant action and controlling watchfulness of Lorenzo over all the motions of the states of the Peninsula.

'With still less foundation has it been pretended that the idea of the balance of power originated in his capacious mind. But it would be very difficult to prove to demonstration that Lorenzo even steadily pursued the system ascribed to him; and we should look in vain for its results either in his habitual maintenance of defensive alliances for the security of the weaker states, or in any other of his negociations. But, this being as it may, it must at least be evident to every one who has bestowed the commonest attention upon the history of Florence, that, for a full century before the government of Lorenzo, the theory of the balance of power had been distinctly understood in her councils, and put into practice in her alliances. Hence the hatred with which she inspired all the tyrants of Italy; hence her usual protection of the weak against the oppressor, her frequent coalitions with the minor powers of the Peninsula, her extensive negociations by which, whenever Italy itself contained no hope of succour, she penetrated into all the courts of Europe. The enemies and precursors of Cosmo in the Florentine administration, the Guelf oligarchy, were the earlier movers of a system which, so far from originating in his family, rather fell into decay under their selfish policy.*

'I use this term of selfish policy advisedly, for it was the distinguishing characteristic of all the Medici; and that it actuated Lorenzo in his public administration to the exclusion of every opposing principle of duty to his country, and of every ennobling sentiment of patriotism, is the merited reproach of his life. To his personal security and ambition he sacrificed the few remains

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'* Though the government of the Guelf oligarchy was arbitrary, its policy was enlightened: its spirit was republican and national, not personal. There is therefore a strong presumption in favor of Sismondi's opinion, that if, in the year 1447, when the Milanese attempted to establish a republic on the death of their Duke Filippo Maria, the Guelf oligarchy had continued in power at Florence, they would have afforded the new state their protection, and have drawn Venice into the same cause. The plan was even conceived in the councils of Florence under Cosmo de' Medici, and only over-ruled by his private friendship for Sforza. Thus, as Sismondi observes, a great union of interest in the cause of freedom might have opposed to the ambition of the monarchs of Europe the wealth of Florence and Milan, the fleets of Venice and Genoa, and the hardy militia of Switzerland. We may please our fancy by carrying the speculation a century farther, until the revolt of the Netherlands, and imagine the effect which would have been produced on the destinies of Europe, by the completion of a chain of federal republics extending, in almost unbroken connection, from the mouths of the Rhine to the gates of Rome.'

of Florentine freedom which his ancestors had spared; to the aggrandizement of his family and the extension of their influence, all his negociations and alliances were directed. The lustre of his private virtues would secure him from being numbered with the contemporary tyrants of Italy, with Galeazzo and Ludovico Sforza, with Sixtus and with Ferdinand; but it is only as the enlightened patron of letters and art that his memory is entitled to unqualified admiration.'

But we must hasten through the remaining part of Mr. P.'s work. His eighth chapter opens with the entrance into Italy of Charles VIII. of France, and embraces all that busy and momentous period which terminated with the subjection of the Peninsula to the Emperor Charles V. Here, as in the opening chapter, too much has been attempted within narrow limits. This epoch might itself have been well expanded into a volume: but, as it stands, the complex narrative is hasty, defective, and unsatisfactory. From this censure we must except the author's narrative of the last struggle and fall of the Florentine republic. We can only give parts of it.

'The fatal corruption of the Italian mind had too long and too well prepared the nation for servitude; and in the vivid recollection of suffering during so many years of cruel warfare, the people were ready to hail any pacification with transports of joy. The repose which Charles V. bestowed upon Italy, while he rivetted the yoke on her degenerate sons, was therefore received with universal acclamations of gratitude and delight. One city alone spurned the general humiliation, and nobly preferred to cling to the last hope of independence, rather than to share in a peace, which was to be obtained only by an ignominious submission. Florence, the most illustrious of the Italian republics of the middle ages, the bright exemplar of their generous passion for freedom, their early civilization and commerce, and their intellectual splendour, Florence alone, amidst the degradation of Italy, was awakened to the magnanimous spirit of former times. Originally, after having resisted for centuries all the efforts of tyranny, she had surrendered herself, not to open oppression or foreign violence, but to the abuse of popular affection and to the seductive arts and insidious virtues of a republican family. After having long yielded, almost unconsciously, to the absolute dominion of that family, she had twice roused herself and shaken off their authority; and now, in the extreme hour of Italian shame, amidst the mouldered ruins of Italian liberty, she seemed to revive by the memory of her ancient greatness for one dauntless though expiring struggle. As she had surpassed all her sister-states in wealth, and power, and elegant refinement, so it became her to survive their rivalry and to perish the latest;—to gather the robe of republican virtue around her, and to fall the last victim

tim in that cause of which she had once been the guardian and firmest support.' —

'On the recovery of their independence, the Florentines had re-established their republican constitution, pretty much as it had existed before the restoration of the Medici in 1512. It was vested in a general council of the citizens, who elected the gonfalonier and signiory: the supreme magistrate was now to hold his office, not for life, but for one year only; the signiory was changed every three months. With liberty revived the spirit of faction, from the baleful effects of which it would seem that no republic can ever hope to escape. Florence had again her aristocratical and popular parties; nor were there wanting in her counsels some remains of the religious fanaticism that had formerly distinguished the followers of Savonarola, of whom a few were yet living. The secret adherents of the Medici, too, were not inactive; and, as the crisis grew more alarming, their numbers were swelled by the accession of all those, whose prudence or timidity was greater than their patriotism. But the mass of the citizens were sincere and zealous in the resolution to maintain their newly-recovered rights, and prepared to evince it by the endurance of every privation and danger. Thus, although abandoned by all their allies, they firmly rejected every proposal of submission, either to the Emperor or the Pope; and though Andrea Doria, who eagerly desired to save their liberties from total ruin, offered, before the treaty of Barcelona, to secure them the protection of Charles V. by his mediation, they finally refused to quit the alliance of France, or to accept any compromise with the Emperor.

'Their courage was shortly put to the severest trial, and their pledge of constancy was nobly redeemed even by the unhappy issue of the struggle. Abandoned by France and by Italy, assailed by the united forces of the empire and the church, the kingdoms of Spain and of Naples, this people, heretofore so unwarlike, surprised the world by a gallant, a protracted, and a skilful defence. A new military spirit seemed at once kindled in them by the justice of their cause, and even by the appalling desolation in which they were left. Deprived of all hope of foreign succour, they resolved to place their sole dependence on a national militia. The population of their capital and territory were armed and enrolled into regular battalions; the property of individuals was cheerfully sacrificed to the public good; their defences were improved and augmented; and the immortal Michelangiolo, who was charged with the office of director-general of the fortifications of Florence, consecrated his sublime genius to the noblest, the best of purposes, the service of his suffering country.

'The public courage only rose as the storm of war burst upon the state. The imperial army, which had annihilated the French before Naples, entered Tuscany under the Prince of Orange. The same General who, after the death of Bourbon, had commanded at Rome, and the remains of the same ferocious bands, which

which had sacked his capital and held him captive, were thus now instigated by Clement VII. to accomplish his vengeance against his native city; and the force of this invading army was soon augmented, by the junction of the other imperial troops in Italy, to forty thousand men. Yet against the vastly superior numbers of this veteran army, composed of the finest troops of the age, the newly-levied militia of Florence, aided only by a few condottieri and their bands, maintained an obstinate contest for above twelve months, and more than once balanced the fortune of the war. After reducing the surrounding territory, the Imperialists penetrated to the walls of Florence, and surrounded the city on all sides with their intrenchments. But they were repulsed in an attempt to carry the defences by escalade; they were compelled to convert the siege into a blockade; and they were harassed, and they suffered many losses, as well by the frequent and vigorous sallies of the defenders, as by the active and desultory operations of Florentine partizans from without. In one of these encounters at Gavinana, the Prince of Orange himself was slain; but his death was more than counterbalanced by the fall in the same action of the most gallant and enterprising leader of the Florentines, Francisco Ferrucci, and the destruction of the detachment which he had commanded. The Imperialists had not however purchased their victory without an immense carnage; and their main army was already thrown into such discouragement by the death of their commander, that a general assault upon their lines before Florence might at this crisis have won the deliverance of the city. The signiory, perceiving the importance of the juncture, sent orders to their Captain-general, Malatesta Baglioni, Lord of Perugia, to issue with their whole force and attack the imperial camp. But treason had already sealed the fate of the unhappy republic. Baglioni had for some time been in treaty with the enemy; and the moment was arrived when the traitor could find associates in the city. A pestilence, after assailing the besieging army, had been communicated from their camp to the city; its terrors were augmented by the dread of approaching famine; and when Baglioni refused obedience to the commands of the signiory, to make a last and desperate effort against the besiegers, he was seconded by the secret adherents of the Medici, and by all who were wearied of privation and suffering, and terrified at the threatened accumulation of evils. Supported by these men, Baglioni, to his and their eternal infamy, delivered one of the bastions of the city to the imperial troops, and Florence was lost.

* From the extremity of misery, from a civil war in the streets, a fruitless aggravation of carnage, and a frightful pillage by the foreign soldiery, Florence was saved by the submission of the signiory to inevitable fortune. They obtained for their country an honorable capitulation; but conditions are of little avail, when they are conceded by sovereigns without faith, and afterwards appealed to by men without power. In the name of his master and of the Emperor, the Papal commissioner granted a general amnesty to the citizens, and guaranteed the preservation of Flo-

restine liberty under such a modified constitution as should subsequently be determined. But the treaty was scarcely dry before it was shamelessly violated; and by a refinement of insult and mockery of faith, the constitutional forms of the republic were the instruments chosen for its destruction. The Papal commissioner had no sooner entered the city with the emigrants of the Medicean faction, than he obliged the signiory to summon a parliament of the people. By foreign halberds the mass of the citizens were either beaten back from the public place, or deterred from attending. A few hundreds of the Medicean partizans and of the lower populace were alone suffered to enter, and by the breath of this pretended assemblage of the people, a balia was formed of the creatures of the Medici. Then torture, exile, or death fell upon the principal champions of liberty; more than one, whom the sword of the executioner was suffered to spare, perished in prison by poison or hunger; and before the prolonged balia resigned their functions, they had declared Alessandro de' Medici the first Duke of Florence, and formally suppressed even the name of the republic.'

Mr. Perceval's ninth chapter treats of the state of Italy from the epoch of her subjection to the Emperor Charles V. (A. D. 1530) to the close of the sixteenth century; the tenth conducts us through the seventeenth century; and the eleventh and last is devoted to the affairs of the following age, until the commencement of the wars of the French Revolution. But in Italian history these three centuries are almost a blank. It is the inevitable condition of the author's subject that its interest flags in the conclusion. The fortune of Italy may be compared to the course of the Rhine: — a stream fierce, dark, and troubled in emerging from its wild source; sparkling, resplendent, and beauteous in its onward tide; languid and sluggish as it approaches its end, and finally losing its majestic breadth in various obscure and petty outlets. The fall of Italian independence was coeval with the decline of honorable energy and social virtue in the people; and the extinction of all interest in their history is simultaneous with the completion of their moral and political degradation.

In the ages in which the spectacle of popular energy and freedom no longer graces the annals of Italy, perhaps the rise of the royal line of Savoy is the object of greatest curiosity. That house has been fertile in princes equally remarkable for their vigorous talents and unscrupulous policy; and Mr. P. has traced their career with much spirit and accuracy. His account of the last days of Victor Amadeus II., the first king and the most celebrated prince of their family, involves a striking lesson for abdicating monarchs.

'The protracted and brilliant career of Victor Amadeus had enchained the attention of Europe: the close of his life might exhibit

exhibit to contempt the mockery of human ambition. In some unexplained fit of caprice the old monarch resolved to abdicate the regal crown and the throne of those dominions, which it had been the pride and labor of his years to acquire, to extend, and to improve. In an assembly of the ministers of state, the great functionaries of justice, and all the principal nobles of Sardinia, Savoy, and Piedmont, he solemnly resigned his authority, and transferred the allegiance of his subjects to his son Charles Emmanuel; and reserving to himself only an income suitable for a provincial nobleman, he chose for the place of his retirement the half-ruined castle of Chamberry, the ancient capital of the duchy of Savoy. He was accompanied to this retreat by a lady, the widow of the Count di San Sebastiano, who had long privately been his mistress, and whom, having lately married, he now created Marchioness of Spino.

'But he had scarcely lived a year in this seclusion before he became completely weary of a repose so different from all the tenor of his past life, and so unnatural to his restless spirit. His mind was irritated by the discovery, — a discovery which history might have revealed to him earlier, — that a monarch who dethrones himself offers only an allurement for ingratitude and neglect. His discontent was inflamed by the aspiring suggestions of his wife, who still cherished the hope of sharing a throne; and after removing to the castle of Moncalieri near Turin, he made a rash effort to resume the reins of government. But his subjects remembered only his unquiet enterprises and his despotic temper, and forgot the later benefits of his reign. When he privately appeared at the gates of his capital, they were closed against him; and when his son, with a spirit which resembled his own, shamefully preferred the dictates of ambition to those of nature, no arm was raised to defend him. He returned in despair to Moncalieri; he was outrageously torn from his bed in the dead of night and hurried half-naked into rigorous imprisonment at Rivoli; and his wife shared a similar fate, and was at first separated from him. His son resisted his pressing solicitations for an interview, and never afterwards saw him. He was permitted to return to Moncalieri; and he died there, still in confinement, in the following year: — an example of the inextinguishable lust of power, and the victim of detestable filial ingratitude.'

The three last centuries of Venetian history contain, also, a few interesting incidents. The whole career of that overmighty and splendid republic is invested with a romantic character, which the stern and mysterious tyranny of her detestable government may serve only to deepen by its lineaments of horror. We have scarcely noticed this part of Mr. Perceval's subject, which is throughout wrought with fidelity, but with an embellishment of diction that rather oversteps the sober tone of history. We shall conclude our extracts with his detail of the conspiracy of 1618, which is immortalized in our language by the master-piece of Otway:

'Although

'Although Spain and Venice had not been regularly at war, the tyrannical ascendancy exercised by the Spanish court over the affairs of Italy occasioned the Venetians to regard that power with particular apprehension and enmity; and the spirit shewn by the senate in the late contest had filled the Spanish government with implacable hatred towards the republic. By her alliances and her whole procedure Venice had declared against the house of Austria, and betrayed her disposition to curb the alarming and overspreading authority of both its branches in the peninsula. The haughty ministers of Philip III. secretly nourished projects of vengeance against the state, which had dared to manifest a systematic hostility to the Spanish dominions; and they are accused, even in apparent peace, of having regarded the republic as an enemy whom it behoved them to destroy. At the epoch of the conclusion of the war relative to Montferrat and the Uscochi, the Duke d'Ossuna was viceroy of Naples, Don Pedro di Toledo, governor of Milan, and the Marquis of Bedemar, ambassador at Venice from the court of Madrid. To the hostility entertained against the republic by these three ministers, the two former of whom governed the Italian possessions of Spain with almost regal independence, has usually been attributed the formation, with the connivance of the court of Madrid, of one of the most atrocious and deep-laid conspiracies on record. The real character of this mysterious transaction must ever remain among the unsolved problems of history; for even the circumstances which were partially suffered by the council of Ten to transpire were so imperfectly explained, and so liable to suspicion from the habitual iniquity of their policy, as to have given rise to a thousand various and contradictory versions of the same events. Of these I shall attempt to collect only such as are scarcely open to doubt.

'The Venetians had no reason to hope, that the exasperation of the Spanish government, at the part which they had taken in the late war in Italy, would die away with the termination of hostilities; and it appeared to the world a consequence of the enmity of the court of Madrid towards the republic, that the Duke d'Ossuna, the viceroy of Naples, continued his warlike equipments in that kingdom with undiminished activity, notwithstanding the signature of peace. The viceroy, indeed, pretended that his naval armaments were designed against the infidels; and when the court of Madrid recalled the royal Spanish fleet from the coasts of Italy, the Duke d'Ossuna sent the Neapolitan squadron to sea under a flag emblazoned with his own family arms. But it was difficult to suppose either that a viceroy dared to hoist his personal standard unsanctioned by his sovereign, and would be suffered to engage in a private war against the Ottoman empire, or that he would require for that purpose the charts of the Venetian lagunes, and the flat-bottomed vessels fitted for their navigation, which he busily collected. The republic accordingly manifested serious alarm, and sedulously prepared for defence.

'Affairs were in this state, when one morning several strangers were found suspended from the gibbets of the square of St. Mark.

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The public consternation increased when, on the following dawn, other bodies were also found hanging on the same fatal spot, also of strangers. It was at the same time whispered, that numerous arrests had filled the dungeons of the Council of Ten with some hundreds of criminals; and there was too certain proof that many persons had been privately drowned in the canals of Venice. To these fearful indications that the state had been alarmed by some extraordinary danger, the terrors of which were magnified by their obscurity, were shortly added further rumours, that several foreigners serving in the fleet had been poignarded, hanged, or cast into the sea. The city was then filled with the most alarming reports: — that a conspiracy of long duration had been discovered; that its object was to massacre the nobility, to destroy the republic, to deliver the whole capital to flames and pillage; and that the Spanish ambassador was the mover of the horrible plot. Venice was filled with indignation and terror; yet the impenetrable Council of Ten preserved the most profound silence, neither confirming nor contradicting the general belief. The life of the Marquis of Bedemar was violently threatened by the populace; he retired from Venice; the senate received a new ambassador from Spain without any signs of displeasure; and, finally, it was not until five months after the executions, that the government commanded solemn thanksgiving to be offered up to the Almighty for the preservation of the state from the dangers which had threatened its existence.

'Of the extent of these dangers, nothing was ever certainly known; but amongst the persons executed the most conspicuous was ascertained to be a French naval captain of high reputation for ability and courage in his vocation, Jacques Pierre; who, after a life passed in enterprises of doubtful or piratical character, had apparently deserted the service of the viceroy of Naples to embrace that of the republic. This man, and a brother-adventurer, one Langlade, who had been employed in the arsenal in the construction of petards and other fire-works, were absent from Venice with the fleet when the other executions took place; and they were suddenly put to death while on this service. Two other French captains, named Regnault and Bouslard, with numerous foreigners, principally of the same nation, who had lately been taken into the republican service, were privately tortured and executed in various ways in the capital; and altogether two hundred and sixty officers and other military adventurers are stated to have perished by the hands of the executioner for their alleged share in the conspiracy. The vengeance or shocking policy of the Council of Ten proceeded yet farther; and so careful were that body to bury every trace of this inexplicable affair in the deepest oblivion, that Antoine Jaffier, also a French captain, and other informers, who had revealed the existence of a plot, though at first rewarded, were all in the sequel either known to have met a violent death, or mysteriously disappeared altogether. Of the three Spanish ministers to whom it has been customary to assign the origin of the conspiracy, the two principal were distinguished by

by opposite fates. The Marquis of Bedemar, after the termination of his embassy, found signal political advancement, and finished by obtaining a Cardinal's hat, by the interest of his court with the Holy See. But the Duke d'Ossuna, after being removed from his viceroyalty, was disgraced on suspicion of having designed to renounce his allegiance and to place the crown of Naples on his own head; and he died in prison.'

The real character of this mysterious transaction is ably discussed in a note appended to the foregoing passage.

'In no part of M. Daru's work has he used the advantages, which he has enjoyed in consulting an immense variety of unpublished manuscripts, with more industrious ability, than in his researches into the real character of the conspiracy of 1618. His enquiries have brought to light all the particulars of this mysterious transaction which can probably ever be known; and if he has failed in arriving at positive conclusions, future writers may assuredly despair of better success. Sufficient proof seems to be adduced that the Duke d'Ossuna had seriously embarked in the project of raising himself to the Neapolitan crown; and that the Venetian and several other governments were acquainted with his designs and secretly favored them. But this scheme of the viceroy, M. Daru justly argues, was incompatible with the part attributed to him in the conspiracy against the Venetian oligarchy. He therefore supposes the hostile countenance of the Duke towards the republic to have been only pretended and collusive to veil the real purpose of his armaments from the Spanish court; and hence his apparent formation of the Venetian plot. In the issue, however, the apathy of the French court in withholding support from the Duke, alarmed the Council of Ten for the consequences of their junction with him; and to avoid committing the republic with Spain, they resolved to extinguish every memorial of their connivance with his meditated rebellion, by treating the collusive conspiracy against themselves as real. If this explanation be admitted, the Council of Ten were guilty of a horrible sacrifice of some hundred lives to reasons of state; but this is consistent enough with their detestable policy. M. Daru's solution is at least ingenious, if it falls short of conviction; and, without pronouncing upon so perplexed a question, I may observe, that it is supported by very strong evidence, and offers the only plausible explanation of facts otherwise altogether contradictory and inexplicable. It does not of course exculpate the Marquis of Bedemar; who, if not the contriver of the plot, certainly was led by the Duke d'Ossuna to believe its existence; and who, believing it, shewed no displeasure at its dreadful purpose. Neither can I conclude with M. Daru, that Philip III. and the Spanish court stood necessarily acquitted of participation in the plot, of which it was the Duke d'Ossuna's interest to make them credit the formation; and which, if they were acquainted with, they sanctioned. One point M. Daru incontestibly proves: — that the Council of Ten had intelligence of the conspiracy nearly a full year

year before they treated it seriously, and that their first informant was Jacques Pierre himself, a double traitor, who fancied he was betraying to them the Duke his employer, and whom they subsequently hurried to death as a principal in the plot!

'I shall only remark farther that, whatever may become of M. Daru's hypothesis, he has completely destroyed the authority of the Abbé de St. Real, on whose beautiful romance it has been the fashion to rely for the particulars of this celebrated conspiracy. He proves fictitious embellishment and falsification in every page of it, and henceforth its claims to belief must be classed with those of a superior monument of human genius for which it furnished the theme, — the tragedy in which Otway shewed himself inferior only to Shakspeare, for bold sketching of character, poignant felicity of dialogue, and striking dramatic situations.'

Here, then, we take our leave of Mr. Perceval. His principal points of failure we have already noticed; and our general opinion of his merits may be gathered from the preceding remarks. For the elegance of its style; the generous tone of its sentiments; and above all, for its faithful reference to original authorities, this work is certainly a valuable acquisition to our historical literature.

ART. II. *Narrative of a Journey across the Cordillera of the Andes*, and of a Residence in Lima, and other Parts of Peru, in the Years 1823 and 1824. By Robert Proctor, Esq. 8vo. pp. 374. Constable, Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London. 1825.

THE spirit of enterprize seems of late to have been more than ever active; and one consequence of its various effects has been that of leading travellers through different tracts of the earth but little traversed: hence, as each has returned with his gleanings, a continual accumulation of new treasures has been contributed to the fund of history. The two Americas have come in for a due share of attention; and though much has been communicated, much must still remain to be collected from the vast range of territory which they present. It is not, however, to be expected that every fresh journal is filled with quite new observations; and we perceive, among the many valuable and acceptable particulars in the volume before us, things here and there of which we had previous possession through other channels.

Mr. Proctor went out in the early part of 1823 as the agent of those who contracted to supply the Peruvian loan. His chief business was to obtain the ratification of that transaction by the Peruvian government and congress, and to draw on the London contractors for the instalments. He proceeded from

from England to Buenos Ayres, whence he took his course westward over the Peninsula, and crossed the Cordillera of the Andes to Valparaiso, in Chili, where he embarked on board an East Indiaman, and thence sailed to Lima. This mode of effecting the journey to Peru saves the long though more comparatively safe and pleasant voyage round Cape Horn: but it is by no means free from inconvenience and even danger to the traveller, for which he scarcely finds a compensation in the scenery, however novel and majestic it may be, through which he has to pass. Of those inconveniences and dangers Mr. Proctor gives a very full, and, as we have reason to believe, a faithful description. Of the scenery, also, he furnishes minute and interesting sketches, without affecting to color them by any beauty of language. Indeed, the peculiar character of his narrative is, that it aims at a clear exposition of each circumstance, and at nothing further. The impressions made by new objects and striking events upon a mind of considerable intelligence, though one obviously more accustomed to the daily business of life than to the pursuits of literature, are thus familiarly represented. His diction though not particularly graceful, and his composition though not marked by that measured elegance which sometimes preserves even books of travels from premature oblivion, has in it that which, in narrative-writings, is more to be desired, — clearness, simplicity, and animation, with an instinctive attention to every thing the reader can have any interest in knowing.

Having been, in this expedition, accompanied by his family, by which the difficulties of travelling through so wild a country must have been greatly increased, Mr. Proctor engaged a carriage at Buenos Ayres to convey the females, and a cart covered with hide to carry their baggage as far on the road as such vehicles could be taken: thus with a guide who hired the necessary number of peons or postillions, and regulated the journey, and having laid in such a stock of provisions and other necessaries as seemed sufficient, he and his party left Buenos Ayres on the 20th of March, 1823. They found the country through which they passed, at some distance from the town, covered with rich clover, affording nourishment to immense quantities of cattle, which roamed over the land as far as the eye could reach. The first post-house at which the party took up their quarters for the night was, according to Mr. Proctor, 'very respectable.' It consisted of one large room, and a sleeping chamber, furnished with wooden benches, on which the travellers spread their beds. The supper scene is worth transcribing.

'On inquiring what could be had for supper, I found that a sheep had been killed, and as every thing was novel, I went to view the kitchen. It was a sort of shed at the end of the house, which had been once covered in, but the roof was then half off: in the middle of the earthen floor was a hole, either hollowed by use or made on purpose, in which was a wood-fire, and two or three spits were stuck round in the earth, on which was threaded a side of mutton. Such is the method of making an *asado* or roast, which is the general dish in the country. Round the fire sat my *peons*, and as their appetites could not wait until the principal *asado* was ready, they had obtained a few long wooden skewers, with small pieces of meat upon them, which they stuck close to the fire, so as to touch the flames; as soon as one of these was sufficiently cooked on one side, they took it up. Their method of eating was not the most elegant; they caught hold of the meat with their teeth, while they kept the skewer in their hands: when they had cut off the piece they had bitten, they placed the skewer a second time before the fire, taking up a second and a third in turn, and serving them in the same way. Their knives are formidable weapons, and are worn stuck either in the boot or girdle.'

After leaving this place, the travelling became very unpleasant. The post-houses were disagreeable beyond expression, and swarmed with all sorts of insects. The country swelled into hills, on which were raised, by high winds, such clouds of dust that the travellers were completely covered, and could scarcely see or breathe. They encountered, also, one of those awful thunder-storms to which that country is particularly subject. The lightning came not in intermitting flashes, as in Europe, but in one continued blaze, sometimes seeming to rush horizontally, sometimes perpendicularly, amidst shocks of thunder of which it is scarcely possible to convey an adequate idea.

On the fourth day they passed the boundary of the province of Buenos Ayres, and entered that of Santa Fé, which commences with those vast plains called the Pampas, an immense wilderness, over-run with long grass, and having scarcely any diversity of surface, nor any sign except the few solitary and wretched post-houses to inform the traveller that he is in a habitable world. Yet the soil of this wilderness is said to be fertile; and from its favorable climate, and being intersected as it is by numerous streams, it wants only the hand of man to convert it into a scene of opulence and beauty. The natives of these wilds are called Gauchos; a race little superior to Indian savages. Their chief amusement consists in the chase of the ostrich, in conducting which they evince considerable dexterity. Several days were passed by our travellers

lers amidst scenes remarkable only for their dreary sameness; till, at length, on the 7th of April, they caught the first sight of the Cordillera of the Andes, which, on the mists clearing away in the higher regions of the sky, exhibited their gigantic heads towering to the clouds, and seemed to belong to a different world. Over those mountain-tops, elevated as they appeared, our travellers were to pursue their way.

Having refreshed themselves for three or four days in Mendoza, — a city delightfully seated immediately at the foot of the Andes, — the party proceeded to ascend the mountains on mules. Mr. P. gives a lively interest to this part of his journal by the minuteness with which he describes his route and all the incidents attending it. We have room only for his observations on one of those narrow passes which are so much spoken of as the terror of the Andes.

'Towards the afternoon we encountered one of the narrow passes so much exaggerated by those who have passed them, and so much dreaded by those who have not: indeed we were told in Buenos Ayres that it was almost impossible for females to go over them; but we were not discouraged, as we knew that two English ladies had crossed the Andes with children. The road all through the valley had been winding up and down the right-hand side of the stupendous ridge which encloses the torrent: at one time we were travelling among the round rolling stones in the dry bed of the torrent; at another we found ourselves half way up the side of the mountains. It is in these narrow parts that the passes have been cut, and as we went through them slowly I made particular observation of them. I shall here endeavour to give as accurate an idea of them as possible. I have said before that the banks of the river were composed of loose earth mixed with large stones: in some parts the whole face of the ridge was composed of these materials within a short distance of the summit, which invariably consists of hard granite. In the narrow part of the valley, where, from the torrent being confined, the loose side of the mountain has been washed perpendicular, it has been found necessary to lead the mules up the precipitous side of the mountain. These tracks continue ascending immediately over the torrent, by a path about three feet wide: the earth and stones falling from above keep the side completely smooth down to the water's edge without any obstruction, and in many places the loose materials continually descending wear the precipice into a semicircular shape. In other situations they have carried away part of the path; and in the first pass, I am speaking within compass when I say, that the path for a few yards was no more than from fifteen to eighteen inches wide: the height above the torrent was perhaps a hundred yards, and the track composed of loose stones, so that the footing was much less secure. The side of the mountain above was of the same dangerous materials. The situation of the traveller in this pass, if not dangerous, is certainly extremely awful: below

is a lofty precipice shelving down to the torrent, and above is the mountain, in many places overhanging and consisting of such loose substances, that the traveller naturally fixes his eye on them, fearful every moment lest they should give way and overwhelm him. Small wooden crosses stuck in the side of the mountain here and there tell the fate of some poor wretch who has been thus destroyed. The mule, in these narrow tracks, accustomed to carry a bulky burthen, and knowing that if the side of the load next the mountain should strike the stones, it would be inevitably precipitated to the bottom, keeps the very edge of the path, and there is never two inches to spare between its foot and the brink, so that half the animal's body, and the outside leg of its rider, overhangs the precipice. The ground also often partially fails under the tread of the animal, but it examines the narrow path with patience and caution, and places one foot deliberately in a straight line before the other. I certainly felt inclined sometimes to pull the rein to guide it from the precipice, as there were a few inches to spare between my body and the side of the mountain; but that would have been extremely dangerous, and I invariably found it best to give the mule its head, and allow it to take its own time and course.'

After escaping from the dangers of this scene, it was no consolation to the party to be obliged to spend the night in the open air: but they had taken the precaution of providing an abundance of flannel, in which they wrapped themselves, and which afforded them effectual security against the piercing cold of these heights.

'The situation in which we stopped at night was grand and awful — in the dry bed of a torrent, which, though diminished, roared at a distance, while the huge mountains, which here approached very close to each other, lifted their sublime heads into the skies. The silent moon, meanwhile, shed its clear and humble lustre over the deep glen in which we were enclosed, and spread enormous masses of light and shade over the fantastic rocks. We took up our position on one side of a large square red fragment, one of the numberless masses which had fallen from above: placing the beds with their heads against the rock, we formed a sloping roof from it by a large blanket supported on poles, and we thus erected a tolerable screen against the penetrating cold air. We carried a large tent with us, but the ground was hard and stony, and to pitch it required so much time that it was perfectly useless; the poles indeed we employed in the manner described.

'As soon as we were encamped we separated to our different occupations, one carrying the kettle to the torrent for water, and the remainder straying over the ravine in search of fuel, which is extremely scarce. We contrived at last to collect a sufficient quantity with the help of a few miserable shrubs which I cut down with a hatchet carried for the purpose: one of these bushes burned very tolerably, being of a resinous description. The method

method practised by the muleteers in making a fire is first to collect a quantity of dried mules' dung, always to be found in the path; they then with a flint and steel light a piece of fungus, which they use for their segars, and crumbling the dung over it, it quickly begins to ignite. Having thus obtained a fire, we arranged boxes for seats, whilst some slices of boiled beef were frying for supper, and the kettle was heating for the negus, and to make arrow-root for my little boy. By this means we spent the evening pretty merrily, our eyes every now and then directed to the stupendous sight of the mountains reclining calmly in the light of the moon, which showed the deep seams in their sides wrought by the melting of the snows.'

The second and third passes were found by Mr. Proctor not so perilous as they are generally represented; and after crossing the *cumbre* or summit of the Andes, he and his party descended safely on the Chili side. Proceeding through Santiago to Valparaiso, they there embarked on board the Medway East Indiaman, and arrived on the 23d of May at Callao, the port of Lima, their ultimate destination.

It is not our intention to follow Mr. P. through the multifarious details which occupy the remainder of his work. Many of his pages are taken up with tedious accounts of the movements of ill-organized and unsuccessful expeditions sent out by the independent government, and of equally ineffectual movements on the part of the late royalist army. That army having now ceased to disturb the repose of Peru, the day has consequently gone by when those details might have been interesting. It is, however, hardly possible to turn over the political portion of this volume without reflecting on the frequency with which rulers and systems of government are changed in the new states of America, and the indifference with which every alteration of this sort is witnessed by the mass of their inhabitants. Buenos Ayres, Chili, and Mexico, have each within a few years been vexed by many vicissitudes of revolution: but Peru has most of all had to lament the continuance of a contest peculiarly embittered by the jealousies of individuals and their inordinate thirst of power. Not to go farther back than the period of San Martin's interposition in the affairs of that country, what a succession of intrigues, conspiracies, and counter-revolutions, fills up the years of so short an interval! From a little *brochure*, intitled "Memoria sobre los Principios Politicos que segui en la Administracion del Peru," published by M. Monteagudo, his principal secretary of state, and a man of no mean ability, it is impossible to doubt but that San Martin's object in going to Peru was to convert that vice-royalty into a kingdom, of which he meant to be the sovereign. He seems not to have considered that

he was exposed to the hazard of encountering others as ambitious, if not as competent for the office, as himself; and, though not inexperienced in South American affairs, he wholly overlooked the moral impossibility of obtaining permanent power in a country as yet not organized; and with an army which was little more than an unruly assemblage of indolent peasantry. The means which he could use were infinitely disproportioned to the end which he contemplated; and the result was that Mr. Proctor, in the course of his journey, found that General an exile at Mendoza *, enjoying the fine breezes of the Andes, and mingling with society without evincing the least symptom of discontent on account of his failure.

At Valparaiso Mr. Proctor might have learned that the supreme power of Peru was vested in a junta composed of three individuals, named by the Congress to whom San Martin had resigned his power; and yet our traveller scarcely passed the gates of Lima when he found that under the immediate dictation of a mutinous army the same Congress was compelled to proclaim Riva Aguero dictator of the Republic. This personage was a tolerable civil governor, but wholly ignorant of military affairs. Sprung from the rough highlands of Peru, he was educated in Spain; and even in his boyhood he was conspicuous for his turbulent and seditious temper. Mean in his appearance he was yet a favorite tribune of the people. He accepted office under San Martin; and was the principal instrument of his downfall. As soon as he became dictator he invited Bolivar from Columbia; and when that great General arrived in Peru, Riva Aguero proclaimed him a traitor to liberty, and tried every resource of treachery and intrigue to defame his character and frustrate his operations. The same Congress which gave the dictatorship to Aguero was expelled by his command from the hall where it assembled; yet it soon after gathered power enough to depose him in the most ignominious manner, and to induce the officer upon whose fidelity he chiefly depended, to deliver him to his enemies. He was succeeded by the Marquis di Torri Tagle, a dissolute Spaniard, who, though of suspected character, was elected President by the Congress under the auspices of Bolivar; and who rewarded both by joining the Spaniards on their entry into Lima. Bolivar at length redeemed the fortunes of the country by taking the supreme command into his own hands; and having cut away

* General San Martin is at present in this country.

the

the last root of Spanish dominion in Peru, he has recently resigned his power to the Congress.

Such is the brief history of some of the rapid changes which have been wrought within a few short years in Peru; and that without any great profusion of blood so far as the internal revolutions were concerned. This arises, perhaps, in a great measure from the peculiar flexibility of character, to call it by no harsher name, which prevails among the leading adventurers who have taken part in the politics of that country, and from the scattered state of the population over vast tracts of plain and mountain, which renders it impossible to act upon them in sufficient masses, or to get them to oppose a rival, or support a favorite, with combined energies. There is indeed a further reason for these bloodless revolutions, founded in the character of the people of Lima, which character we would fain hope is not altogether so abject as Mr. P. describes it:

'The men of Lima,' he says, 'are so insignificant a race that they really seem scarcely worth attention; never was there a people more unfit for active and useful employment. As long as they can enjoy their segar, they appear to have hardly a wish ungratified, and if poverty come upon them, they give themselves up to despair and misery, without energy to ward off the blow, or strength to endure its infliction.'—

'This want of bodily and mental energy in the native inhabitants of Peru arises no doubt chiefly from two causes; want of education, and the equality of climate: most of the Peruvians who have received instruction in Europe have turned out as well as the rest of the world, and among the clergy brought up in the country there are many active and zealous men. The policy of Spain has always opposed the advancement of knowledge among the laity of South America, and the consequent dissemination of enlightened principles; but it seems to have had a more powerful effect in Peru than in other colonies, because it has been assisted by a soft enervating climate: not that an excess of heat subdues the vigour of the system, and, as it were, dissolves the sinews of the human frame, because the thermometer rarely rises above 82; but there is a softness and relaxing power in the atmosphere, unvaried at any season by bracing winds, which, as all who have visited the country can testify, disarms nature of her wonted powers.'

If this be a true description of the people of Lima, it is difficult to reconcile it with an observation which Mr. Proctor hazards at the close of his work, that Peru is 'the most interesting part of South America, if not of the western hemisphere.' The extent, variety, opulence, and native grandeur of the confederated states of Mexico, give them a

character of importance much higher than that which belongs to Peru; although, in a commercial light, we should undoubtedly regard all these rising countries with the greatest sympathy and respect. Every account of them is, at this moment, when our ministers are engaged in forming treaties with them, particularly valuable. The quantity of manufactures consumed in Lima Mr. Proctor attests to be immense in proportion to the population. The whole northern coast of Peru must, also, be always supplied from the Lima market. With the exception of the bay of Salinas, which is about thirty leagues to the north of Callao, there is no other convenient port for merchandize along the whole line of the coast. Even in Salinas the surf is so high as to make it very unsafe sometimes to land. The remainder of the coast as far as Huanchaco, the port of Truxillo, is composed of sand hills and detached rocks continually washed by furious breakers, and inhabited only by multitudes of seals, whose discordant cries serve to increase the wildness and horror of the scene. The contrivances for effecting a landing at Huanchaco are so novel and perilous, that few speculators would perhaps be bold enough to confide in them.

'The landing at Huanchaco is extremely dangerous, owing to a tremendous surf, which, as usual, extends far out to sea. The boats belonging to ships seldom or never now attempt to land, so many lives having been lost; but they make a signal for the government-launch, a large, heavy flat-bottomed boat, rowed by eight expert Indians, to come out to them. The method of embarking here is so extraordinary, and is so skilfully performed, that it may perhaps be worth while to give a short description of it. The launch is always moored about twenty yards from the shore, beyond what may be called the beach-breakers, and passengers are carried out to it by the Indians: they sit on one shoulder, and hold by the head, while one leg is in front and the other behind; in this manner the Indians contrive to carry out persons dry, even when the waves rise up to the bearers' chests. Some Indians stand half way up the hill on which the church is situated, and the launch with the passengers remains stationary till the party on the rising ground gives the signal: while they see the rollers, as they are termed, coming in from the sea they are silent; but immediately the waves have subsided for a short time, they set up a shrill whistle, modulating it exactly according to the time the launch will have before waves arrive. The boatmen instantly row, either moderately or with their whole strength, regulating their speed by the tone of the whistle, and very often after they have started they are warned by another signal of the same kind to lie to until advised again in the same way to proceed.

'During

'During my stay in Truxillo, I had occasion to go on board a whaler, the captain of which, a very courageous fellow, said that he had never seen a surf in which his whale-boat could not live; accordingly we put off in it in order to land, but after having had the boat filled with water, and nearly swamped, while we were more than a mile from the shore, he was forced to give up the undertaking, and make the usual signal to the launch. Instead of boats or canoes, the Indians use what are termed *balsas*, both for fishing and for carrying on their intercourse with the shipping; these are nothing more than two bundles of reeds, about twelve or fifteen feet long, bound fast together, and pointed at one end, which turns up. On this frail machine the Indian, squatting on his hams, paddles himself with a large split cane over the most tremendous surf. He floats like a duck upon it, or if he be thrown by the waves from his *balsa*, he regains it without difficulty, as they are all expert swimmers. The Indians go off in this manner to the shipping when otherwise there could be no communication with the shore. They are constantly employed as smugglers, and will carry off as much as a hundred weight of silver at a time, bringing back manufactured goods, generally without wetting them. The common payment for this sort of service is about a dollar and a half for each trip.'

Besides the difficulties presented by this inhospitable coast, and which render Lima of so much importance as a market, there is also a vast tract of mountainous country towards Huaras, the towns of Guanuco and Pasco, and the valley of Xauja, consisting of populous districts, and these require large importations of goods, all of which they must get from the capital.

Upon the subject of trade Mr. Proctor furnishes some useful information, for which we must refer to the work itself. Neither does our space permit us to follow him in his very curious description of his visit to Truxillo; nor in his unsuccessful attempt to reach the mines of Pasco. His account of Lima and of the manners of the inhabitants accords with that of Captain Hall: but we do not remember to have seen in any other publication so satisfactory a description of a day in Lima as the following.

'After breakfast (which in Lima invariably consists of very rich chocolate and bread, with a large libation of water afterwards,) the family went to mass precisely at eight o'clock, the female slave following with the rugs on which the ladies squat on the pavement of the churches, which have neither pews nor seats, excepting a long bench running half-way down on each side of the middle aisle, from the altar. After mass it was the custom to go in a carriage to the baths, about a mile from the city, the road to which was through a beautiful *alameda* along the banks of the river Rimac. These baths were built on speculation by a Spanish family,

family, and consist of one large public bath, about twelve yards square, inclosed by mud walls, and covered with a trellis, over which were trained vines whose luxuriant leaves and fruit formed a beautiful natural roof. Round the walls are stone benches, covered like the floor with mats: the bottom of the bath is tiled, and nothing can be clearer than the water, which runs in a strong stream through it. This large bath is of course solely appropriated to the men; but attached to it are twenty small private baths for females. During the summer months they were filled by parties of ladies, who would allow gentlemen to come and talk to them at the door, while they were bathing in a light dress for the purpose.

'At about twelve o'clock the family was assembled in the *sala* in expectation of visitors, who, when they arrive, walk through the outer hall with their hats on, taking civil notice of the slaves. At the door of the principal room, if men, they remove their hats, and bowing separately to each member of the family, take their seat on some part of the side sofas: if women, the females of the family rise and embrace them, putting first one arm round the body, and then the other. It is considered contrary to all rules of delicacy and decorum for a female at any time to shake hands with a man, nor would the most abandoned woman think of it: when parting for a considerable time, or meeting after a long absence, they embrace the men by putting their arms round their waists. During the visit the ladies of the house have a basket of flowers brought to them, and they select a flower for every visitor, as well as small lemons and apples stuck full of cloves, in the shape of hearts and other devices. Not content with the natural odour of the flowers, they add artificial fragrance by sprinkling them with scented water, and they pour it down their own bosoms as well as down those of their female friends before company.

'By about two o'clock the visitors have taken their departure, and soon afterwards the dinner-bell rings, and the doors of the house are shut. At this time the slaves are observed running in all directions to the *pulperias* for the smallest articles, such as salt, butter, spice, or vinegar. Nothing of that sort is purchased in families until the moment it is wanted, and of course it is bought at the dearest rate. The dinner, which is always served up in the most uncomfortable room in the house, consists of a vast number of small made dishes, or *platos*, as they call them, mixed with a great quantity of lard, which they use in profusion, putting it even into their soup. Two standing dishes are the *chupe* which I have described in my journey to Truxillo, and the *olla con garbanza*, or *pachero* as it is termed in Peru. It consists of beef and bacon boiled together, and served up with rice, cabbage, pease, sweet potatoe, or gourd. The inhabitants of Lima also consume a great deal of capsicum with their food, but eat no mustard.

'After dinner the family sits long taking preserves, which are merely sweet, having scarcely any taste of the fruit, and washing them down with large potations of plain water. The *calesa* is commonly

commonly ordered soon afterwards for a drive in the *alameda*. The *calesa* is a carriage with two wheels, which, instead of being placed under the body of it, are so far behind that the weight rests in a great degree upon the shafts: it is drawn by a single mule, on which also a slave in livery sits: the panels are painted of all colours, and sometimes with landscapes. After parading once or twice down the *alameda*, the *calesa* is drawn up on one side, and the females in it either sit like mutes, observing the company, or, if pretty, or of the higher classes of society, are accosted by the gentlemen who ride up and down the centre of the *alameda* on their showy horses. Sometimes the ladies leave their *calesas* to walk about the side walks, or to loll upon the brick benches.

'Another amusement, later in the evening, is to walk to the bridge, which is generally filled with well-dressed persons of both sexes, who go to meet their friends, or to enjoy the fresh air from the sea. This is likewise a favourite walk by moonlight, which is particularly bright in Peru. On one side of the bridge lies the silent valley of Lima, bounded by the unruffled Pacific: on the other is the gigantic Cordillera, magnified by the kind of light which rests on their stupendous sides, and appearing almost to impend over the city: underneath rushes the furious Rimac, swollen with the rains, and red with the earth washed from the *sierra*.

'On their return home through the *plaza*, parties stop to drink *fresco* or iced waters, and to eat fruit at stalls, with ranges of benches for the purpose, and attended by black women neatly dressed: it is not thought at all inconsistent with propriety for respectable females to sit there laughing and talking for an hour after it is dark. In fact, the ladies here regulate their own conduct, and every thing is as it should be which they countenance.'

This passage makes us as well acquainted with the manner in which time elapses in Lima as if we had been residing there for six months. Mr. Proctor's descriptions are indeed generally very felicitous: they place the scene before us in its living colours. Whether he is speaking of a wilderness or a peopled city, — of a post-house or a palace, — he renders his picture striking and perfect without any apparent labor.

The entrance of the gallant Bolivar into Lima, with his reception, and the public rejoicings on the occasion, are very pleasingly described. We must find room for this additional extract, with which, together with one or two more observations on the work, we must conclude.

'The attention of all classes in Lima had been occupied for some days lately by the expectation of Bolivar, and a sumptuous house had been prepared for his reception; the same in which the grand ball had been given on the 25th May. On the 1st September a salute from the batteries in Callao announced the Liberator's arrival, and all the troops in the city were marched to the Callao

Callao road to form a procession for his entrance, which took place in the afternoon of the same day. The streets of Lima were one continued display of flags and ornaments from the windows and balconies: the Peruvian, Chilian, and Buenos Ayrean colours, with appropriate devices, were displayed in honour of his arrival, and Lima seemed to give herself up to the most enthusiastic expression of admiration for this successful American warrior. Nothing was to be heard of for about a week but addresses to and amusements for him.

'A day or two after his arrival his intention of visiting the theatre was announced to the public, who would thus have an opportunity of seeing him. The greatest competition was instantly excited to procure boxes, as few were to be disposed of, the greater number being let to families by the month or year. The house, which is of about the size and appearance of our old Hay-Market theatre, was ornamented with the Colombian colours in every part, and over the President's box, immediately in the centre of the lowest tier, were the united banners of Peru and Colombia. At an early hour the house was quite filled. The arrival of Bolivar was signified by a discharge of rockets outside, and he entered the box with the President. He was of course most rapturously received, and he returned the greeting by a hasty bow, and took his seat directly.

'He is a very small thin man, with the appearance of great personal activity; his face is well formed, but furrowed with fatigue and anxiety. The fire of his quick black eye is very remarkable. He wears large mustachios, and his hair is dark and curling. After many opportunities of seeing him, I may say that I never met with a face which gave a more exact idea of the man. Boldness, enterprise, activity, intrigue, proud impatience, and a persevering and determined spirit, are plainly marked upon his countenance, and expressed by every motion of his body.

'His dress on this occasion was plain, though military. He wore as usual a blue coat and pantaloons, with boots reaching above the knee. He seemed to pay much attention to the performance, bad as it was, and was evidently amused by the *saynete*, or droll afterpiece of low humour and buffoonery, for which the Spaniards in Lima are famous.'

Of this volume, speaking generally, it may be observed, that it has much in it not elsewhere to be met with, and will be consulted with advantage by every one interested in the country of which it treats. It is not a work from which information on geographical, geological, or other scientific subjects is to be derived, but in its relation of whatsoever appertains to commercial affairs it is a superior guide. The arrangement is also judicious, inasmuch as the chapters, of which the volume contains forty-six, are none of them tedious from their length; and those parts which describe the author's interviews with the authorities and popular characters of Peru will be found particularly entertaining.

ART.

ART. III. *Treatise on Mineralogy*; or, the Natural History of the Mineral Kingdom, by Frederick Mohs, Professor in the Mining Academy of Freiberg. Translated from the German, with considerable Additions, by William Haidinger, F.R.S.E. 3 Vols. 12mo. Constable, Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London. 1825.

As we had an opportunity of intimating in December, 1821, at which time we commented on a volume upon mineralogy from his pen, the author of this work is the successor of Werner in the mining school of Freiberg; and the translator of the present treatise is a gentleman whose highly valuable contributions to science are well known to every mineralogist. We shall not, therefore, be saying more than might reasonably be anticipated in stating, that many new and important observations, the correction of many prevailing errors, and a learned solution of most of the leading facts relating to mineralogy dispersed in the various scientific journals, are brought together in these volumes up to the day of their publication. This character of the work which, in our opinion, makes it a desirable addition to a mineralogical library, is not, however, we suspect, that to which the author attaches the greatest importance. He proposes and adopts a new classification of minerals founded on principles similar to those observed in the sciences of zoology and botany; or indeed of natural history in general. For the accomplishment of this object he brings forth a new nomenclature; he also explains and uses a new method for determining the relations between the several crystalline forms of the same substance. New designations are also invented to express the relative positions of the different faces of a crystal; and it is, we suppose, to the value the author puts upon these peculiar views of the subject, that we are indebted for the present work.

The classification and nomenclature here proposed are not however quite new to the English mineralogist. Professor Jameson rather prematurely introduced them in the third edition of his treatise on Mineralogy, and in consequence of this, Professor Mohs published, in the course of the year 1820, both in German and English, "The Characters of the Classes, Orders, Genera, and Species; or, the Characteristics of the Natural-History System of Mineralogy," noticed in the Number of the Monthly Review to which we have already referred at the beginning of this article. In that work minerals are classed and named according to the new method, which it seems the chief object of the present treatise to recommend; which, together with a treatise on Crystallography, was

was announced for publication in the preface to the volume before mentioned.

We are not aware that any writer on mineralogy or professor of this science, either here or on the Continent, has embraced the views of the author; and we do not think that the present work, intended evidently to fully illustrate them, is calculated to make more converts to his doctrines. The obstacle which has hitherto prevented a good classification of minerals consists in the difficulty of giving a correct definition of the species, genus, order, and class, in mineralogy; and our author, in his attempt, does not appear to have been more successful than his predecessors. He has, moreover, entirely disregarded some notions which are now common to the most proficient students in mineralogy; and on which, however they may differ upon other points, they seem in common to have agreed.*

It will, therefore, appear rather extraordinary to readers who have confined themselves to the chemical arrangement, to find in the present improved and improving state of chemical mineralogy, that the author should not have taken the least notice, in his classification, of the chemical composition of minerals. They will see with some surprise calamine placed between carbonate of manganese and tungstate of lime, (see vol. ii. p. 106. and following to p. 113.) and realgar next to sulphur, (see vol. iii. p. 50.) We must not, however, condemn the author, merely because he differs from most of the other writers on the same subject, but candidly examine the reasons he may have for doing so; as well as the advantages which may be expected to result from the method he adopts.

The translator has suppressed the preface of the German work, in which the author, it appears, explains at length by what considerations he has been led to his new classification, and where he very likely points out its superiority over the many systems which have been already proposed.

In want of this guide to the general views of the author, we shall endeavor to initiate our readers into the principles upon which the new natural-historical classification is founded by the following extract:

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* Most mineralogists, we believe, think that the chemical composition of minerals should be considered in their arrangement; and even Haüy defines the mineral species "a collection of bodies the integrant molecules of which have similar forms, and are composed of the same principles united in the same proportion;" and if he gives the preference to crystallographical characters, it is only when the analysis is unsatisfactory.

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'The natural-historical properties of minerals comprehend their colour, the different degrees of hardness, the different kinds of lustre, the regular forms, the circumstances and relations, under which the particles of the individuals can be separated from each other, &c.; because these are the properties of minerals exhibited in their natural state, and may be considered without producing any change or alteration on the mineral.

'Properties which can only be observed during, or after a change, cannot be employed agreeably to the principles of natural history, and must therefore be excluded from mineralogy; because, in observing them, we transfer the object itself from its natural state, into another, in which it ceases altogether to be an object of natural history. Properties of this kind are, the fusibility of minerals examined before the blow-pipe, or by the assistance of some other apparatus, and the concomitant phenomena; — their solubility in acids — phosphorescence produced by heat, if, after the first experiment, it cannot be observed any longer; — chemical analysis instituted to ascertain the quality or relative quantity of the component parts, and the results of that process: — every thing, in short, must be excluded, which alters the natural state of a mineral.'

Thus the natural-historical properties, it seems, include only the greater part of the characters commonly called *external*, and some of those called *physical*; and the natural-historical classification of the author is thus merely founded upon those characters of minerals, and his notion of the species in mineralogy, which is nowhere clearly stated, appears to be derived from those characters alone. After having thus limited the usual means of distinguishing a mineral, the author asserts in his preface, (see p. iv.) that 'the present work is the only one hitherto published which enables those who have studied the terminology, to determine every mineral, although they should never have seen it before, by a philosophical process.'

We grant that those who are well conversant with the methods of Professor Mohs may experience little difficulty in discovering the name of a mineral presented to them: but, at the same time, we must be allowed to say, that we cannot understand why the use of a blow-pipe or some chemical experiments would not yield them a still greater facility in this respect. We cannot, we must confess, yet see the advantage of excluding from mineralogy the chemical characters of minerals, and of dividing the science into two, viz. Natural-historical Mineralogy, and Chemical Mineralogy. It is only inasmuch as they severally possess distinct properties that the study of minerals is interesting and useful; and it must be admitted that, among these properties, their chemical composition is prominent.

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We are well aware, that in the classification of minerals, by taking into consideration their chemical composition, we are often embarrassed to know what place a given mineral should occupy in the arrangement; and though the labors of Berzelius, Mitscherlich, and Beudant, have removed many of the difficulties towards a chemical classification of minerals, as yet there is none that can be considered satisfactory and complete: but it is towards the perfection of what has been already done, and not in the contrivance of new systems, that we should like to see chemists and mineralogists directing their efforts.

It must not, besides, be supposed, that in the classification proposed by Professor Mohs every mineral naturally finds its right place. There would still, and it appears to us, there will always be a great deal left arbitrary upon his system. He tells us himself, for example, that the oxide of antimony, which he calls prismatic antimony-baryte, and which is now classed in the order *baryte*, he formerly 'included in the order *mica*, as prismatic antimony-mica, owing to the compound state of the then known varieties, among others those from Przibram, and which was considered as cleavage, the true cleavage has long been overlooked, and the hardness examined in the same varieties, indicated as less considerable than it is in nature.' Wavellite, muriate of copper, and several other well-defined substances, have yet no place in the new method, but are put in an appendix, along with *minerals, the greater part of which will probably form, in future, distinct species in the mineral system.*

Professor Mohs says 'he has found his method perfectly successful with those who have studied under him;' so says Beudant with respect to his chemical classification in his late work on Mineralogy; and so, indeed, has said every professor when speaking of his own particular system. In this there is nothing surprising; and we are sure that every method will be found almost equally successful provided each species is described with sufficient accuracy. We believe there are but very few, to whatever school they may belong, who do not, when they want to find out the name of a mineral, begin to ascertain the class, the order, the genus, and finally the species, with which it associates itself. The reason is, that there are not a very large number of species in mineralogy; and from the first view, those species with which a mineral may be classed are reduced to a small number indeed; and an attentive examination will generally, without great difficulty, serve to determine its name. We would not seem to infer from this that there should be no classification: but cer-

tainly that there is no great necessity for endeavoring to establish a new one. We therefore conclude, that since most minerals are well defined chemical compounds, they ought, as nearly as possible, to be arranged in the same order as a chemist would class them in his laboratory, and we do not see why, since minerals are the productions of the great laboratory of nature, they should be submitted to what Professor Mohs calls 'a natural-historical classification.'

The next subject we have to consider is the new nomenclature proposed by the author. We are inclined to object altogether to this wholesale introduction of new names; and if this nomenclature is a necessary consequence of the new classification, it would be alone a sufficient reason, in our opinion, for rejecting the classification. To those who have already learned other names, such an innovation would be an intolerable burden. To those who begin mineralogy, it may be thought as easy to learn one set of names as another: but they must either satisfy themselves to speak a language unintelligible to the majority, if they follow Mr. M., or else they must submit to learn twice as many names as are really necessary and useful. No possible practical good to mineralogists can arise from a total rejection of the old names; and the only cases where the new might be used are when the chemical composition of the species is sufficiently well established to use the name which chemical nomenclature indicates. Not only, however, do we object to this new nomenclature as a whole, but also as it regards details, It combines a strange mixture of some of the old names, or rather, of the chemical names, with some of the new ones. Thus, *augite* is called *paratomous augite spar; hornblende, hemi-prismatic augite spar.* Sometimes, again, the usual names of two distinct species are used to designate a genus: thus we have *prismatic talc-mica* instead of *chlorite; rhombohedral talc-mica* instead of *mica; hemi-prismatic lead-baryte* instead of *chromate of lead; prismatic sulphur* instead of *realgar.*

We have already stated that most minerals are well-defined chemical compounds. There is already a generally-adopted chemical nomenclature; and, therefore, it is such simple names only as are derived from it which can be allowed to be substituted for the chemical names of minerals.

The author again announces, in the work before us, a separate treatise on crystallography; and, perhaps, before giving any decided judgment on this part of the present work, it would be better to wait for the full developement of that which he intends to publish on this important matter. As considerably more than half the first volume is, however,

entirely devoted to the subject of crystallography, the separate treatise will probably contain little more than the investigations of the formulæ, which are here given without demonstration, and devoid of all the mathematical details. We think we may, therefore, form a tolerably correct notion of the view the author has taken of this interesting part of mineralogy.

Here, too, he has again entirely left the trodden path, in order to newly model the whole fabric of crystallography. The better, however, to satisfy the reader, we will give a short outline of the manner in which he has treated the subject. All crystalline forms, it may be premised, are derived from four distinct fundamental forms, viz. the hexaëdron, or cube; the rhomboëdron; the isosceles four-sided pyramid, or octaëdron with a square base; and the scalene four-sided pyramid, or octaëdron with a rhombic base.

Mr. M. at first assumed that the three axes of this last form were always at right angles severally with one another; and his opinion was grounded on a supposition of Haüy, which has been since found to be fallacious. The merit of discovering Haüy's error is, in the preface to the work before us, attributed to Professor Mohs, who does not seem to have detected it farther back than 1822; we believe, however, that the property of the oblique rhombic prism in question, was long before known, in this country, not to hold in every case. However this may have been, the consequence of the fact having become known to Professor Mohs at so late a period is an avowal that the theory of the forms in which one of the axes of the octaëdron with scalene triangular faces is inclined to the other two, or to one of them, has not as yet been perfectly developed.

The author gives geometrical constructions to derive from each of these four forms, series of secondary forms, and explains the notation he uses to designate the relation of any term of each series to the fundamental form. He gives, also, formulæ to calculate the incidences of the faces of the secondary forms, when the law by which they are derived is known: but he does not give the more important formulæ to *discover the law from the data of observation.*

The whole of this, as an exercise of solid geometry, is uncommonly well done; and might, undoubtedly, when the cases which are not yet perfectly developed shall have been completed, be substituted for what now constitutes crystallography. When, however, we consider that this new method of investigating and describing the relations of crystalline forms does not elucidate any fact which was not already known,

known, or which might not with at least equal facility be discovered and described by the methods in general use, — when we observe that the method of designation is much more complicated and embarrassed than that of Haüy, — we cannot wish for nor recommend the adoption of this new system of crystallography. A person with a competent knowlege of astronomy might amuse himself by writing a book in which all the facts of the science might be expressed by means of co-ordinates different from those which are now generally used to determine the position of a celestial body: but what could be the use or value of such a performance? We look at the crystallographical part of the work of Professor Mohs in precisely the same light. He has expressed the known facts of crystallography in terms derived from his own-created co-ordinates. He has made no mention of the ingenious theory of decrements of Haüy, because '*natural history does not lead us to inquire into final causes*;' nor has he substituted any other in its place. We would not, however, be understood to quarrel with him on this account: yet we think that, as Haüy's theory has been considered so satisfactory by most mineralogists, he ought to have stated the *reasons* why he would have it altogether abandoned.

As to the details of the work, into the merits of which we have not room here to enter, there are many things which we should be inclined to criticise: such, for instance, as the division made of the felspars, the form given for sulphuret of copper, &c. &c. To discuss separate topics of this sort would take up too much time, and be very likely, at last, uninteresting to most readers. In conclusion, we shall, therefore, only say, the perusal will make it obvious that the work is the result of much labor, — that the author and translator are both excellent mineralogists and crystallographers, — and the more is it, therefore, to be regretted that so much of their valuable time should have been employed in creating a new language for a science to which they have been such able contributors. The value of their discoveries, we fear, will remain almost unknown till some capable person shall undertake the task of translating them into the usual and general language of the science.

The work, however, as it is, will, as we have before stated, be a desirable addition to the library of those who have already a competent knowledge of mineralogy, and who possess courage enough to study German, or the language of the translator: but we cannot recommend to those who have not yet applied to this science to take up the treatise of Mr. M., for we can anticipate that they will not go far into it if they begin.

ART. IV. *General Zoology;* or, Systematic Natural History, commenced by the late George Shaw, M.D. F.R.S., &c. With Plates from the first Authorities and most select Specimens, engraved principally by Mrs. Griffith. Vol. XII. Parts I. and II. Aves, by J. F. Stephens, F,L.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 561. Longman and Co., &c. 1824.

A CONSIDERABLE interval has elapsed since the publication of the 11th volume of this extensive work; but the 13th is, we understand, in preparation, and will complete the undertaking. The first part of the present is occupied with the *Grallæ*, or *Waders*, arranged more in conformity with the method of Cuvier, Illiger, or Vieillot, than with that of Linné. Hence, under *Tantalus* only three species are particularized; namely, *Leucocephalus*, with a bill upwards of a foot in length; *Loculator*, peculiar to America; and *Ibis*, long regarded by naturalists as the sort worshipped by the Egyptians. This last corresponds, however, to *Ibis religiosa* of Cuvier, and of the writer of this article. Some of the most important observations of Bruce, Savigny, and Cuvier, relative to this subject of classical zoology, might have agreeably enlivened Mr. Stephens's description had they been blended with his very succinct account of the sacred Ibis. The mummies of *Ibis ignea*, which, from its diversities of coloring, has been multiplied into several species, also occur in the catacombs of Memphis. The social and familiar habits of the *Rubra*, or *Scarlet Ibis*, and the circumstance of its shifting its quarters at different periods of the day, are among the topics worthy of record, and calculated to relieve the monotony of a descriptive catalogue.

Numenius here includes several species of the Linnéan *Scolopax*, or the Curlew tribe, distinguished from the preceding by a more slender bill, rounded in its whole length. — *Phæopus*, or *Whimbrel*, comprizes, also, some that were formerly ranged under *Scolopax;* and the birds pertaining to it have their bills arcuated in the same manner as the Curlews, but rather depressed towards the tip, and having the nostrils in a groove, which extends nearly the whole length of the bill. — *Falcinellus* was instituted by Cuvier, at the expence of *Scolopax* of Gmelin, *Numenius* of Latham, and *Tringa* of Temminck, to comprize the solitary and rare species, denominated *Pygmæus*, whose summer-plumage is minutely described; but whose winter attire and appropriate habits remain to be determined.

The history of the common Wood-cock is well and pleasingly detailed. To the various particulars stated by the author, he might have added, that the same birds seem to return to the same winter-haunts which they occupied the preceding periodical sojourn. In corroboration of this remark,

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we may mention, that, in the winter of 1797, the gamekeeper of E. Pleydell, Esq., of Whitcombe, in Dorsetshire, brought him, alive and unhurt, a wood-cock which he had caught in a net set for rabbits. Mr. Pleydell marked the date on a small piece of thin brass, which he bent round the bird's leg, and let it fly. Twelve months afterwards, he shot this identical wood-cock, with the brass about its leg, in the very same wood in which it had been caught by the gamekeeper. A second well attested case, is that of a white individual of this species having been seen three successive winters in Penrice Wood, Glamorganshire. It was repeatedly flushed and shot at, during that time, in the very same place where it was first discovered. At last, it was found dead, with several others, which had perished by the severity of the weather, in the winter of 1793. Another, of a slate color, was, some years ago, observed on a particular estate in Ireland for three successive winters, when it was killed by a stranger, who was not aware of the landlord's desire of preserving it. — The apparent incompetency of this bird to sustain a long flight near the earth's surface, and the circumstance of its not ever being picked up at sea in a state of exhaustion, induces the presumption, that it avails itself of currents in the higher regions of the atmosphere for taking its trans-marine flight.

Mr. Stephens includes the Snipe-family under *Gallinago*, as used both by Ray and Brisson. Of the largest of this species he might have noticed, that it is in some countries a regular, and in others, only a partial migrant; that it resembles in its flight the wood-cock more than the common snipe; and that, on rising, it emits a cry somewhat like that of the latter, but shorter, and of a deeper tone. — Most of our ornithological readers are possibly aware that Dr. Leach had formed a separate genus for the reception of *Scolopax grisea* of Gmelin, or *Totanus Noveboracensis* of Sabine, a circumstance which the structure of the bill and of the toes may be supposed to justify: but we could have welcomed some less grating appellation than *Macrorhamphus*, which the present author has chosen contentedly to adopt in compliment to Dr. Leach. That it is a *rare* bird, should be asserted with due qualification: for, although it is very seldom found in this island, it abounds in certain districts of the United States. The Cape, the Chinese, and the Madras Snipes, with their varieties, or affiliated species, are referred to *Rhynchæa* of Cuvier and Horsfield: but the details of their economy are very imperfectly known.

We find the *Godwits*, or *Limosæ* of Cuvier and Temminck, ranking under *Fedoa*, the term employed by Ray: but, really,

we can perceive no very urgent reason for this incessant variation of the nomenclature. The several species, are, however, very well discriminated by Mr. S. *Limosa*, again, of our author, corresponds to the same of Brisson; to *Totanus* of Bechstein, Cuvier, and Temminck; and to *Limicula* of Leach, including a solitary European species, namely, *Glottis* or *Common Greenshanks*.

Calidris is withdrawn from *Tringa*, and restricted to the *Knots*, the only European species of which, viz. *Islandicus*, or *Common Knot*, had, from the diversity of its plumage, been superfluously multiplied into seven; so that its synonymes had become voluminous and caused difficulty: but Montagu and Temminck have unravelled the *knot*. — The *Dunlins*, which, though smaller, and with the bill somewhat longer than the head, so nearly resemble the preceding, are removed to *Pelidna* of Cuvier. The varying plumage of the *subarcuata Red Dunlin, Red Sand-piper*, &c., is distinctly noted: its manners and habits might, however, have been more fully unfolded. It might have been observed, that it runs nimbly, along the edge of the flowing or receding wave, incessantly moving its tail, while, at the same time, it is assiduously employed in picking up small worms, insects, &c. On taking flight, these birds utter a sort of scream, and skim along the surface of the sea with great rapidity; not flying directly forward, but wheeling in large semicircles over the water, the flocks appearing suddenly of a dark and then of a snow-white color, according as their backs or their bellies are turned to or from the spectator.

Our old acquaintance, *Tringa pugnax*, is now introduced to us as *Machetes pugnax*, which is, "being interpreted," *Fighting fighter*.

'An erroneous opinion,' observes the author, 'prevails, that the fattening of Ruffs, when in confinement, should take place in the dark, lest the admission of light should set them to fighting: the fact is, that every bird, even when kept in a room, takes its stand, as it would in the open air; and if another invades its circle, a battle ensues. A whole roomful of them may be set into fierce contest by compelling them to shift their stations; but, after the cause has subsided, they resume their circles, and become pacific. In confinement they do not lose their pugnacious disposition; and if a basin of bread and milk, or boiled wheat, is set before them, it is instantly contended for, and they would starve in the midst of plenty, if several dishes of food were not placed among them, at a distance from each other. Montagu observes of some that he kept in confinement, that the males paid no attention to the Reeves, except to drive them from their food; and never attempted to dispute with any other species, but would feed out

out of the same dish with Land Rails, and other birds confined with them, in perfect amity.'

We may remark, that of this species the numbers which visit Great Britain are now much reduced; and that, in the breeding season, they confine themselves, we believe, to the eastern parts of the island, where extensive fens, suited to their mode of life, still exist. In former times, before the grounds in that part were drained, they were not uncommon in the neighbourhood of Bridgewater. In the county of Lincoln they have become scarcer, in proportion as tracts of fenny soil have been inclosed and reclaimed. Some scattered individuals still haunt the vicinity of Crowland: but the north fen, near Spalding, and the east and west fens, between Boston and Spilsby, are the only spots that appear to produce them with certainty, though by no means plentifully. The occupation of catching them, too, is now limited to a few individuals, who live in obscure places, on the verge of the fens; and who are but scantily remunerated for their trouble and the expence of their nets. The old stragglers, which are caught in the spring, are liable to pine, and will not easily fatten: and, although they are frequently seen in the Parisian markets at that season, they are not then much relished by the *dilettanti*.

Several of the other *Tringæ* of Gmelin and Latham have been provisionally retained, until their distinctions shall have been more accurately defined. — The numerous family of *Totani*, or *Sand-pipers*, subtracted from *Scolopax* and *Tringæ* of Linné and Latham, are generally furnished with only the faint rudiments of a membrane at the base of the toes: but the *Semipalmatus*, as its designation imports, is an exception.

The *Phalaropes*, formerly comprized among the *Tringæ*, have the bill resembling that of the Knots, but more depressed; and they are readily distinguished by the broad, pinnated, or denticulated membrane between the toes. The *Lobipes* of Cuvier, which Mr. Stephens adopts, appears to be an uncalled-for distinction, since the birds belonging to it differ in no respects from the genuine Phalaropes, except in having the bill somewhat more slender and less depressed.

The principal known facts relative to the coloring and the economy of the *Common Avoset* are distinctly stated: but we are still left in doubt as to the mode in which a bill, so soft, is rendered efficient in securing the requisite supply of food. Baillon thinks that this bird principally subsists on the spawn of fishes and on aquatic insects, which it extracts from the softest ooze, and from the spray, with its flexible bill.

The few known species of those singular birds called, from the very disproportioned length of their slender legs, *Long-shanks*, are expounded under *Himantopus*, a generic designation employed by Ray, Brisson, Cuvier, &c., in preference to the more vague *Charadrius*. Wilson has classed them among the *Recurvirostræ*, and has illustrated their habits with his usual felicity of manner. — Some of the southern parts of Europe are correctly assigned as the occasional haunts of the *Flamingo:* but we suspect that those which breed in the marshes about the mouths of the Rhone are either distinct from the red species, or else a marked variety.

Mr. Stephens has presented us with a rather numerous though somewhat dry catalogue of *Rails* and *Crakes;* the former under *Rallus*, and the latter under the revived, and rather erudite appellation of *Ortygometra*. Of the *Porzana*, or *Spotted Gallinule*, it might have been remarked, that, except during the moments of sexual intercourse, so unsocial is its nature, the male and female constantly keep apart. In autumn, so encumbered are these birds with fat that they fly with difficulty; and they are then more highly prized by the lovers of delicate eating than the Ortolan: but, at other seasons, they are lean, and not much in request. — *Gallinula Foljambii*, a rare native of this country, and first described, as such, by Montagu, is here denominated *Ortygometra olivacea*. — *Zapornia* scarcely required to be disjoined, in conformity to Leach, from *Ortygometra;* and, if an English denomination were here necessary, we should have preferred the diminutive *Crakelet* to *Craker*.

In his notices of the *Common* or *Black Coot*, the author might have adverted to its custom of quitting, about the fall of the year, the smaller pools for larger pieces of water, at which time great numbers frequent the lakes of Lorraine in France, where hundreds of the species are annually sacrificed. The sportsmen on these occasions embark in small boats, ranged in a line, across the breadth of the lake, driving the birds before them into some inlet, whence they endeavour to escape into the more open water by flying over the heads of their pursuers, when they are brought down in great numbers; and such as reach the opposite side are thinned by repeating the manœuvre. Though thus assailed, they never attempt during the day to quit the fatal spot: but, with the exception of a few stragglers, they disappear in the night, which is their season of activity. — The author might have descanted, likewise, with pleasing interest, on the tender cares and solicitude of the *Common Gallinule*, or Water Hen, for her offspring. — The *Porphyrios*, of which several species are

shortly

shortly reviewed, might without much impropriety or inconvenience have been retained among the *Gallinules*, to which they are so nearly allied.

The second part of the volume unfolds the history of the *Natatores* or *Swimmers*. Mr. Stephens commences his division of these with the *Anatidæ*, or Duck tribe, which he subdivides into five forms. Two of the tribe, namely, *Anas Gambensis*, and *Anas Melanotos*, of Gmelin, having spurs on the wings, had been transferred by Dr. Leach to a new genus, which, as appears from his MSS., he denominated *Pteropus*, and which the present writer has adopted. Cuvier, who classes them with the Swans, was aware of their differing from them in some respects: but their manners are unknown.—Conformably to the arrangements of Ray, Brisson, and Cuvier, the race of *Cygni*, or *Swans*, are described in the volume before us, detached from the unwieldy *Anas* of the Linnéan school; and what is said of the *ferus* and *olor* will be found entertaining. The melody and dying notes of the former are justly regarded as fabulous: the alleged strength of its wings, though discredited by Montagu, is, however, less fictitious. Professor Titius was an eye-witness to a horse being lamed by their blows, and rescued from the infliction of further injury by some men who happened to be at hand. The natural history of the race strikingly exemplifies their social and amorous propensities, as well as their generally peaceful disposition, when jealousy does not excite them to fierce and protracted combats. Both parents unite in the courageous defence of their offspring. In regard to their age, its extreme term has never, we believe, been precisely ascertained: but there is satisfactory proof of tame individuals having been kept about the same house during several generations. That they devour fish, seems to be a vulgar error: on the contrary, they may be said to protect the lakes and ponds in which they reside, by scaring the heron and other piscivorous birds. Besides adorning natural or artificial pieces of water by their graceful movements, the Swan may, with proper attention, be reared in the poultry-yard, provided they are within easy reach of a pool or basin, which is essential to their comfort and recreation: for few birds are more addicted to bathing and the *toilette*.

Another important genus removed from *Anas* is *Anser* of Brisson and Cuvier, comprizing the *Geese*, which are distinguished from the preceding by the absence of the fleshy appendage at the base of the bill, and other characteristics. They frequent meadows and marshes, swim little, and never dive. The author's account of the common Goose, both in its wild and domesticated state, will be perused with interest, although

although it is far from exhausting the subject. Some notice might, for example, have been taken of particular and singular varieties: thus, in Upper Languedoc, there is a race of tame geese, much larger than ordinary, and characterized by a mass of fat, depending from their belly, so as almost to touch the ground when they walk. Again, a certain family near Highworth, in Wiltshire, were, several years ago, in possession of a breed, which they nursed and fattened in such a manner, that they attained to a very extraordinary, and almost incredible size; for some of them would weigh twenty, and some even thirty pounds. — Under careful management, and when unmolested by the painful operation of plucking, &c. the tame goose will live to a great age, — as it is alleged, to fourscore or even a hundred years. It is, however, rarely permitted to see the natural termination of its days. In some countries, domestic geese require much less care than in England. The native tribes belonging to the Cossac villages on the river Don, leave their homes, in March or April, as soon as the ice breaks up; and take flight in a body to the more northerly lakes, where they breed and constantly reside during the summer: but, on the beginning of winter, the parent-birds, with their multiplied progeny, all return, every flock alighting at the door of the house to which it belongs. The accuracy with which they thus return to their respective homes denotes more sagacity than is generally ascribed to them.

Anas hyperboreus of Pallas is the *Anas hyperborea* of Gmelin, and the *Anas nivea* of Brisson, while the young correspond to *Anas cærulescens* of Linné and Latham. Mr. Stephens, who designates it *Anser hyperboreus*, after laying down its synonymes and principal characters with his accustomed precision, proceeds thus:

'These birds inhabit the regions of the Arctic Circle, occasionally migrating to the more temperate climates of Prussia, Austria, Hudson's Bay, and the United States of America. They arrive in the river Delaware from the north early in November, sometimes in considerable flocks, and are very noisy: they feed on the roots of reeds: their flesh is esteemed excellent, and in Siberia they form an essential article of subsistence to the natives, each family, it is said, preserving thousands annually, which, after being plucked and gutted, are thrown in heaps into holes dug for that purpose, and covered only with earth: the mould freezes, and forms over them an arch; and whenever the family have occasion to open one of these magazines, they find them sweet.'

The presence of knobs, or spurs, at the bend of the wing, has suggested another deduction from *Anas*, under the title of *Chenalopex*,

Chenalopex, or *Spur-wing*, and including the solitary species hitherto denominated *Anas Ægyptiaca*. — Then comes *Bernicla*, also disjoined as a genus, but comprizing several species, each distinguished by a comparatively short and slender bill, but some of them having also the wings armed with blunt knobs. In consequence of this new arrangement, *Anas bernicla* figures as *Bernicla brenta*, and *Anas erythropus* as *Bernicla erythropus*. These two species have been oddly enough mistaken for one another by several ornithologists. On the fabulous developement of the latter from *Lepas anatifera*, our author copiously descants, producing some of the old and grave *testimonies* in favor of the alleged marvellous phenomenon. *Tadorna*, or *Shiel-drake*, also, had been elevated to the rank of genus by Dr. Leach and Dr. Fleming. That the common species is generally more partial to the sea-coast than to fresh waters will not be denied: but that it never from choice frequents the latter we cannot easily believe: for Schwenckenfeldt, no mean authority, has remarked, that it resorts to the rivers of the north, on the breaking up of the ice. The lakes of Tartary and Siberia are said to afford it a favorite residence; and it has been observed, as we are informed, on those of Sologne and the Vosges, in France; sometimes even breeding on the banks of the larger pools. — Another recently instituted genus belonging to the same tribe is *Cairina*, having naked and warty face and lores, with the appendage at the bend of the wing tuberculated; and characterizing the *Musk Duck*, with two of its congeners. From the musky odor in the gland at its rump has this species of Duck received its appellation. Its native country being South America, it is consequently an error to call it "Muscovy," as if it belonged originally to that country.

The definition of *Anas*, as now reduced, is '*beak* simple at the base, depressed, broad, straight towards the tip, obtuse. — *Nostrils* oval, small. — *Tail* mediocral, its *feathers* equal, the base often furnished with recurved plumes.'

The history of the Common Duck, in its wild and domesticated condition, was susceptible of more developement than it has received from the pen of Mr. Stephens: but some of the extracts from Wilson and Bewick are interesting; and the ensuing information may, possibly, be new to many of our readers:

'Other methods of catching Ducks are peculiar to certain nations: one of these, from its singularity, seems worth mentioning. A person wades into the water up to the chin; and, having his head covered with an empty calabash, approaches the place where the birds are, which, not regarding an object of this kind, suffer

suffer the man freely to mix with the flock: when he has only to pull them by the legs under the water, one after another, and fix them to his belt till he is satisfied, returning as unsuspected by the remainder as when he first came among them. This curious method is frequently practised on the river Ganges, the earthen vessels of the Gentoos being then used instead of calabashes. These vessels are what the Gentoos boil their rice in: after having been once used, they are looked upon as defiled, and are thrown into the river as useless; and the Duck-takers find them convenient for this purpose, as the Ducks, from seeing them constantly float down the stream, pay no attention to them.'

To much information on this head Mr. S. adds,

'In China the rearing of Ducks is an object of great moment. In that country the major part of them are hatched by artificial heat: the eggs, being laid in boxes of sand, are placed on a brick hearth, to which is given a proper heat during the time required for hatching. The ducklings are fed with craw-fish and crabs, boiled and cut small, and afterwards mixed with boiled rice; and in about a fortnight they are able to shift for themselves. The Chinese then provide them with an old stepmother, who leads them where they are to find provender, being first put on board a sampane, or boat, which is destined for their habitation, and from which the whole flock, often, it is said, to the amount of three or four hundred, go out to feed, and return at command. This method is used nine months out of the twelve, for in the colder months it does not succeed, and is so far from a novelty, that it may be every where seen; but more especially about the time of cutting the rice, and gleaning the crops, when the masters of the duck-sampanes row up and down the river, according to the opportunity of procuring food, which is found in plenty at the ebb-tide, on the rice-plantations, as they are overflowed at high water.'

Most of the other species are exotic; and of their appropriate habits little seems to be known. — The *Shovelers*, from the singular conformation of their bill, are separated from the rest of the group, and brought under the category *Rhynchaspis*, a term borrowed from the MS. of Dr. Leach. — *Dafila*, fetched from the same source, designates the solitary *Pintail*, so remarkable for the length of its tail, particularly in the male. — *Mareca* has been borrowed from Ray, to denote the *Wigeons*, which are larger than the *Teals*, and have a peculiar whistling note, produced, not as Dampier and Salerna allege, by the beating of the wings, but by the real action of the glottis. The rarer species, *Anas glocitans*, Lin., is here referred, with a point of interrogation, to *Mareca*; and we are apprized that Mr. Vigors intends to publish a detailed account of it from a living specimen in his own possession. — *Querquedula* of Ray and Brisson is recalled to its generic rank, in order to designate the *Teals*, the most diminutive of the *Anatidæ*.

tidæ. — *Anas circias*, Lin., is, we may observe, neither a particular species, as many have alleged, nor a variety of *Anas crecca*, as Latham had supposed, but the young male of *Anas querquedula*, or *Garganey.*

'Frisch relates the following detail respecting a couple of these birds, that were for upwards of two months in his possession. "I presented to them (he says) different seeds, and they would touch none; but scarcely had I set beside their water-trough a basin filled with millet, before they both ran to it. At every bill-full which they took, each went to the water, and they carried as much of it in a short time as completely to soak the millet; yet the grain was not moistened sufficiently to their mind, and I saw them busied in carrying millet and water to the ground of their pen, which was of clay; and when the bottom was softened and tempered enough, they began to dabble, and made a pretty deep cavity, in which they ate their millet, mixed with earth. I put them in a room, and they carried in the same way, though to little purpose, the millet and water to the deal-floor. I led them on the grass, and they seemed to do nothing but dig for seeds, without eating the blades, or even earth-worms. They pursued flies, and snapped at them like ducks. When I delayed to give them their accustomed food, they called for it with a feeble hoarse cry, *quoak*, repeated every minute. In the evening they lay in the corner; and even during the day, when any person went near them, they hid themselves in the narrowest holes. They lived there till the approach of winter; but when the severe cold set in, they both died suddenly."'

After perusing this anecdote, we can readily believe that the antients domesticated this species without much trouble.

In the present performance, the Linnéan *Mergus* has been split into *Mergus* and *Merganser:* but, as this division is chiefly founded on the comparative length and shortness of the bill, and, as the number of species is very limited, the distinction might have been dispensed with. Owing to the diversities of aspect induced by age and sex, and to the extreme shyness of the race, considerable obscurity still hangs over the history of the genuine *Mergi.* — In regard to the identity of the *Merganser* and *Dundiver*, Mr. Stephens pertinently remarks:

'There appears to be much difference of opinion respecting the identity of the Goosander and the Dundiver; many ornithologists insisting that they are absolutely distinct species, while others of equal experience pronounce them to be merely the sexes of one species: both parties support their assertions by a reference to the great field of nature, which is equally open to the man of science and to the humble and untutored peasant. It appears, however, that the great contrariety of opinion upon these points amongst the ornithologists of this country has originated from

from the rarity of the birds of this group in Britain; connected also with the fact that the young males generally put on the plumage of the adult females; which last consequently accounts for the well-known circumstance of finding, apparently, both sexes of the Dundiver in Britain, and but one sex of the Goosander. Temminck and other continental writers are of opinion that there exists but one species among the *three supposed* sexes that are apparent in this; and as both the Dundiver and Goosander are always observed in the same haunts, I have very little doubt of their observations being in accordance with the dictates of nature, and as such I have adopted the synonyma above quoted, with reference to Temminck's arrangement.'

Anas glacialis, Lin., is transformed into *Harelda glacialis*; while *Clangula* of Fleming and Leach indicates the *Garrots*. The *Pochards*, remarkable for their broad and compressed bill, without any appendage at the base, are united under *Fuligula*. Among the more recently discovered of this group is *F. Vallisneria*, or the *Canvas-backed Pochard*.

'To the exertions of the indefatigable Wilson naturalists are indebted for a knowledge of this new and interesting species, which is thus described by him: "The *Canvas-back* is two feet long, and three feet in extent, and when in good order weighs three pounds: the beak is large, rising high in the head, three inches in length, and one inch and three-eighths thick at the base, of a glossy black: eye very small: irides dark red: cheeks and fore part of the head blackish-brown: rest of the head and greater part of the neck bright glossy reddish-chesnut, ending in a broad space of black that covers the upper part of the breast, and spreads round to the back: back, scapulars, and tertials white, faintly marked with an infinite number of transverse waving lines, or points, as if done with a pencil; whole lower part of the breast, also the belly, white, slightly pencilled in the same manner; scarcely perceptible on the breast, pretty thick towards the vent: wing-coverts grey, with numerous specks of blackish: primaries and secondaries pale slate, two or three of the latter of which nearest the body are finely edged with deep velvety black; the former dusky at their tips: tail very short, pointed, consisting of fourteen feathers of a hoary brown: vent and tail-coverts black; lining of the wing white: legs and feet very pale ash, the latter three inches in width." The female, he adds, "is somewhat less than the male: the crown is blackish-brown: cheeks and throat of a pale drab: neck dull brown: breast, as far as the black extends on the male, dull brown, skirted in places with pale drab: back dusky white, crossed with fine waving lines: belly of the same dull white, pencilled like the back: wings, feet, and beak as in the male: tail-coverts dusky: vent white, waved with brown. The windpipe of the male has a large, flattish, concave labyrinth, the ridge of which is covered with a thin transparent membrane; where the trachea enters this it is very narrow, but immediately above swells to three times that diameter."

'These

'These birds arrive in the United States from the north about the middle of October, frequenting the large rivers, where a particular kind of grass-like plant is in plenty, upon the roots of which they feed: upon their first arrival they are very lean, but they soon recover, and become fat and in good order: their flesh is greatly esteemed by the American epicure: they are extremely shy, and can rarely be approached unless by stratagem. When wounded in the wing they dive to such prodigious distances and with such rapidity, continuing it so perseveringly and with so much cunning and vigour, as generally to render the pursuit hopeless. During the day they are dispersed about, but towards evening they collect in large flocks, and sometimes in such multitudes as to cover several acres of the rivers, and when they rise suddenly, produce a noise resembling thunder. Their nest and eggs have not been discovered.

'Specimens of these birds were obtained during the unfortunate expedition of Captain Franklin towards the northern Frozen Ocean.'

Oidemia, a title proposed by Dr. Fleming, designates the *Scoters*, whose principal characteristics are, a large, broad, and strong bill, inflated at the base, a dull, fuliginous garb, and an inelegant form. — Dr. Leach's stores of neologisms again supply the term *Biziura* as the generic appellation of *Anas lobata* of the Naturalist's Miscellany, a singular species from New Holland, distinguished by a large excrescence, depending from the lower mandible. — The euphonious *Somateria* has been selected to express the *Eiders*; and both the *Mollissima*, or common sort, and the *Spectabilis*, or *King Duck*, are well elucidated.

The *Colymbidæ*, which compose the second family of the swimmers, have a straight, compressed, and acute bill, whose edges are simple, or slightly denticulated, but destitute of laminated appendages, with very short wings, and the legs placed far backwards. The species belonging to their first section, including *Colymbus* and *Uria*, are far from numerous: but Mr. Stephens has illustrated them with laudable accuracy. His diligence and zeal are, indeed, apparent throughout the volume, particularly in the references and descriptions. He introduces no non-descripts, and though few of the characters and matters related appear to have resulted from his personal observation, yet the information which he conveys is valuable, being generally derived from the most esteemed sources; and we have nothing to find fault with except his tampering, in our opinion, rather too freely with the nomenclature.

We must not omit to say, that the engravings are altogether well executed, and do honor to the professional talents of the female artist whose subscription they bear.

Art.

ART. V. *Tales of the Crusaders.* By the Author of "Waverley," &c. 4 Vols. Small 8vo. Edinburgh, Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1825.

SELDOM, we believe, has the tantalization of "hope delayed" been more severely felt among novel-readers than during the interval between the announcement and the appearance of 'The Crusaders.' So much have we become accustomed to regard these Tales as emanations of the periodical press, that any interruption to their return — any deficiency in the wonted complement of six volumes *per annum* — immediately strikes us as a sort of breach of contract, and an unfair abridgment of those pleasures which Gray considered as no bad type of the joys of Paradise.

The very name of 'The Tales of the Crusaders' prepares the mind for pompous exhibitions. Palestine and its borders, equally rich in sacred and chivalrous associations, the cradle, as it were, of the human race, abounding with all that nature displays of either the beautiful, the magnificent, or the terrible, whether we contemplate the barbaric grandeur of their phylarchal days, — their remains of desolate cities, — their hills and vales, trod by heavenly feet, and linked with our earliest and deepest feelings, — their delightful plains, watered by those streams whose names are so familiar to our ears — Jordan and Arnon; Abana and Pharphar, "rivers of Damascus:" — these, with their neighbouring rocks, and lakes, and caves; their cedar groves and sandy deserts, crowding before us, offer an assemblage of eventful scenes and divine visions for description, such as no other portion of the earth could call together.

Nor is the moral aspect of the Crusades less suited to the powers of the novelist than the physical character and importance of the country which was the scene of these enthusiastic expeditions. The mighty and almost miraculous impulse so suddenly communicated to the discordant states of Europe; — the strange abandonment of all disputes, and the cessation of all mutual enmities; — an anomalous confederacy to effect a purpose which promised no increase of power or accession of territory, but which derived its importance solely from its connection with the common feelings of religion; — the incongruous mixture of theoretical piety and benevolence with practical immorality and ferocity which constituted the bands of the Crusaders; — the subsequent abatement of that glow of enthusiasm which had been kindled in the Council of Clermont, and kept alive by momentary success; — the petty interests and worldly feelings which gradually crept into and divided the camp; — the opposite

site peculiarities of national character in an army which numbered in its ranks the troops of almost every state of Europe: — all these, and a thousand other images, "begin to throng into the memory" when we read this spirit-stirring title; and it is with pleasure we add, that *some* of these volumes, in which the author has

> "Revelled among men and things divine,
> And poured his spirit over Palestine,"

will realize the brightest of our imaginations and recollections.

The work consists of two tales of most unequal merit; one intitled 'The Betrothed,' the other 'The Talisman.' The former is really a dull tale; and without going far in search of it, the cause, we think, is at once apparent. We feel the less delicacy in thus characterizing this piece, finding our opinion borne out, as it is, by that of a very competent judge; namely, the author himself; who, in a whimsical introduction, has fairly avowed as much as we have expressed. It is not a tale of the Crusaders. The scene never shifts from England and Wales. Its only connection with the East is, that the hero, the Constable of Chester, is obliged, in consequence of a vow, to pay a three years' visit to the Holy Land. The whole story suggests the idea of difficulty and labor; and looks as if a bold design had faded into a cold and feeble picture — as if the spirit of composition had been suddenly paralyzed by one of those visitations of languor — those mental siroccos — by which the delicate constitution of the imagination may sometimes be affected. Be this as it may, certain it is, that the incidents in 'The Betrothed' are neither very interesting nor very original. By loitering at home the author has narrowed his field of display, and has been reduced to the employment of materials to which even his powerful mind has found it no easy matter to impart novelty and effect. The principal characters in the piece have little hold on our sympathies. The only two personages, on whom the author has bestowed any distinctive traits, a Flemish artizan and his daughter, are too slightly connected with the story to excite any regard for themselves. That the tale possesses, even defective as it is, much of that masterly ease and natural coloring which characterize the artist, it is almost unnecessary to say: but it is, in every respect, so inferior to its companion, that we shall act wisely, we think, in turning, at once, to a strain of, indeed, a higher mood.

The transition from the coldness of 'The Betrothed' to the brilliancy and warmth of 'The Talisman' is like turning from one of Tenier's pictures, with its cloudy skies and dull

hazy grey tint, to the bright glow which is poured over the evenings of Claude. Here every thing is new and wonderful. The very style partakes of the influence of the clime, and glows with figurative and Oriental ardor. The descriptions have all the vivacity and freshness of the first touch. The incidents are, at once, striking and natural. All the grandeur, the beauty, and the nakedness of the land is spread before us; and, though slightly, the author has touched with the hand of a master the solemn associations connected with the birth-place and sojourn of the Son of Mary.

> " *Dove mori, dove sepolto fue*
> *Dove poi rivesti le membra sue.*"

Peopled with all the splendor and picturesque array of the East and West, we behold this Syrian landscape laid open to our view. The chivalry of Arabia and Europe are opposed to each other; and a brilliant procession of eastern rulers, dervises, Arabs, Christian emperors, kings, chiefs, knights, and followers, passes with most imposing grandeur before our eyes. Never, perhaps, was life and reality more completely lent to the skeletons of history; — never could we be more completely brought to feel that *so* the royal and noble leaders of this religious pageant must have lived, and moved, and had their being; — that *such* must have been their thoughts, their plans, their amusements, their loves, their jealousies, their very mode of speech and action! Never could the effect of such pomps and spectacles have been more perfectly represented than in the masterly descriptions here exhibited of the camp of the Crusaders. The cautious Philip of France, — the coarsely obtuse Austria, — the cold-hearted, ambitious Grand Master of the Templars, — the supple, politic, and treacherous Marquis of Montserrat, — are opposed to each other with all the bold distinctness yet unforced simplicity of nature; while over all moves, like a lowering cloud, the presiding spirit of Richard Cœur de Lion, — the Rinaldo of this Crusade, — hated by some, envied by others, but commanding all by the force of his character and his talents. At one moment we see him asserting or regaining, by some trait of greatness or generosity, his habitual ascendancy over the minds of his compeers, only to lose it the next by some extravagant ebullition of anger, or some unprovoked insult: yet all along redeeming his follies and faults by so much courage, good feeling, and address, that we look upon him with mingled feelings of pity and admiration. Richard is, in fact, the centre of interest, — the object on which the

attention of all the personages of the tale is fixed from first to last.

" *Dolcemente feroce alzar vedresti*
La regal fronte — e in lui mirar sol hitte.

The different radii of the story are made to tend, with great art, towards this centre; and the fortunes of the hero, who in this case possesses much of the spirit and vivacity of Quentin Durward, are very naturally linked with those of the King. But it is time to proceed a little more methodically.

It is only necessary to premise, in order to render the following incidents intelligible, that the hero, Sir Kenneth, a Scottish knight in the camp of Richard, of good family, of course, but without fortune, has dared to lift his thoughts to the Lady Edith Plantagenet, the cousin of Richard; and that his passion, if not approved, had not been discouraged by the object of his ambitious love. The tale introduces us to the young knight as he is riding along the dreary shores of the Dead Sea, charged with missives from the council of the Crusaders to a holy hermit residing at the grotto of Engaddi.

' Crossing himself, as he viewed the dark mass of rolling waters, in colour as in quality unlike those of every other lake, the traveller shuddered as he remembered, that beneath these sluggish waves lay the once proud cities of the plain whose grave was dug by the thunder of the heavens, or the eruption of subterraneous fire, and whose remains were hid, even by that sea which holds no living fish in its bosom, bears no skiff on its surface, and, as if its own dreadful bed were the only fit receptacle for its sluggish waters, sends not, like other lakes, a tribute to the ocean. The whole land around, as in the days of Moses, was " brimstone and salt; it is not sown, nor beareth, nor any grass groweth thereon;" the land as well as the lake may be termed dead, as producing nothing having resemblance to vegetation, and even the very air was entirely devoid of its ordinary winged inhabitants, deterred probably by the odour of bitumen and sulphur which the burning sun exhaled from the waters of the lake, in steaming clouds, frequently assuming the appearance of water-spouts. Masses of the slimy and sulphureous substance called naphtha, which floated idly on the sluggish yet sullen waves, supplied those rolling clouds with new vapours, and seemed to give awful testimony to the truth of the Mosaic history.

' Upon this scene of desolation the sun shone with almost intolerable splendour, and all living nature appeared to have hidden itself from the rays, excepting the solitary figure which moved through the flitting sand at a foot's pace, and appeared the sole breathing thing on the wide surface of the plain. The dress of the rider, and the accoutrements of his horse, seemed also chosen on purpose, as most peculiarly unfit for the traveller in such a coun-

try. A coat of linked mail, with long sleeves, plated gauntlets and a steel breast-plate, had not been esteemed a sufficient weight of armour. There was also his triangular shield suspended round his neck, and his barred helmet of steel, over which flowed a hood and collar of mail, which was drawn around the warrior's shoulders and throat, and filled up the vacancy between the hauberk and the head-piece. His lower limbs were sheathed, like his body, in flexible mail, securing the legs and thighs, while the feet rested in plated shoes, which corresponded with the gauntlets. A long, broad, straight-shaped, double-edged falchion, with a handle formed like a cross, corresponded with a stout poniard on the other side. Secured to his saddle with one end resting on his stirrup, the knight had his proper weapon, the long steel-headed lance, which, as he rode, projected backwards and displayed its little pennoncelle to dally with the faint breeze, or drop in the dead calm. To this cumbrous equipment must be added a surcoat, as it was called, of embroidered cloth, much frayed and worn, which was thus far useful, that it excluded the burning rays of the sun from the armour, which they would otherwise have rendered intolerable to the wearer. The surcoat bore, in several places, the arms of the owner, although much defaced. These seemed to be a *couchant* leopard, with the motto, "I sleep — wake me not." An outline of the same device might have been traced on his shield, though many a blow had almost effaced the painting. The flat top of his cumbrous cylindrical helmet was unadorned with any crest. In retaining their own unwieldly defensive armour, the northern Crusaders seemed to set at defiance the nature of the climate and country in which they were come to war.'

The solitude of the desert is suddenly broken by the approach of a Saracen cavalier, evidently "on hostile thoughts intent." — The knight, not less inclined for warfare, couches his lance; and an extraordinary combat ensues, which is described with uncommon vivacity and force. Each champion satisfied with the skill, the strength, and the bravery of the other, the Saracen proposes a truce; and the pair, so lately hostile, sit down together to their meridian repast by the side of a well-spring in the desert, with all the mutual confidence described in the fine apostrophe of Ariosto. After their repast, which on the part of the knight consists of pork and wine, and which elicits some symptoms of disapprobation from the Mahomedan warrior, they set out together for the grotto of Engaddi, dispelling the dreary route across the desert by conversations on various subjects. They unexpectedly meet the hermit near his residence, by whom they are conducted to the cavern. Sir Kenneth, who had obtained some information from his fellow-traveller as to the singular character borne by the hermit, is prepared to expect some strange scenes in the grotto, and is not disappointed. He is awakened

awakened from his sleep by a pressure on his bosom; and, looking up, he finds the hermit bending over him, by whom he is solemnly conducted to a secret chapel in the rock, brilliantly illuminated with silver lamps; and wherein was preserved a fragment of the true cross. While he is gazing on the relic a bell sounds, and a procession of ladies enters the chapel. One of them, in whom the adventurous knight recognises the lady of his heart, while traversing the altar, drops a flower twice as she passes him, at the feet of Sir Kenneth; which slight token of silent recognition fills his breast with enthusiastic visions. The hermit, under his vow of penance, had not dared to approach the relic; and, at length, reconducts the knight back to his cell. The missives are delivered; matters of importance to the crusade are adjusted between the knight, and this apparently insignificant, but really powerful agent; and the scene changes suddenly to the camp of the Crusaders. — What the precise reason of this exhibition in the chapel was, we confess we have not been able perfectly to make out: but we may observe, that the appearance of these ladies in the desert is afterwards accounted for by the explanation that Berengaria, the wife of Richard, had made a vow to visit the chapel in the wilderness for the purpose of recovering her husband's health; and that the attendant ladies had accompanied her in her pilgrimage.

An interesting conversation between Richard and his "*fidus achates*" Thomas de Vaux is interrupted by the sudden blast of Turkish trumpets, and the announcement of the return of Sir Kenneth, accompanied by a learned physician sent by Saladin to restore to health his 'brother Richard.' We quote the letter of credentials with Richard's commentary:

'Richard took a scroll, in which were inscribed these words: — "The blessing of Allah and his Prophet Mahommed," (Out upon the hound! said Richard, spitting in contempt, by way of interjection,) "Saladin, king of kings, Soldan of Egypt and of Syria, the light and refuge of the earth, to the great Melech Ric, Richard of England, greeting. Whereas, we have been informed that the hand of sickness hath been heavy upon thee, our royal brother, and that thou hast with thee only such Nazarene and Jewish mediciners as work without the blessing of Allah and our holy Prophet," (Confusion on his head! again muttered the English monarch,) "we have therefore sent to tend and wait upon thee, at this time, the physician to our own person, Adonebec el Hakim, before whose face the angel Azrael spreads his wings, and departs from the sick chamber; who knows the virtues of herbs and stones, the path of the sun, moon, and stars, and can save man from all that is not written on his forehead. And this we do,

praying you heartily to honour and make use of his skill; and, that, not only that we may do service to thy worth and valour, which is the glory of all the nations of Frangistan, but that we may bring the controversy which is at present between us to an end, either by honourable agreement, or by open trial thereof with our weapons, in a fair field. Seeing that it neither becomes thy place and courage to die the death of a slave who hath been over-wrought by his task-master, nor befits it our fame that a brave adversary be snatched from our weapon by such a disease. And therefore, may the holy ——"

' " Hold, hold," said Richard, " I will have no more of his dog of a Prophet! It makes me sick to think the valiant and worthy Soldan should believe in a dead dog. — Yes, I will see his physician. I will put myself into the charge of this Hakim — I will repay the noble Soldan his generosity — I will meet him in the field, as he so worthily proposes, and he shall have no cause to term Richard of England ungrateful. I will strike him to the earth with my battle-axe — I will convert him to Holy Church with such blows as he has rarely endured. — He shall recant his errors before my good cross-handled sword, and I will have him baptized in the battle-field, from my own helmet, though the cleansing waters were mixed with the blood of us both. Haste, De Multon, why doest thou delay a conclusion so pleasing? fetch the Hakim hither."

' " My Lord," said the baron, who perhaps saw some accession of fever in this overflow of confidence, — " bethink you, the Soldan is a Pagan, and that you are his most formidable enemy ——"

' " For which reason he is the more bound to do me service in this matter, lest a paltry fever end the quarrel betwixt two such kings. I tell thee, he loves me as I love him — as noble adversaries ever love each other — by my honour, it were sin to doubt his good faith."

' " Nevertheless, my Lord, it were well to wait the issue of these medicines upon the Scottish squire," said the Lord of Gilsland; " my own life depends on it, for worthy were I to die like a dog, did I proceed rashly in this matter, and make shipwreck of the weal of Christendom."

' " I never knew thee before hesitate for fear of life," said Richard, upbraidingly.

' " Nor would I now, my Liege," replied the stout-hearted baron, " save that yours lies at pledge as well as my own."

' " Well, thou suspicious mortal, begone then, and watch the progress of this remedy. I could almost wish it might either cure or kill me, for I am weary of lying here like an ox dying of the murrain, when tambours are beating, horses stamping, and trumpets sounding without." '

The different feelings and interests of the Crusaders on the announcement of Richard's intention are admirably depicted. Great opposition is made: but opposition only adds strength to Richard's resolution; and in the presence of the

the Grand Master of the Templars and Conrade of Montserrat, who had been deputed by the council to remonstrate with him, he drinks off the talismanic preparation of the Arabian physician. — As the discontented nobles retire from the pavilion, they communicate to each other their mutual hatred of Richard; and while the politic Marquis of Montserrat recommends the fomenting discord between Richard and Leopold of Austria, the Grand Master hints broadly at the necessity of employing darker and speedier means of removing their enemy. Conrade prevails upon him, however, to allow him one opportunity of bringing matters to a crisis; and he immediately proceeds to work on the pride and envy of Austria. Heated by wine and inflamed by the artful insinuations of the Marquis, the Archduke sallies forth at the head of his companions, determined to plant the banner of Austria by the side of that of England, which waved on a small eminence in the camp called St. George's Mount. Conrade, whose object had been gained, enters the tent of Richard, on whose disease the talisman of the Turkish physician had already begun to produce a favorable effect, and artfully leads the conversation to the exploit of the Archduke, whose followers are heard without celebrating their triumph with shouts and music; and the consequences of this drunken exploit are described in an admirably spirited and masterly style.

The task of attending to the royal banner had been conferred on Sir Kenneth; and we regret our not being able to afford room for so admirable a specimen as this part of the story furnishes of the author's superior power. The knight is seduced from his guard for a moment by a pretended message from Edith, — in reality a trick of the lively Berengaria, who had hoped to mortify Edith by shewing her that her hero might be drawn from his post, — and the knight is only recalled to his senses by the howl of his faithful dog, whom he had left on the Mount. When he returns, the standard is gone; and beside the fragments of the spear lies his hound, apparently in the agonies of death.

The effect of this intelligence on Richard, to whom it is communicated by Sir Kenneth himself, but with an absolute refusal to afford any explanation of the means which drew him from his watch, is tremendous. In the first paroxysm of his rage he seizes his battle-axe to cleave him to the ground: but the steady unshrinking look of the knight awes him from his purpose. He gives orders, however, for his instant execution. Berengaria, having now learned the fatal consequences of her frolic; she, seconded by the noble Edith, and the holy hermit of Engaddi, who had arrived at the camp, endeavors

in vain to prevent his execution. Richard, however, at length yields reluctantly to the Arabian physician, El Hakim, who claims the youth as the promised reward of the cure he had performed.

The first use which Richard makes of his renovated health is to attend the council of the Crusaders, and to re-inspire them with that enthusiasm which had declined during his sickness. Prepared as the members of the council at first are to receive him coldly, his noble aspect and princely countenance, still pale from the effects of confinement, assert their wonted dominion; and the assembled princes, rising with one accord, salute him with acclamations. He requests them successively to state their charges against him, a task which each declines till he comes to the Grand Master of the Templars.

'"My charge, if I am called on to make one," said the Master of the Templars, "is graver and deeper than that of the Marquis of Montserrat. It may be thought ill to beseem a military monk such as I, to raise his voice where so many noble princes remain silent; but it concerns our whole host, and not least this noble King of England, that he should hear from some one to his face those charges, which there are enow to press him with in his absence. We laud and honour the courage and high achievements of the King of England, but we feel aggrieved that he should, on all occasions, seize and maintain a precedence and superiority over us, which it becomes not independent princes to submit to. Much we might yield of our free will to his bravery, his zeal, his wealth, and his power; but he who snatches all as matter of right, and leaves nothing to grant out of courtesy and favour, degrades us from allies into retainers and vassals, and sullies, in the eyes of our soldiers and subjects, the lustre of our authority, which is no longer independently exercised. Since the royal Richard has asked the truth from us, he must neither be surprized nor angry when he hears one, to whom worldly pomp is prohibited, and secular authority is nothing, saving so far as it advances the prosperity of God's temple, and the prostration of the lion which goeth about seeking whom he may devour — when he hears, I say, such a one as I tell him the truth in reply to his question; which truth, even while I speak it, is, I know, confirmed by the heart of every one who hears me, however respect may stifle their voices."

'Richard coloured very highly while the Grand Master was making this direct and unvarnished attack upon his conduct, and the murmur of assent which followed it showed plainly, that almost all who were present acquiesced in the justice of the accusation. Incensed, and at the same time mortified, he yet foresaw that to give way to his headlong resentment would be to give the cold and wary accuser the advantage over him which it was the Templar's principal object to obtain. He, therefore, with a strong effort, remained silent till he had repeated a pater-noster, being

being the course which his confessor had enjoined him to pursue, when anger was likely to obtain dominion over him. The King then spoke with composure, though not without an embittered tone, especially at the outset.

'"And is it even so? And are our brethren at such pains to note the infirmities of our natural temper, and the rough precipitance of our zeal, which may sometimes have urged us to issue commands when there was little time to hold council? I could not have thought that offences, casual and unpremeditated like mine, could find such deep root in the hearts of my allies in this most holy cause, that for my sake they should withdraw their hand from the plough when the furrow was near the end; for my sake turn aside from the direct path to Jerusalem, which their swords have opened. I vainly thought that my small services might have outweighed my rash errors—that if it were remembered that I pressed to the van in an assault, it would not be forgotten that I was ever the last in the retreat—that if I elevated my banner upon conquered fields of battle, it was all the advantage that I sought, while others were dividing the spoil. I may have called the conquered city by my name, but it was to others that I yielded the dominion. If I have been headstrong in urging bold counsels, I have not, methinks, spared my own blood or my people's, in carrying them into as bold execution,—or if I have, in the hurry of march or battle, assumed a command over the soldiers of others, such have been ever treated as my own, when my wealth purchased the provisions and medicines which their own sovereigns could not procure.—But it shames me to remind you of what all but myself seem to have forgotten.—Let us rather look forward to our future measures; and believe me, brethren," he continued, his face kindling with eagerness, "you shall not find the pride, or the wrath, or the ambition of Richard, a stumbling-block of offence in the path to which religion and glory summon you, as with the trumpet of an Archangel. Oh, no, no! never would I survive the thought, that my frailties and infirmities had been the means to sever this goodly fellowship of assembled princes. I would cut off my left hand with my right, could my doing so attest my sincerity. I will yield up, voluntarily, all right to command in the host, even mine own liege subjects. They shall be led by such sovereigns as you may nominate, and their King, ever but too apt to exchange the leader's baton for the adventurer's lance, will serve under the banner of Beau-Seant among the Templars—ay, or under that of Austria, if Austria will name a brave man to lead his forces. Or, if ye are yourselves a-weary of this war, and feel your armour chafe your tender bodies, leave but with Richard some ten or fifteen thousand of your soldiers to work out the accomplishment of your vow, and when Zion is won," he exclaimed, waving his hand aloft, as if displaying the standard of the Cross over Jerusalem,—"when Zion is won, we will write upon her gates not the name of Richard Plantagenet, but of those generous princes who intrusted him with the means of conquest!"

'The rough eloquence and determined expression of the military

tary monarch at once roused the drooping spirits of the Crusaders, re-animated their devotion, and, fixing their attention on the principal object of the expedition, made most of them who were present blush for having been moved by such petty subjects of complaint as had before engrossed them. Eye caught fire from eye, voice lent courage to voice. They resumed, as with one accord, the war-cry with which the sermon of Peter the Hermit was echoed back, and shouted aloud, "Lead us on, gallant Lion's heart, — none so worthy to lead where brave men follow. Lead us on — to Jerusalem — to Jerusalem! It is the will of God — it is the will of God! Blessed is he who shall lend an arm to its fulfilment!"

'The shout, so suddenly and generally raised, was heard beyond the ring of sentinels who guarded the pavilion of council, and spread among the soldiers of the host, who, inactive and dispirited by disease and climate, had begun, like their leaders, to droop in resolution; but the re-appearance of Richard in renewed vigour, and the well-known shout, which echoed from the assembly of the princes, at once rekindled their enthusiasm, and thousands and tens of thousands answered with the same shout of "Zion, Zion! — War, war! — instant battle with the Infidels! It is the will of God — it is the will of God!"

'The acclamations from without increased in their turn the enthusiasm which prevailed within the pavilion. Those who did not actually catch the flame were afraid, at least for the time, to seem colder than others. There was no more speech except of a proud advance towards Jerusalem upon the expiry of the truce, and the measures to be taken in the mean time for supplying and recruiting the army. The council broke up, all apparently filled with the same enthusiastic purpose — which, however, soon faded in the bosom of most, and never had an existence in that of others.'

While preparations for the approaching renewal of hostilities are going on, a message arrives from Saladin with the present of a Nubian slave for Richard. Experienced novel-readers will immediately perceive that the faithful guardian thus sent is the disguised Sir Kenneth, who had been liberated by his Arabian friend and sent back to the camp, that he might have some chance of redeeming his lost honor by the detection and punishment of those who had stolen the banner. An opportunity of rendering a more important service to his royal master, however, soon occurs. A plot had been devised, by the villainy of the Grand Master, for the assassination of Richard. The Nubian arrests the murderer in the critical moment, and saves Richard: but receives a stab in the arm from a poisoned dagger. The grateful monarch, after endeavoring, in vain, to prevail on his attendants to suck the wound, applies his own lips to the arm of the slave. This incident seems to have been imitated from the similar story of Edward the First, while Prince of Wales. The monarch begins

begins to suspect the real character of the slave, and drops several hints to that effect. The pretended Nubian seizes the opportunity of communicating to the King, in writing, that he has it in his power to detect the robber who stole the standard ;— a hint at which the King grasps with eagerness, promising him a noble reward in the event of success.

The day appointed for the review of the Crusaders draws near ; and the assembled bands of Europe are paraded round the eminence on which Richard had taken his seat, with the Nubian slave at his side, accompanied by his faithful hound, to whose sagacity he trusted for the detection of the robber. One by one the splendid array of Philip passes by ; the Templars follow ; then comes Leopold, on whom Richard gazes with looks of suspicion ; and, lastly, the Marquis of Montserrat.

' That powerful and wily baron, to make the greater display of his forces, had divided them into two bodies. At the head of the first, consisting of his vassals and followers, and levied from his Syrian possessions, came his brother Enguerrand, and he himself followed, leading on a gallant band of twelve hundred Stradiots, a kind of light cavalry raised by the Venetians in their Dalmatian possessions, and of which they had intrusted the command to the Marquis, with whom the republic had many bonds of connexion. These Stradiots were clothed in a fashion partly European, but partaking chiefly of the eastern fashion. They wore, indeed, short hauberks, but had over them parti-coloured tunics of rich stuffs, with large wide pantaloons and half-boots. On their heads were straight upright caps, similar to those of the Greeks, and they carried small round targets, bows and arrows, scimitars and poniards. They were mounted on horses, carefully selected, and well maintained at the expense of the state of Venice ; their saddles and appointments resembled those of the Turks, and they rode in the same manner, with short stirrups and upon a high seat. These troops were of great use in skirmishing with the Arabs, though unable to engage in close conflict, like the iron-sheathed men-at-arms of western and northern Europe.

' Before this goodly band came Conrade, in the same garb with the Stradiots, but of such rich stuff that he seemed to blaze with gold and silver, and the milk-white plume fastened in his cap by a clasp of diamonds seemed tall enough to sweep the clouds. The noble steed which he reined bounded and caracoled, and displayed his spirit and agility in a manner which might have troubled a less admirable horseman than the Marquis, who gracefully ruled him with the one hand, while the other displayed the baton, whose predominancy over the ranks which he led seemed equally absolute. Yet his authority over the Stradiots was more in show than in substance ; for there paced beside him, on an ambling palfrey of soberest mood, a little old man, dressed entirely in black, without beard or moustaches, and having an appearance altogether mean

mean and insignificant, when compared with the blaze of splendour around him. But this mean-looking old man was one of those deputies whom the Venetian government sent into camps to overlook the conduct of the Generals to whom the leading was consigned, and to maintain that jealous system of espial and control, which had long distinguished the policy of the republic.

'Conrade, who, by cultivating Richard's humour, had attained a certain degree of favour with him, no sooner was come within his ken than the King of England descended a step or two to meet him, exclaiming, at the same time, "Ha, Lord Marquis, thou at the head of the fleet Estradiots, and thy black shadow attending thee as usual, whether the sun shines or not! — May not one ask thee whether the rule of the troops remains with the shadow or the substance?"

'Conrade was commencing his reply with a smile, when Roswal, uttering a furious and savage yell, sprung forward. The Nubian, at the same time, slipped the leash, and the hound rushing on, leapt upon Conrade's noble charger, and seizing the Marquis by the throat, pulled him down from the saddle. The plumed rider lay rolling on the sand, and the frightened horse fled in wild career through the camp.

'"Thy hound hath pulled down the right quarry, I warrant him," said the King to the Nubian, "and I vow to Saint George he is a stag of ten tynes! — Pluck the dog off, lest he throttle him."

'The Ethiopian, accordingly, though not without difficulty, disengaged the dog from Conrade, and [illegible] him up still highly excited, and struggling in the leash. Meanwhile many crowded to the spot, especially followers of Conrade, and officers of the Stradiots, who, as they saw their leader lie gazing wildly on the sky, raised him up amid a tumultuary cry of — "Cut the slave and his hound to pieces!"

'But the voice of Richard, loud and sonorous, was heard clear above all other exclamations, — "He dies the death who injures the hound! He hath but done his duty, after the sagacity with which God and nature have endowed the brave animal. — Stand forward for a false traitor, thou Conrade, Earl of Montserrat! I impeach thee of treason.

'Several of the Syrian leaders had now come up, and Conrade, vexation, and shame, and confusion, struggling with passion in his manner and voice, exclaimed, "What means this? With what am I charged? — Why this base usage, and these reproachful terms? — Is this the league of concord which England renewed but so lately?"

'"Are the princes of the Crusade turned hares or deers in the eyes of King Richard, that he should slip hounds on them?" said the sepulchral voice of the Grand Master of the Templars.

'"It must be some wild accident — some fatal mistake —" said Philip of France, who rode up at the same moment.

'"Some deceit of the enemy," said the Archbishop of Tyre.

'"A strata-

'"A stratagem of the Saracens," cried Henry of Champagne. —"It were well to hang up the dog, and put the slave to the torture."

'"Let no man lay hand upon them," said Richard, "as he loves his own life. — Conrade, stand forth, if thou darest, and deny the accusation which this mute animal hath in his noble instinct brought against thee, of injury done to him, and foul scorn to England."

'"I never touched the banner," said Conrade hastily.

'"Thy words betray thee, Conrade!" said Richard; "for how didst thou know, save from conscious guilt, that the question is concerning the banner?"

'"Hast thou then not kept the camp in turmoil on that and no other score?" answered Conrade; "and dost thou impute to a prince and an ally a crime, which, after all, was probably committed by some paltry felon for the sake of the gold thread? Or would'st thou now impeach a confederate on the credit of a dog?"

'By this time the alarm was becoming general, so that Philip of France interposed.

'"Princes and nobles," he said, "you speak in presence of those whose swords will soon be at the throats of each other, if they hear their leaders at such terms together. In the name of Heaven, let us draw off, each his own troops, into their separate quarters, and ourselves meet an hour hence in the Pavilion of Council, to take some order in this new state of confusion."

'"Content," said King Richard, "though I should have liked to have interrogated [redacted]caitiff while his gay doublet was yet besmirched with sand; but the pleasure of France shall be ours in this matter."'

The result of the deliberation of the council is, that Richard is allowed to appear, by champion, as appellant, and Conrade, in his proper person, as defendant, on a day fixed, to answer to the charge. Richard determines to allow his former favorite, Sir Kenneth, this opportunity of retrieving his credit; and without making him aware that he is acquainted with his disguise, he hints to him that, in the camp of the Mahometans, a banished chief might, perhaps, be found, who would undertake his quarrel. The grateful Nubian understands the hint, and silently accepts the offered favor. The result of the combat, which takes place on a spot selected by Saladin himself, who acts as master of the ceremonies, may be easily imagined; and the fortunate Sir Kenneth, who is ultimately discovered to be no less a personage than the Prince Royal of Scotland, is, at last, rewarded with the hand of Edith. The reception of Richard by Saladin, who turns out to be the desert champion, Ilderim, and by the physician, El Hakim, is described with masterly effect; and the tale concludes with a charming

a charming scene, which, like the voice of the angel in Adam's ear, makes us think the author

"Still speaking, still incline our ears to hear."

We have confined ourselves, in this short outline, as our readers will perceive, almost entirely to the public events which concern Richard, avoiding the under-plot of the loves of the knight and Edith. Indeed, until the story begins to draw towards a close, their connection is so distant, that we doubt whether our fair readers will think it deserves the name. Some vivacity is given to this branch of the tale, however, by the proposal which is made to unite Edith in marriage to Saladin; and thus to insure the peace of Palestine. The feelings of the Knight, who is made the bearer, as he believes, of the addresses of Saladin to his mistress, and the strong trial to which he is subjected in obedience to the commands of Richard, in preserving silence in his character of the Nubian, afford materials for some splendid passages. There is, also, much dignity and eloquence in the vindication of her own character by Edith, in answer to the badinage of Berengaria; and in her energetic pleading to Richard for the life of the knight. We see not, however, enough of her character to acquire that deep interest in her fate which is claimed by the Jewess in Ivanhoe: she is, besides, rather too collected, too high-minded, and too confident in herself, to require much of our sympathy: but the glimpses of her lofty bearing which we obtain make us regret that so much is still concealed.

Among the humbler agents of the story, Sir Thomas de Vaux is conspicuous; and a masterly sketch is made of the honest, brave, and rough Norman warrior, whose little peculiarities are brought out with all the finish of a perfect portrait; yet without interfering at all with the effect of that of his royal master. Nor is the author less happy, at least as far as European criticism may judge, in his Oriental delineations. Indeed, in their more outward and visible modifications, Asiatic manners seem marked by a breadth and distinctness which render it easy for the artist to seize their characteristic and leading features. The dialogue is imbued, but not saturated, with orientalisms: indeed, the whole is managed in that natural and unobtrusive manner by which art most effectually conceals art; and the results of long and patient observation and comparison seem poured out like the spontaneous effusions of the fancy, and will, no doubt, cause 'The Talisman' to rank, if not as the choicest, at least as one of the most acceptable presentations in that class of writings to which it belongs.

ART.

ART. VI. *Essay on Dr. Young's and M. Champollion's Phonetic System of Hieroglyphics*; with some additional Discoveries, by which it may be applied to decypher the Names of the Ancient Kings of Egypt and Ethiopia, by Henry Salt, Esq., F.R.S. his Britannic Majesty's Consul-General in Egypt, &c. &c. Royal 8vo. pp. 72. Longman and Co. 1825.

THE author of the above-mentioned essay was, at first, prejudiced against the phonetic system: but since his conversion he is become, to the full, as active in making proselytes as the first promulgator of the doctrine. Not but what he ought: at least he ought to be active in acquiring that necessary information by which alone conversion can be fairly produced; and his future diligence will, no doubt, atone for any past remissness; or rather, for any apprehension that may have arisen as to his having been remiss.

Since Mr. Salt dwells at the fountain-head, and in a public capacity, the public might, at least, hope for superior success, from his superior opportunities of promoting his pursuits in this branch of inquiry; and from his known power with his pencil. The Egyptian hieroglyphics have, hitherto, like the sources of the Nile, not been traceable, at least by our modern virtuosi: but, transported as he is thither by a power which can open to him the deep recesses wherein these secrets lie, it is but fair to expect on this subject from his Majesty's Consul-General of Egypt more than from any of his precursors.

We know not whether his new zeal may have outrun his former and better judgment: but has that zeal been derived from consciousness that Mr. S. in Egypt has been doing less toward the developement of these recondite mysteries than Dr. Young in England, or M. Champollion in France? Mr. W. J. Bankes, also, ought to be here mentioned among the explorers; since he appears, while in Egypt, to have devoted himself actively to the pursuit — to have liberally imparted what he discovered — and to have effected as much as any other student towards decyphering these hieroglyphic devices. Let us, however, now ask, are the phænomena, the reasons, or the semblances, which have satisfied the Consul, such as should satisfy the general reader of his work? This is the simple question that we shall proceed to examine, and endeavor to solve. It seems that

'The first idea of certain hieroglyphics being intended to represent sounds was suggested by Dr. Young, who, from the names of Ptolemy and Berenice, had pointed out nine, which have since proved to be correct; the former taken from the Rosetta inscription, and the latter deduced with singular ingenuity from the enchorial of the same monument. Working upon this basis, Mons. Cham-

Champollion, with happy success, made out four or five others, as also about thirty synonymes; and by the ingenious application of these, the merit of which is all his own, he has been able to turn to effect the discovery, and to decypher therewith a great number of the names of the Ptolemies and of the Roman emperors, together with their titles, which fortunately gives us the means of determining the date of most of the temples built within the period of their rule.'

Something towards determining these dates certainly seems done: but criticism must follow up and carefully sift such evidence. Kings and emperors might cause their names to be cut upon old temples, either because they had repaired or had visited them; or from their having presented them with votive offerings; or for

" Any other reason why,"

that vanity might suggest, and the power of a ruler might accomplish. More than one antient Oriental despot is accused of having destroyed those archives of their country which preceded their own reigns, in order that history might appear to commence with themselves; and, as Mr. Salt reports further on in his essay, many erasures of names have actually taken place, and many new names have been superinscribed within old hieroglyphic " rings." The reader should here be informed that the elliptical tablets, or enclosures containing proper names, are throughout Mr. S.'s essay termed *rings*.

' Mons. Champollion,' says Mr. Salt, ' has not only accomplished' what is stated above, ' but has suggested, though as Dr. Young thinks with little success, the application of these or other *congeneric* characters, to reading the names of the old Egyptian sovereigns, which undoubtedly is a great desideratum, and might lead to some important consequences in the way of illustrating the ancient history of the country.'

We think with Dr. Young, that this can have been done with but little success, or with, at least, but little certainty: for with regard to ' *congeneric*' characters and the ' thirty *synonymes*,' which are mentioned above, they are much, very much, to be distrusted, as we shall presently shew. Let us here, however, attend for a moment to the history of the author's conversion.

' It may be right here to state, that I had conceived, from the cursory notice of this discovery in the " Journal des Savans," and in the letters of my friends, a very decided prejudice against the phonetic system, as conceiving it to be founded on too conjectural a basis; but having lately received Mons. Champollion's pamphlet, as well as that of Dr. Young on hieroglyphics, I set myself seriously to the examination of their contents, being unwilling

willing to suppose that so much importance could be given, without reason, by many persons of acknowledged talents in Europe, to a discovery which appeared to me only a very vague and conjectural hypothesis. This led to a complete conviction of my error, and induced me not only to entertain a just appreciation of its value, from having been able to confirm almost every point laid down by Mons. Champollion from my own sketches, but, with the assistance of the latter, to add some important names, as well as other phonetic characters, that are likely to conduct to results of still higher value than those already attained by its authors, and to give a new lustre to this interesting discovery.'

By a note we are let into the further history of the gradual steps by which hieroglyphical interpretation has advanced. Those steps, as taken upon firm ground, are but few, and some of the slips which have been made, *en passant*, we shall anon notice: but as the note shews the starting and progress of this phonetic principle, and the active share Mr. W. J. Bankes has had in promoting its advancement, we here give it entire.

'The developement of an hieroglyphical alphabet is allowed by Mons. Champollion to have been mainly derived from a comparison of the several signs whose combinations were known to compose respectively the names of Ptolemy and of Cleopatra: he is, however, less precise in informing us from what sources this important previous knowledge was obtained. The name of Ptolemy had long since been published as such from the Rosetta stone, and had subsequently been confirmed by a collation with other Egyptian monuments. The first discovery of the name Cleopatra is due to Mr. W. J. Bankes, in 1818.

'The several steps by which this name, the most perfect in orthography of any yet decyphered, and that which has, in a manner, furnished the key to all the rest, was first ascertained, deserve to be recorded, since, while they exhibit the process of the discovery, they furnish also a plain and popular proof of its authenticity.

'All who are conversant with the sculptures on Egyptian monuments will have remarked on them the multiplied recurrence of a single figure, or of a pair of figures, offering to the gods, or receiving something from them, in almost every compartment, the more advanced figure, where there are two, being the male, and the female following: in other numerous instances the male is alone; the occurrence of the female singly is comparatively rare.

'In each of these cases, however, it is observable that where the pair appear once upon an edifice, they will, for the most part, be seen similarly associated throughout; and the same systematic repetition obtains with the figure, whether male or female, when represented singly, to a multiplication almost without limit, and

with little other variation, excepting in the details of the dress, or nature of the offering.

'This circumstance led Mr. Bankes to suspect such figures to have been intended rather for conventional portraits of the founder and foundress of the building, or occupant of the sepulchre, than for priests or priestesses, or mere mythological persons in the abstract, as more commonly supposed. In order to try the grounds of this conjecture farther he caused a search to be made for the original sarcophagus in one of the very few tombs at Thebes, (for there seem to be only two there of any note so circumstanced,) where the female figure is seen represented singly throughout. The granite cover was accordingly found, and exhibits externally a female figure, habited as Isis, sculptured in high relief; whereas in the innumerable tombs, on whose walls the representation of the other sex predominates, this place is uniformly allotted to a male with the attributes of Osiris. Thus was a strong additional presumption obtained, that the female upon the walls was identified with a female whose remains had occupied this depository, and the deduction seemed to extend to other cases of analogy. Mr. Bankes next observed that, as the Greek inscription upon the propylæum at Diospolis Parva furnishes the only example extant in all Egypt of the name of a queen Cleopatra preceding (instead of following) that of a king Ptolemy, (which is to be accounted for by referring it to the regency or reign of that Cleopatra who was guardian to her son,) so does the sculpture on the same building furnish the only example, where the female figure, offering, takes a precedence over that of the man: these, therefore, it seemed more than probable, must be intended for Cleopatra and Ptolemy. Accordingly, Mr. Bankes proceeded to confront the supposed name of Ptolemy, as furnished to him from the Rosetta stone by Dr. Young, with the hieroglyphical designation over the male figure, and found an exact agreement.

'Here was a fresh testimony afforded to the soundness of that discovery, and the strongest presumption established, that the characters surmounting the female must be those which designated Cleopatra.

'The next step was to examine, whether the same two names could be found on the shaft of the obelisk which Mr. Bankes was removing from Philæ, that being a known memorial of a Ptolemy and his two Cleopatras; and upon both being detected, not upon that only, but upon a little temple also at Philæ, where Mr. Bankes had discovered a dedicatory inscription in Greek of the same sovereigns, the matter was brought to complete proof, and the result was accordingly communicated by Mr. B. both to Mr. Salt and to Dr. Young, and noted by him also in pencil in the margin of many copies, which he afterwards distributed, of the lithographic print of his obelisk; it was so noted, amongst others, in the margin of that sent to Paris to be presented to the French Institute by Mons. Denon.

'To the plate of that obelisk Mons. Champollion refers for the discovery and proof of this important name; but it will be obvious that,

that, without other data, a mere collation of the Greek on the pedestal with the hieroglyphics on the shaft could not, in this instance, have led to such a result, the name of two distinct Cleopatras being recited in the Greek text, whilst the only name (besides that of Ptolemy) which occurs twice in the hieroglyphs, is not that of Cleopatra, but one which seems to contain the mystic title, whose precise interpretation is still unknown, as is that also of a fourth name, which, like Cleopatra, occurs once only, and is different from all.

'These facts are stated, not so much with a view of detracting from any credit assumed, on whatever grounds, by Mons. Champollion, as of proving that the chain of evidence which establishes this important name is much more full and complete than Mons. Champollion has been able to make it appear to his readers.'

Another firm step was made in the year 1818, for which also the public is indebted to the enterprise and observation of Mr. Bankes. We must, however, exhibit the author's own array, of his own convictions, before we bring forward a body of opinions to oppose it.

'It may,' says he, 'be here a proper place, as I am about to leave my guides, to sum up the reasons which have induced me to believe in the correctness of the phonetic system, vague as it must appear on the first view, and unlike as it is to every thing appertaining to what we have been taught to conceive of a written character. In the first place, the fact of there being a similar usage of phonetic characters in an existing language, the Chinese, as very aptly instanced by Dr. Young, is a circumstance much in its favor; then the progress of the discovery, and the facts connected with it, the name of Ptolemy being taken from the Rosetta inscription, and consequently resting on the basis of an accompanying Greek translation; the name of Berenice, so happily deduced by Dr. Young from the enchorial on the same stone; the circumstance of the same name of Ptolemy being found on so many buildings evidently of a posterior date in the style of their architecture to the older monuments of Egypt; the name of Cleopatra being found as mother to a young Ptolemy at Ernent and Koos, at the latter of which there is a Greek inscription, in which Cleopatra is represented as reigning with her son; the same being represented as wife to a Ptolemy at Gau Kibeer, at Dakké, in a little temple at Philæ, dedicated to Venus Aphrodite, and in another discovered by me, dedicated to Esculapius, of which I shall have hereafter to speak; in all of which it corresponds to the same name in Greek inscriptions found there; and also the same name accompanying in so many other temples the name of Ptolemy; the name of Ptolemy with Cleopatra being, on the fine propylon at Karnak, represented as son of Ptolemy and Arsinoe; the name of Alexander, son of Amun, being found together with that of Philip; the name of Ptolemy being, as at Edfou, followed by the title of Alexander, and by the name of Berenice his wife;

the titles of Autokrator-Sebastos, Eusebes, Kaisar, being continually found with the names of the emperors, but never with those of the Ptolemies; the titles of Germanicus, Dacicus, being found annexed only to the sovereigns who bear those titles on their medals; the name of Adrian being prefixed, as it should be, to the name of the Emperor Trajan; the greater part of the names of the emperors, from Augustus to Commodus, being found on temples and edifices evidently in their style, of a more modern date than those of the age of the Ptolemies, the more recent of these buildings bearing evident marks of a very corrupt taste, as at Contra-Latopolis, at the little temple near Esné, and the temple at Kolapshi; the circumstance of these names and titles not being confined to a few isolated rings, but being engraved by hundreds and thousands, throughout the separate edifices, and there being no other rings in the said edifices but what apply to those who had a share in the construction; the ring containing the name of Adrian being sculptured on a column, the hieroglyphics of which are known by a Greek inscription to have been sculptured immediately after that reign; the name of Soter being repeatedly to be made out in the phonetic characters among the hieroglyphics on a mummy-case of a person whose name was Soter, as appears by the inscription in Greek written on the same case, and above all, this name being found placed exactly after the name of Osiris, as Dr. Young had before stated the names of the deceased to be found in hieroglyphics on the body of most papyri.

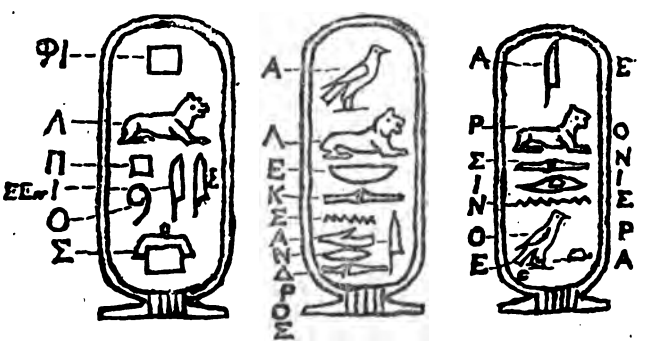
'*These* and many other analogous circumstances make out such a body of concurring testimony as cannot, in my mind, be resisted, and which the more accurately they are examined into, the more they corroborate, prove, and establish the certainty of this phonetic alphabet, and the truth of the deductions which Mons. Champollion has drawn from it.'

The reader has now fairly before him the extent to which those who have studied the subject have succeeded in developing the Egyptian mysteries, of which the work before us treats; and they will also perceive the progress of that change which the mind of Mr. S. underwent on the subject. — Now, notwithstanding the hopes we entertained, from the respect we attached to the names and characters of the indagators, were strong, our prejudices, though they would not so easily give way, precisely agreed with those which are so clearly and frankly acknowleged by Mr. S. We entertain doubts and scruples, which it is our duty to state, together with our reasons for not embracing what is called "the phonetic system." We the less hesitate to do this from foreseeing that, should the remarks which we shall preceed to make be attended with any consequences, those consequences must either be to set the public on its guard against the too ready reception of the explanations that are offered, or to send the learned inspectors back to a more critical collation of their

their Egyptian authorities. Either or both of these effects may result from an examination of Mr. Salt's labors: but as his book contains a good deal, also, of what has been discovered by Dr. Young, Mr. Bankes, and M. Champollion, we should perhaps rather say of the joint labors of these hieroglyphic scholars.

There was a French boy at *our school*, who had a notion that arithmetical reputation consisted in shewing up much and shewing up often: but he was frequently sent back to correct errors. We fear that M. Champollion but too much resembles this French boy; and hope Mr. Salt will not be induced, by any hasty ambition, or by any dread of being behindhand with his compeers, to follow his example. — However this may be, "out of their own mouths" we judge these hieroglyphical elders.

The author has given two folding lithographs containing specimens of the names of kings, queens, and emperors; and one with those of deities, copied from obelisks, temples, mummy-cases, and other Egyptian monuments. From these we have extracted three of the most popular, and which rank among those supposed to be best authenticated. Without these ocular specimens we could not easily have shewn how far Mr. Salt's arguments are, or are not, sustained by his proofs; and our further intercourse with the reader on this subject would have been thus rendered more laborious and more doubtful in its issue.



The three specimens we have extracted are the reputed phonetic names of *Philip*, from the granite sanctuary at Karnac, — of *Alexander*, from the same, — and of *Arsinoe*, from Gau-Kibeer. Opposite to each Egyptian sign of sound, contained in these figures, is placed its corresponding Greek letter or letters, as nearly as circumstances enabled us to ascertain them.

Before, however, we proceed to comment upon these examples, we have to remark concerning the name of Philip, what, though it may be deemed a strong corroboration of the phonetic system, we do not find elsewhere noticed; namely, assuming, or taking for granted, that it is the name of Philip which is here hieroglyphically set before us, the elementary signs of which its consists cannot be *signs of ideas*, and, therefore, with the greater plausibility may it be inferred that they are phonetics, or *signs of sounds*: for, ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ is a Greek *word of meaning*, signifying *lover of horses*; and its corresponding hieroglyphs, had signs of ideas been intended to be used, would have been those which represented, or aptly expressed, the two leading *ideas* in this compound term; namely, *lover*, and *horses*, connected by some hieroglyphical particle; such as, in p. 57., Mr. S. says the Egyptians pronounced "*en*;" all which, two squares, a lion, two feathers, a tablet, &c., could, by no possibility, be intended or understood to denote.

We now come to try the merits of this system by the examples given; and a very cursory inspection will shew that the preceding three names will not bear that most direct, simple, and obvious criterion to which every reader would naturally subject them; namely, that of comparison with each other. It being agreed that the Egyptian and the Greek characters are severally and respectively the signs of those elementary sounds which express the three several names of Philip, Alexander, and Arsinoe, we will submit a short example just to put the reader's mind in the right way of pursuing the comparison. The *alpha* of Alexander is a bird; and according to Mr. S. either a hawk, or a crow, or an eagle*; (not a goose of the Nile;) while the *alpha* of Arsinoe is a knife or a feather — (most likely intended for the latter). The next letter, or *sound*, in both these names is expressed by a lion, — which like sign appears also in the preceding name of Philip, and thus seems to be a tolerably well authen-

* 'In the hieroglyphics allotted to Berenice, both Dr. Young and Mons. Champollion concur in giving a goose of the Nile as the final character: but in all the rings that I have collected containing that name at Karnac, Edfou, little temple near Esné, Dakke, &c. the bird is either a hawk, or a crow, or eagle, as in the name of Cleopatra; nor do I as yet find any other bird to which the sound of A can be attributed. Mons. Champollion, besides the goose for A, has given the same hieroglyphic for Σ, and the chicken for A, from his ring containing the name of Alexander, but for neither of these do I find in my sketches any certain authority.' — *Salt's Essay*, p. 5.

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ticated L: but if it mean the sound *lambda* in Alexander and Philip, by what hieroglyphical transmutation can it also mean *re* in *Ar*sinoe?

Without here pursuing this comparison further, the student will easily carry on the remainder. To facilitate this we have, in the presumed name of Arsinoe, affixed the Greek letters on each side of the hieroglyphics, lest it might have been intended to have it read from the bottom upwards, and that of Alexander from the top downwards.

Such discrepancies are admitted: but still, says the author, 'from these names (*i. e.* of emperors and kings) I have been able to deduce about twenty new *synonymes;* all of which are marked in the explanations of plate ii., with a reference to the particular ring or rings by which they have been established. I have noted also the temple from which each was taken.' It is in this way that hypothetical reasoners often deceive themselves, by endeavoring to heap up minor argument when the major is deficient or altogether wanting; and seek to atone to themselves or to others for its absence by subordinate and petty exactness, or by a semblance of exactness. Instead of assuming that he had fully established these said synonymes, would it not have been better for Mr. S. to have explained *how* he deduced the import of each? Other Egyptian travellers and critics would like to know by what process hieroglyphical synonymes are to be deduced from the comparison of different rings, supposed to contain the phonetic names of antient kings and emperors. As Mr. S. withholds the key to this secret, his proofs appear to rest only on the existing differences of these emblematic devices. — His argument amounts to something like this, — that, finding the names *different*, I inferred they were *the same!*

We have further to observe, that the term *synonyme* has no relation to *elementary sounds*, though here used as if it had; and this deceptive application of the word can only tend to bring the system or hypothesis which it is dragged in to support into suspicion or discredit. In modern times, and in copious languages, we all know that many words, though differently composed, come so near to one another in their several significations, that, in the uncritical intercourse of common life, they are held to be synonymous: but what has this to do with the subdivisions of vocal sound, when analysed into its simplest elements? Suppose, for instance, that neither Mrs. Piozzi, nor any one else, had pointed out the delicate shades of difference between words vulgarly esteemed synonymes, and that two or more sounds had really been used promiscuously to signify exactly the same thing, this would not go even

the shortest possible distance towards proving that two or more hieroglyphs signify the same elementary sound; and much less could it be given as a reason why two or even ten emblematic forms of things should have been employed in those past ages to denote the same elementary sound, when simplicity must have been the prevailing law. Neither the Egypto-Greeks nor the Greco-Egyptians who formed the phonetic names of Philip, Alexander, and Arsinoe, (if such be the contents of the hieroglyphical rings exhibited by Mr. S.) could on any rational principle have introduced FOUR *betas* and TEN *mus* in their sacred alphabet; and still less likely is it that they would attempt to express by the same identical sign the very opposite sounds of L and R. These things are not only incompatible with each other, but absurd in themselves.

We should recollect, too, that the proper names of individuals are the most untractable species of words of any; because they admit of no moods or tenses, or any other kind of modification. The same person always writes his name in the same letters. The Greco-Egyptians are known to have been a polished and literary people; and what should we think now-a-days, if, in our own country, and on great public and sculptural occasions, such as the erection of marble monuments, the names of Young, Salt, and Champollion were each to be spelled in a manner different to that we had always found them to be.— If *Salt*, for example, were to be written *Halt*, upon any great commemorative occasion, suppose on the vestibule of a temple of Fame, would not our apprehensions halt at the perusal; and must we not finally be compelled to suppose that some other individual was intended to be designated than his Britannic Majesty's Egyptian Consul-General? Can we fancy it possible that in any sculptured tablet *George Rex* should be engraved *Gorge Vex?* Yet this would not be more preposterous than the dissimilarity between each of the author's three phonetic names of the Queen of Arsinoe, as exhibited in Nos. 12, 13, 14. of his first plate; or than several other of his miscalled synonymes.

Again, if some of the hieroglyphical characters are symbols of ideas, whilst others are signs of sounds, how are inscriptions containing both to be analysed? How are we to distinguish the parts understood to be phonetic from those which are not? Mr. Salt's mode of interpretation, to which we shall presently advert, seems no sufficient clue to this labyrinth. We must here explain:—proper names are *sounds*, and nothing but sounds: if hieroglyphically represented, therefore, the emblems used must, of course, be *only* signs

signs of sounds, — that is to say, phonetic in their very nature and purpose. The proper names of certain kings and deities which never, perhaps, existed but in sound, with some few of their inseparable attributes, comprize the whole of the phonetic symbols which have yet emerged from their Egyptian obscurity to modern notice. The attributes here alluded to are of a simple and almost indispensable nature. In fact, the indications of gender, the single preposition *of*, and the single adjective *beloved*, are all that it is even pretended has been interpreted; and concerning these the expounders themselves are so at variance that we must needs be sceptical. An important and leading question is, whether any of the hieroglyphics excepting proper names are phonetic? The species of emblems enclosed, as shewn in the cut, differs, without doubt, from the rest found in the inscriptions where they present themselves; or why should they have been thus enclosed? In alphabetical languages it is not customary to separate proper names from other words. Why? — Evidently because *all* letters are simple signs of sounds. The ring, or tablet, then, seems to say, whatever I enclose or present to the eye is a composite sound, consisting of those elementary sounds of which you here behold the several conventional signs. This, as before explained, is the very nature of proper names, which form no necessary or constituent parts of a language. We should conjecture that the practice of thus inscribing and enclosing the names of the Egyptian monarchs originated with the shepherd kings, or whoever else may have been the earliest conquerors of Egypt. The names of these foreigners being unsuited to the native language, the hierophants probably could not, without infinite perplexity, have expressed them in any other manner. To have attempted it, they must have sought for *ideas* in the names; and, where they could trace such, must have symbolized them, somewhat in the manner before intimated concerning that of Philip of Macedon; or in the way they are supposed to have symbolised the word *beloved*, which some think is signified by a *twisted cord*. This is the opinion of Dr. Young: but Mr. Salt would substitute a *hoe* for *beloved*; and reserve the twisted cord to express the phonetic name of the god *Pthah*. The proofs he exhibits are not, however, very satisfactory. Though it might perhaps have been adopted as a sign of that species of parental or preceptive solicitude, which would weed out what is amiss from the mind of youth, still, *a hoe* is not likely to have been employed as a general symbol of love. Now a twisted cord, especially if supposed to be of silk, or some precious material, is not inaptly expressive of intimacy; em-

embracing a mutual or sympathetic union. It might thus be an intelligible *general* symbol, resting on analogy which the imagination could readily apprehend and supply. However these matters may be determined, all proper names are not like the Greek *Philippos*, pregnant with meaning; and if they were, the sounds would convey no such meanings in a foreign land and language.

Do, or do not, these considerations form a reasonable presumption that no other hieroglyphics are intended to be *phonetically* understood than those which are enclosed in rings? Does not the very circumstance of their being thus enclosed shew that such separated words are *anomalies?* —We do not perceive that Mr. Salt has noticed this important point: but it appears to us, that either this is the case, or *all* hieroglyphics are signs of sounds; and we cannot now read them because the local meanings that were originally annexed to those several sounds are lost. If the sacred language differed from the antient popular language, or vulgar tongue, of Egypt, we fear the means of interpreting the symbolical inscriptions is irrecoverably lost. The common language of antient Eygpt is not likely to be rescued from oblivion through the modern Copts: but concerning this we shall submit the sentiments which the author's better opportunities allowed him to form, when we come to his concluding opinion of the phonetic hieroglyphics.

Gentlemanly manners seem to have occasioned something of mutual deference between the three principal explorers of these mysterious characters; and to have induced a sort of conventional or reciprocally understood agreement to admit, as far as they each can, the inferences of one another. Hence, a considerable number of very different signs appear to have been recognized by each party as expressive of the same elementary sound. In the phonetic alphabet, which forms the subject of Mr. Salt's sixth plate, these are severally distinguished by the initials placed over each character, of Salt, Young, and Champollion. Of the eleven *sigmas* thus exhibited, two are Dr. Young's, four are Mr. Salt's; (of which four two are also marked with a small *q.*, which we take to denote questionable) and five are from the more ambitious and less uncertain M. Champollion. Mr. W. J. Bankes, one of the most observant of Egyptian travellers, seems to steer, on this subject, the more steady and independent course. He lends his aid without putting forward his name as authority; and takes no share in the seeming compact of deference to which we before alluded. If we rightly conjecture, those notes to the present work, which are dated London, 1825, are from his pen;

pen; and they are, in general, replete with facts that are highly acceptable. We should, however, like to ask, *how* 'Mr. Bankes *ascertained* that a greater portion of the language called Barábra, now spoken in Nubia, is identical with the antient Coptic.'* If the *Barábra* be the antient vocal and written language of Egypt, a great deal indeed of our future knowlege of the hieroglyphics will rest on the explanations it may afford; since it holds out the only practical and available link we know of, which is capable of connecting these antient records with modern interpretation.

We cite the following passage from p. 57., as shewing how nearly our sentiments concur with those of the author; at least, with those conveyed in his concluding paragraph: for on the *facts* which he says are 'now clearly established,' we are far from being of one opinion.

'I shall here conclude for the present with an opinion, that the fact being now clearly established that phonetic hieroglyphics were in use in the earlier period of the Egyptian monarchy, their application will not be found to be confined to the names of gods, kings, or places. Two demonstrative articles, "ta," "pa," masculine and feminine, "en," the sign expressing "of," and "mi," signifying "appertaining to," or "beloved," have already been discovered; and I do not hesitate to say that, with a complete knowledge of Coptic, and close application to this study in Egypt, a person might be able in no long time to decipher whole inscriptions. Every where, I conceive, the real hieroglyphics and phonetic characters will be found to be mingled together, as in the rings of the Ptolemies and Roman emperors; and this of course will require a double study, in which any great progress can only be the result of extreme patience and labour.'

In a subjoined postscript, the author writes,

'I think it necessary to state that I have been almost deterred from this publication by a sight of the last work of M. Champollion *fils*, in which I find that this eminent scholar has forestalled me in a great number of my names of Egyptian gods and kings. The present essay, I have to state, was written and shown to several persons in February last, when a series of family afflictions and severe illness prevented its being fairly copied out, and the plates completed up to the present time. During this period, I think at the latter end of April, M. Champollion's Egyptian Pantheon, or at least some numbers of it, were shown to me by M. Le Lorraine, to whom I had communicated the scope of this essay; and on the third of August I saw in the hands of Signor Anastasy, but have not yet read it, the first copy of M. Champollion's "Pré-

* Note to p. 57.

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cis du Systême Hiéroglyphique des Anciens Egyptiens," (Paris, 1824,) that reached Egypt; and I can conscientiously assert that I have not altered a single word in this essay in consequence of the sight of either of his works.

'Though the publication of M. Champollion's last work is in 1824, (I do not know the month,) it is not improbable that his catalogue of kings may have been made out some time before; so that he in all likelihood may have the honor of prior discovery, as of publication. It cannot, however, but be gratifying to him, as it has been to me, to find his ideas thus confirmed by the singular coincidence of two persons in such distant parts of the globe, without the slightest communication between them, coming by different modes of deduction to the same conclusions on so unpromising and intricate a subject; a circumstance that seems to me to afford the surest proof of the solidity of the basis on which our premises are founded — his phonetic alphabet; the correctness of which becomes thereby, I conceive, most decisively established, and it is this in great measure which has determined me to persist in the publication.'

But there is not much to interest the public in this self-gratulation; and the attentive reader will remark, that if M. Champollion's phonetic alphabet be 'the basis on which their premises are founded,' how can Mr. Salt say, that C. and himself 'came by different modes of deduction to the same conclusions?' Again, if the solidity of the basis is to be proved by the phonetic alphabet, how can the solidity be said to establish the correctness of the alphabet, since the same thing cannot be both cause and effect in the same case? — If a tortoise supports the elephant that supports the world, how should the elephant support the tortoise? How should all this be, while the asserted fundamental alphabet is full of discrepancy, — of such diversity of '*synonymes*' as they are very accommodatingly termed? We learn, however, from a passage before cited from p. 2., that Dr. Young is far less accommodating on this point than Mr. S.; and we are firmly persuaded, that more accurate examination will stop Messrs. Salt and Champollion from adding what they term 'a synonyme,' instead of studying to get over a seeming or real objection or impediment. At present it appears as if neither of them could make any progress, without their ten *nus* and eleven *sigmas*, which is about as bad as carrying the wild etymological jargon of Mr. Jacob Bryant and his school, which is now becoming obsolete, into the science of antiquarian research. It is mistaking quicksands for firm ground. Almost any visionary hypothesis might be speciously made out under such licence. Can it be possible that the wise Egyptians, — the tutors of Thales, Solon, and Pythagoras, — should have employed

ployed a shepherd's crook; an egg; a star; a tablet; a heart and cross *; and a flail, *beside five other* hieroglyphics; and all to express one and the same *simple sound?* The reader will readily answer this question.

If in the present state of Egyptian research, a philosopher should inquire, "What is to be learned in this hieroglyphical lore?" we are afraid that Dr. Young, Mr. W. J. Bankes, and the more wary scholars, must candidly reply in the words of Pope,

> "Tis but to know, how little can be known;
> To see all other's faults, and feel our own."

ART. VII. *Lochandhu;* a Tale of the Eighteenth Century. 3 Vols. 12mo. 1*l.* 1*s.* Boards. Constable and Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, and Co. London. 1825.

THERE is, we know, a prevailing prejudice against all attempts to follow with a view to reap, in the same fairy-land, honors like to those which have have been followed and reaped by the author of Waverley. It is not, however, quite fair prejudice. Whatever degree in the scale of criticism its offspring may be permitted to occupy, the faculty of imitation is a gift of genius as inherent as is that of invention itself. Those treasures which one mind has left behind it may be improved and refined by the genius and taste of later ages, so as to be heightened in worth and longer preserved. It is analogous in mechanics and the fine arts — it is so in the more sublime sciences — and why should not the mental works of genius admit of being enriched? To the ideas and charms of their predecessors are we indebted for many of the finest effusions of Shenstone and Beattie — of Burns and Byron; and what critic would think of sitting down to measure, by standards of questionable originality, every thought and word in the structure of a romance fabricated after the fashion of the Waverley novels. The poetical works of their author are not less worthy of our admiration than his prose; and yet, while those who draw from the same fountain-head and pursue the same bourn as that admired genius are deemed intruders, who hears it ever averred, as matter of reproach, that the bard of the North is a copyist of the old ballad-writers? Why may not then his prose-writings be made sub-

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* This same heart and cross stands also for Z in the same alphabet; and stands thus on Mr. Salt's authority.

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jects of imitation, as long as his rhymes are imitative of those sung by not less lowly nor less revered minstrels?

With these observations we beg to introduce 'Lochandhu' to our readers. It is a romantic story of the Waverley school, illustrating, however, no particular historical events, but abounding with captivating incidents, and with sketches of some of the wildest scenery of Scotland.

The following is an outline of the story: Amherst Oakenwold, the only son of a gouty, passionate, and half-superannuated English admiral, taking alarm at his father's expressed resolution to marry him to a lady whom he dislikes, — a Miss Olivia Delassaux, the proprietrix in her own right, as was conceived, of a large and antient estate contiguous to Oakenwold manor, — embarks on board a revenue cruizer, commanded by an old friend of his father's. The commander, Captain Cleaver, — we wish the author had favored him with a more aristocratic name, — directs his course to Scotland; for, being made acquainted with the cause of Amherst's flight, he joins him in thinking, that a short absence would subdue the Admiral's temper, and reconcile him to the scruples of his son. They land on the coast of Scotland, and after sundry incidents become acquainted with various personages, as the following extract will shew. The scene is a club-room at an inn.

'The seats in the neighbourhood of the chair were occupied by the lairds of Blutterbog, Whinnyshaw, Blawweary, Crazletap, Windlestrawlee, and Windygoul, individuals having so little particularly striking or characteristic about them, as to require no minute delineation.

'After them came Bailie Sparrowpipe the mercer from the neighbouring borough, a tall, thin, spindle-shanked man about forty-five or fifty; a sort of dandy of the day, with white thread stockings, large brass buckles, short-knee'd black serge breeches, yellow waistcoat, and cinnamon-coloured coat, of the old cut, pale face, and small pinking eyes, which had enough ado to see beyond a long sharp-pointed nose, and his hair peaked up in a toupee before, and tied in a silk bag behind. His body was bent forward at about half its altitude, in an angle so acute, that his nose and toes always entered a room several seconds before the rear-guard of his person. This conformation, in the opinion of many, was bestowed originally upon them by nature; but it was more generally believed, that he owed it partly, if not wholly, to the obsequious bows he made over the counter to the ladies who frequented his shop.

'Next to Sparrowpipe sat Deacon M'Candy the grocer, a thick-set round-bellied vulgar little man, with a bluish red face and fiery eyes, betokening a lurking violence of temper, capable of occasionally rousing him from that natural apathy indicated by the stupidity of his countenance.

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'On the opposite side of the table to him sat Dr. Partenclaw, who prided himself upon his vocal powers, and who had been leader of the catch. He was a little man with a large jowl, pig's eyes, red hooked nose, sack belly, spindle thighs, cased in dirty leather breeches, and limbs bound in a sort of black leather greaves, fastened with iron clasps.

'Besides these, there were some inferior persons, who, as they seated themselves there for no other purpose than to assist in emptying the hogshead, to fill up the chorus of the songs, or to join in the roar or laugh, are hardly worth particularizing.'

From this it is easy to perceive that our author can wield his pencil with no feeble hand. The period to which he alludes is evidently the *last quarter* of the eighteenth century. His characters are, indeed, legitimate objects of caricature; and he is far from being sparing of his coloring. Though he by no means presents a favorable picture of the manners of the Highlanders, which it has been recently so fashionable to hyperbolize, we have no hesitation in affirming, that it is, on the whole, one pretty near the life.

It is while spending his time with these worthies that our hero, in a chance stroll, happens to rescue Lord Eaglesholme from being murdered by two Highland barbarians. This is a nobleman of retired, learned, eccentric, and melancholy habits, who has under his charge a beautiful young lady, Miss Eliza Malcolm, living with him as his niece, to whom, of course, our young Englishman becomes speedily and violently attached. The passion, as it ought to be, is reciprocal: but as the course of "true love," according to the poet, "did never yet run smooth," their hopes of happiness are blighted, by his Lordship announcing, that if our hero is pleased to sigh for Miss Malcolm he must sigh in vain.

The consequence of this barrier to his hopes is a sojourn among the mountains, upon which he adventures at the suggestion and invitation of M'Gillivray, whose abode among the hills bearing the designation of *Lochandhu*, gives that name to its lord, and to the work we are considering.

The absence of Amherst in Scotland produces no little uneasiness, as may be guessed, at Oakenwold manor, in Kent. The lady, to whom he was considered to be almost engaged, becomes nearly ruined by her extravagance. Her aunt, Lady Deborah Delassaux, had long intrigued with an Italian of low birth, whose son she wished to wed to Miss Delassaux, but is defeated in her projects; and as a dernier resource, as well to veil her own enormities, as to avert the fall of her family, she induces this Italian, assisted by a smuggler of the north, to carry off Miss Malcolm from Eaglesholme Castle.

It

It appears that Lady Deborah, in her amours on the Continent, with Lord Eaglesholme, had given birth to a daughter, and she, as well as his Lordship, conceives Miss Malcolm to be that identical child. It turns out, however, that she is a very different personage; for an old female dwarf, who makes a considerable figure in the piece, having deceived his Lordship in the first instance, as well as Lady Deborah, at length proclaims Miss Malcolm to be the rightful heir of the Delassaux estates, and Miss Delassaux herself to be a surreptitious child. The consequence is, that these estates become the possessions of Miss Malcolm, who subsequently herself becomes the bride of our hero.

The plot is a little obscure, and our credulity is occasionally put to the stretch. The narrative is, on the whole, very interesting. The author's style, also, is bold and nervous; and the distinctness of his characters, combined with the other qualifications which he displays, shew how well he understands the handicraft of novel-writing.

The following are his portraits of Miss Malcolm and Lord Eaglesholme, on the introduction of Amherst:

'Eliza saw her uncle, before she perceived that he was followed by a stranger, and springing up, she ran towards him with great liveliness, and seizing him by the hand, exclaimed,

'"Oh! I am so glad you are come, my dear, dear uncle; now you must kiss me twice to-day, because I shall show you such a beautiful piece of work as ——"

'Here, seeing Amherst, she stopped in unspeakable confusion; her laughing eyes fell upon the ground, and she stood blushing beside her uncle, who still retained her hand.

'Amherst gazed upon them both, and he felt as if he looked upon beings of a superior race: he, tall, manly, dignified, with just enough of the traces of age to give powerful lines and forcible expression to his finely-formed features, his dark mustachios, his raven locks hanging in graceful abundance over his shoulders, his body gently bent over his niece, and his full black eyes regarding her with the tenderest affection: she, all loveliness, gentleness, and grace, her figure rather above the middle size of woman, but soft and delicate in its mould, clothed in a long robe of rich rose-coloured silk, easily folded over the swell of her bosom, bound round her waist by a broad golden zone clasped with brilliants, and falling over her person in ample folds of drapery, covering an under garment of white embossed silk. Her hair, radiant as the sun, partly thrown aside from her alabaster forehead, and partly shading it with natural ringlets, was collected behind by a golden comb and pearl loop, whence it strayed in luxuriant curls over her back, and around her beautiful neck, purer than the string of pearls that encircled it. Her oval countenance, her Grecian nose, her large and melting blue eyes, the regular arch

arch of her eyebrows, her delicate mouth, the extreme clearness and brilliancy of her complexion, heightened by the modest confusion she now betrayed, and, above all, by that angelic expression of innocence naturally belonging to her, presented a contrast of the most interesting description, where the peculiar traits of each were relieved and brought out by those of the other.'

Amherst's departure from the hostelry, in the company of Lochandhu, the scenery in their route, and the residence of the Highlander; the appearance, also, of Lady Deborah when apprized by Sir William Percival, a magistrate, and the old Admiral, that the Delassaux estates were no longer the possessions of her reputed niece, Miss Delassaux, are well-wrought specimens, that we would gladly have extracted had our limits allowed it. These, however, are perhaps surpassed by an account of the ludicrous plight in which the steward of the estates (who conceived he had, by fraud, mortgage, and assignment, secured them to himself,) appears, when he is informed of the new heiress.

Although our excerpts have been too scanty, and our sketch too brief, to do justice to the author, we doubt not but our readers will discover that these volumes possess merit of a superior order, and have claims upon the public of a much higher kind than most of those contemporaneous works which are offered to the notice of such as read for entertainment, and for learning the characters of people and countries at different periods, through mirrors of the fascinating kind of that which the author of Lochandhu has presented.

ART. VIII. *A Succinct View and Analysis of authentic Information extant, in Original Works, on the Practicability of joining the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, by means of a Ship-Canal across the Isthmus of America.* By Robert Birks Pitman. 8vo. pp. 229. Richardson. 1825.

IN the early part of the present year an association was formed for the purpose of effecting, by means of a ship-canal across the isthmus of America, a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The project is, we scarcely need say, gigantic; and one which, on a first glance, seems fit only to be classed among the chimerical speculations so common in these days; and which, having been made subjects of curiosity for the sake, perhaps, of duplicity, pass, if unsuccessful, into oblivion. The author of the volume before us has supplied those who may be desirous to ascertain the practicability of such an undertaking as that proposed, with much interesting evidence on the topographical features of

the isthmus, and on the local peculiarities relative to winds, weather, tides, climates, and other physical effects and contingencies necessary to be considered previous to such a work being commenced, to which information he has added many judicious remarks of his own; and though numerous and complicated difficulties seem to interfere with all the different plans which have been suggested, still we are not disposed to treat the enterprize as impracticable.

Many of our readers are, no doubt, aware that it is no new project. So early as the year 1528, plans were submitted, by experienced engineers, to the court of Madrid for effecting a junction of the river Chagre with the bay of Panama. The different parts of the isthmus which offered most facilities for carrying the object into effect have since been frequently laid before the Spanish and English governments. The narrow and erroneous policy of the former with regard to its American possessions prevented any attention being paid from that quarter to these propositions, except so far as went to suppress them; and it could scarcely be expected that the British government would entertain them, without some control over the territory connected with the scheme. Other reasons, also, might operate with the heads of our own nation which it is not necessary here to consider: but since a more mutual understanding has been established between the trans-Atlantic states, which such a project concerns, and our own, it is possible that objections, which formerly prevailed against an attempt of this great commercial nature, may be rendered less formidable by the political changes which have taken place.

To attempt any thing like a regular foresight of all the moral consequences which might result from a communication being thus opened with the populous and rich territories of the East, is a step beyond our province. The more the intercourse between all the societies of mankind on the face of the earth is facilitated the more benefits must ensue; and as the mighty design of connecting the two great oceans by a strait would tend to promote a more direct commerce between the East and West, so far we deem it desirable that, if it can, it should be accomplished.

As to the practicability of the scheme, some idea may be formed from the evidence which Mr. P. has collected, and to which, as we can only allude generally, we refer our readers for all particulars. Of the several courses through the isthmus by which different authorities have proposed to have the necessary operations carried on, the author has chosen only five as worthy of attention; and which are each traced in a map.

map. Of these five, three, also, from the physical obstacles they severally present, are rejected; only two, therefore, of all the plans are, by Mr. P., deemed feasible, — one of which recommends that the channel should be carried through the isthmus of Darien; the other through that of Nicaragua. Upon each coast of the former line there are good harbours for shipping. Twenty miles of this line are already navigable, and the remaining distance, which is forty miles, would require to be excavated; and which, from the features of the country, could not be effected without immense sacrifices, supposing it possible to even accomplish it at all. Mr. P. seems, therefore, to prefer an attempt to cut through the isthmus of Nicaragua, on the southern side of which there is a large lake, said to be navigable; and which communicates with the Atlantic by the river San Juan. This river, it is thought, might be easily made navigable; and the land between the lake and the Pacific admits, as it seems, of being intersected in several places without any of those appalling difficulties which would oppose the operations in other tracts. Here, too, as well as at the extremities of the line of Darien, good harbours either exist already, or may, as it appears, be easily formed; so that, on the whole, if ever this great work should be put in execution, the isthmus of Nicaragua seems to offer the best chance of success.—As to such a piece of work being attempted by chartered parties, or companies; or by any particular nation; or by any associated set of nations; it is not for us to lay down what would be deemed propriety in such a matter. There seems many, very many, things yet to be weighed before such a vast experiment can be contemplated with any prospect of success; and among them we would suggest that two such bodies of waters as the great Pacific and Atlantic oceans, upon being admitted to rush one upon the other, would be likely to commit incalculable devastation before they could find what is called *their level*. Mr. P. himself appears to think, indeed, that it is much easier to plan than execute such a piece of work, as will fully appear from 'the arrangements' which he thinks 'necessary to effectuate the proposed design;' and which we here give in his own words, in conclusion of our sentiments on the subject:

'The main impression of the foregoing authorities upon a mind intent on the adequate execution of this design, may be stated to be, that, although the physical conformation of either the isthmus of Darien or that of Nicaragua may admit the completion of the project to be within the grasp of combined exertions, yet that it would require a nation's wealth, and a nation's moral and political influence, to remove local obstacles, — to supply local deficiencies

by works of gigantic magnitude, — and to appease the jealousies of local and other governments, that they may concur in granting the novel immunities which would be requisite to confer on the navigation the privilege of giving a free passage at all times to the merchant-ships of every nation.

'It is objected by Humboldt that, on the completion of the design, "every nation would be dependent on the masters of the isthmus and of the canal;" and he has observed that, "should a canal of communication be opened between the two oceans, great changes would be effected in the political state of eastern Asia."— "This neck of land, the barrier against the waves of the Atlantic ocean, has been for many ages the bulwark of the independence of China and Japan."

'To obviate those and other causes of jealousy and apprehension, Robinson has suggested, that "should the work be undertaken, let it be executed on a magnificent scale; and when completed, let it become, like the ocean, a highway of nations, the enjoyment of which shall be guaranted by them all, and which shall be exempt from the caprice or regulations of any one kingdom or state."

'There would, no doubt, be great difficulty in obtaining the concurrence of all the governments of Europe, to the establishment of so novel a species of universal sanctuary within the territories of any of the new states occupying the isthmus of America. Even if this desirable concurrence could be obtained, such an institution would require that the local government should concede to an association of individuals certain portions of its territory, harbours, and waters, with privileges which would in effect curtail its power, but which would amply remunerate that government for the cession.

'It is probable that the condition upon which such a cession of territorial rights and privileges could be obtained, would be on the terms of committing the local administration of the ceded district to a tribunal constituted by a mixed commission, similar to that now existing between Great Britain and some other nations for the prevention of the slave-trade.

'The institution of a local tribunal, so just, so elevated, and so comprehensive, would form a moral era in the history of mankind.

'It would perhaps be less difficult to induce the new-born governments of America to co-operate in these extensive views; for Humboldt sagely observes, that, "in the epocha of a nascent civilization, gigantic projects are much more seductive than more simple ideas of easier execution."

'Yet why should not the elder governments seize this opportunity of manifesting high sentiments in favour of universal peace, justice, and commercial intercourse? The ancient Egyptian, Hindoo, and other nations, have left stupendous monuments of combined and daring exertion. Shall then the expanded minds and unbounded resources of modern nations, in science and in wealth, leave no memorial on the earth's surface of their united capabilities, or of the sacrifice of their partial interests to the establishment of even one local example of international and perpetual peace?

'No'

'No extension of geographical discovery can ever lessen the importance of opening such a flood-gate for universal commerce. It never would fall into disuse. It would combine in its execution advantages and facilities which never can result from a discovery of the long-sought, and still vainly-sought, North-West and North-East passages to the North Pacific Ocean.

'The completion of the work upon those principles, by European means, would be some atonement to America for the desolations which followed the discovery of that immense continent. It would be an achievement, which, for grandeur and utility, would be second only to the enterprize by which those vast regions became known to Europe.'

ART. IX. *Chinese Moral Maxims*, with a Free and Verbal Translation, affording Examples of the Grammatical Structure of the Language. Compiled by John Francis Davis, F.R.S. Member of the Asiatic Society. 8vo. pp. 199. 6*s*. Murray.

THE Chinese Grammar of Remusat was noticed in our Review, vol. xcix. p. 468.; and here is an excellent exercise-book for the beginner of Chinese studies. It is entitled Hien-Wun-Shoo (good-lore-book); or, a Collection of virtuous Maxims; and resembles the book of Proverbs in the conciseness, axiomatic form, and moral tendency of its precepts. The learned translator, Mr. Davis, appears, from the preface, to have drawn up his work at Macao, and to have sent home to the library at the India House his manuscript-version for impression: but as the requisite types were not to be found in that institution, it was, at the recommendation of Dr. Wilkins, sent back to Asia, and printed at Calcutta.

The moral sentences, two hundred in number, are given in Chinese characters, beside each of which is set its native pronunciation and its literal signification in English: prefixed to which is an elegant English version of each maxim. Thus is the reader put in possession both of the drift and of the idiomatic expression of each apophthegm. As the version, word for word, would not be intelligible to the English reader, and unaccompanied by the Chinese characters would be useless, we shall content ourselves with transcribing the first twenty-one maxims, with a few others, adding such occasional remarks as a piece of literature so peculiar in its nature may seem to demand.

'The man of first-rate excellence is virtuous *independently* of instruction; he of the middling class is so *after* instruction; the lowest order of men are vicious *in spite* of instruction. *'

'* The first of these are styled Shing, and are the Saints of China; the second are Hien, or Worthies; the last are called Yu, Foolish, or Worthless.'

'By a long journey we know a horse's strength; so length of days shows a man's heart.

'The spontaneous gifts of heaven are of high value; but the strength of perseverance gains the prize.

'The generations of men follow each other, as the waves in a swollen river. *

'The heart of a worthless man is as unfixed and changeable as a mountain stream.

'In the days of affluence always think of poverty; do not let want come upon you, and make you remember with sorrow the time of plenty.

'(The Chinese have also the following, in complete opposition to the foregoing maxim:)

'Let us get drunk to-day, while we have wine; the sorrows of to-morrow may be borne to-morrow.

'"The mind is its own place, and in itself,
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven."'

Although Mr. Davis has here employed the words of Milton to render a Chinese idea; yet, strange as it may appear, the literal interpretation of the proverb differs but very little from the expressions used by the poet: — it runs thus:

Be the heart within enlightened and bright, there is heaven's hall (paradise); be the heart within dark and gloomy, there is earth's prison (hell).

'Prevention is better than a cure.

'Modesty is attended with profit; arrogance brings on destruction.

'"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd."

'The same tree may produce sour and sweet fruit; the same mother may have a virtuous and vicious progeny.

'It is equally criminal in the governor, and the governed, to violate the laws.

'Prosperity and misfortune are common to all times, and all places.

'As the scream of the eagle is heard when she has passed over; so a man's name remains after his death.

'Questions of right and wrong (with reference to men's characters) are every day arising: if not listened to, they die away of themselves. †

'If the domestic duties be duly performed, where is the necessity of going afar to burn incense?

'Doubt and distraction are on earth: the brightness of truth, in heaven.

'* "—— Ut unda impellitur undâ,
Urgeturque prior veniente, urgetque priorem."'

'† The great Boerhaave, in like manner, compared them to "sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves."'

'Meet-

'Meeting with difficulties, we think of our relations: on the brink of danger, we rely on our friends.

'Among mortals, who is faultless?

'In learning, age and youth go for nothing: the best informed takes the precedence.'

The twenty-ninth expresses in a lively manner the propriety of self-correction, and of avoiding censoriousness; and the following conveys to us in an emblematic form the flat truism, that *all men are mortal.*

'Let every man sweep the snow from before his own doors, and not trouble himself about the frost on his neighbour's tiles.

'Though a tree be a thousand *chang* * in height, its leaves must fall down, and return to its root.'

A proverb characteristic of the country, by the locality of the metaphors employed, is,

'In a field of melons, do not pull up your shoe: under a plum-tree, do not adjust your cap; (*i. e.* be very careful of your actions under circumstances of suspicion).'

It should seem that in China some superstitious, or false opinions about facts, in natural history, are prevalent; witness the following strange illustration of the rule not to treat inferiors with contempt, because the time may come when they can retaliate such mortifications:

'A meagre soil produces late flowers; "slow rises worth by poverty depressed;" but let no man despise the snake which has no horns, for who can say that it may not become a dragon?'

The hundredth is an odd exhortation:

'When you put on your clothes, remember the labour of the weaver: when you eat your daily bread, think of the hardships of the husbandman.'

A curious rule in Chinese domestic economy is the following:

'In disposing of his daughter in marriage, let a man chuse for her a husband superior to herself (in rank and fortune): she will then serve her husband with respect and awe; in chusing his own wife, let a man take care that she be his inferior (in those respects): she will then serve her new relations as a woman should.*'

A shocking maxim, highly derogatory to Chinese humanity, arising out of their prejudices against second marriages, and implying an atrocious contempt for the sex, is,

* A *chang* is ten Chinese cubits.'

'It being asked, "Supposing a widowed woman to be very poor and destitute, might she in such a case take a second husband." It was answered, "This notion arises merely from the fear of cold and hunger: but to be starved to death is a very small matter compared with the loss of her respectability."'

We question whether the hundred and forty-third observation be rightly translated, and incline to think that the rendering ought to have been,

'Those promote disputes who live by the quill," &c.

In the hundred and forty-fifth sentence the Mow-tan is mentioned; and a note should have been appended to supply the Linnéan name of the plant. Is it the Anana?

The following satire on asceticism is probably just:

'If a horse goes slowly, it is only because he is weak: if a man is not luxurious, it is only because he is poor."

Table-talk is surely a little over-valued in the assertion,

'A single conversation across the table, with a wise man, is better than ten years' mere study of books.'

With the concluding maxim we will conclude our extracts.

'Prudence will carry a man all over the world: but the impetuous find every step difficult.'

As a man's conversation is the mirror of his thoughts (to quote one of the sayings before us), so the proverbs of a nation may be considered as reflecting, with tolerable accuracy, the leading features of its opinions and manners. The philosopher, therefore, may infer much concerning the state of culture and morality in China from this short collection of their favorite adages. Some allowance, however, must always be made for the usual exaggeration of precept. Speculation every where goes farther than practice. Generosity is taught to produce justice; and even the following Gospel-precept may be thought to recommend improvidence, "Take no thought for the morrow," &c., though its object is merely to inculcate liberality.

On the whole, this is a valuable addition to the list of pithy sayings, some of which well deserve transplantation into our own moral discourses. Wisdom in a narrow compass is like a distilled perfume, gathered from an extensive surface of garden-ground, which remains to be applied when the flowers are gone, and their fragrance has been exhaled.

ART.

ART. X. *The Story of a Life*, by the Author of "Scenes and Impressions in Egypt, &c." 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 18*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1825.

VARIOUS as are the tastes which the novel-writer has to gratify in order to come off with any thing like success, there is in these volumes sufficient to charm every kind of appetite. The enthusiast in romance, — the cool observer of character, — the connoiseur in human nature, — the sanctified, even, who look for *earthly* excitement to please the fancy, — may each and all confidently open 'The Story of a Life' without fear of disappointment. The author is, indeed, a reckless out-pourer of the stores of an ardent and well-cultivated mind. If his detail be at all embarrassed, it is in consequence of too rich a fund of materials, the choice and arrangement of which may well prove a task of difficulty. His varying scenes and incidents have all the effect of a gallery of fine pictures, — we know not where to fix, —

> "We gaze, and turn away, and gaze again,
> Dazzled and blind with beauty."

If the calm repose and unpresuming beauty of an English country-house delight us, it is here. Would we view the ocean in its hour of raving and of storm, here may we listen to its "fierce, wild, and fearful voices." The song of the gondolier is here brought to lull us, — the bright dark eye of the Venetian *dama*, to warm and melt us. The joyous revel, and the pangs of the silent hour of remorse, — the captivating power of novelty, and the moody listlessness of satiety, — the gnawing desire to roam, and the equally corrosive sighings after the nest of peace and love, — these and a thousand other sorrowings and sufferings, — preyings and passions, — are here distinctly and daringly exemplified: not, however, by the uncontrolled pencil of juvenile ardency, but by the cautious hand of experienced genius. Having awaked our sympathies we involuntarily follow, and smile, and weep, and recover again, and pause in wonder at the skill of the magician whose wand has such strange influence over our faculties.

Osman Beavoir, whose history is related in the first person, is awakened by accident to a thirst for enterprize; and for a more extended field of knowlege than that in which he had been living in calm seclusion with his parents; who, after many misgivings and much reluctance, consent to his visiting Lisbon; and which is granted in the hope that its dirt, discomfort, and the ignorance of its natives, would thoroughly surfeit the appetite of the young hero with travelling. The parting,

parting, — a storm, — Osman's escape, and arrival at Lisbon, with his reception there, are all glowingly described. His minute account of the manner in which his chamber is fitted up serves to shew that, though capable of the highest flights, the writer disdains not trifling particulars which, to many, he conceives may be interesting. He hears music, and becomes enamoured of the unseen performer. She is discovered to him, as it were, by incantation; and thus pourtrayed:

'Her form was tall and majestic, but yet femininely so; she had that ample bosom of matronly beauty, where the breasts are widely parted, and swell to a gentle fulness: the white and rounded arm of perfect proportion. Her graceful neck rose stately from fine-falling shoulders, a faint carnation hue just tinged a cheek, the complexion of which was pale and transparent. Her nose had that delicately marked prominence, those thin nostrils, and that flexible expression, so rare and so admired. Her eyes were dark, large, lustrous, and yet languid, veiled by white blue-veined lids, and fringed with such eye-lashes as I never saw on any other; around her beauteous mouth there were no smiles, but you could trace where, in youth, there had been.

'Her robe was white; the folds of the drapery large; above her high pale forehead her dark hair was smoothly parted, without a curl; and she wore round her head a wreath of black laurel-shaped leaves; her long, white mantle-like veil hung down from the back part of her head, and fell carelessly and gracefully over her shoulders, giving an air of inexpressible dignity to her whole figure.

'She looked like the sad priestess of some ruined temple of Hymen, in which the altar had been overthrown and broken, and the torch extinguished for ever: and it was so. Her husband, a nobleman of Sicily, had married her for her beauty; a stern guardian was said to have planned, and compelled her to this marriage. Two children she had borne her unworthy lord, but they were dead. Twelve years she had been married. Her husband thought of nothing but the gaming table, and she was an admired, pitied, secluded, neglected woman.'

No longer heart-free he returns home: but, instead of his couch, seeks the terraced roof to watch the windows of the chamber in which he imagines this enchanting being to be dwelling. The picture of his solicitude is very finely worked up in the narration. He soon discovers that the lady is the unhappy wife of one who neither appreciates her beauty nor her worth. By one of those chances to which fiction has often recourse, he preserves the life of her lord; and becomes a constant guest at Belmonte palace. The virtues and charms of the lovely Signora render themselves daily more and more conspicuous. His passion for her increases: he declares

declares it; and every one who reads the disclosure will admire the force and delicacy with which the scene is managed.

Among the many powerful efforts of language with which these volumes abound, few exceed the description of an earthquake and its awful effects, which are made to interrupt the celebration of the festival of "All Saints," involving, at the moment of universal hilarity, all the inhabitants in death, or in the depth of consternation and horror.

'All of a sudden I felt a slight rising in my breast as of sickness—I deemed that I had gently staggered, or was giddy; but no — every sound became (on the instant) hushed or broken, like the fear-checked laugh of the menaced idiot; — another sound arose — a dull, low rumbling — low, but every ear heard it, and then upheaved the solid earth, and terribly shook: and the bells rung fearfully to hear, a people's knell; the ruin, the awfully terrific ruin, rushed, rattling close upon that wild peal; — towers and lofty palaces toppled and fell — the huge stones clanged clear and frightfully, then thundering tumbled heapingly below. Darkness arose. A ruin-cloud, thick and earthy, that might be felt. Bodies were crushed — flights stopped — fears ended — cries stifled; but I — I amid these terrors, how shall I paint me? Methought that it was me the destroying angel sought — me first, and more than all; it seemed that I was the sole cause of the dread judgment. The wailings and the cries sounded horrible in my ears; — the staring eyes, dilated wide by terror, all seemed to look on me — I had filled up the measure of men's crimes: for me, for me the world's end was sooner come; — the trumpet, the trumpet, it would sound, — now, — now the last vial of wrath was to be poured out, and the throne set, and the books opened. My heart failed me for fear, and I rushed franticly about to find where I might shelter me — ward off my fate for one, one little moment, and plead on mercy's ground. I ran into a church — the crowded supplicants knelt, groaned, and beat their bosoms — the roof yawned, and fell, and crushed, and buried them. I hurried after a flying crowd towards the river bank. A stone cross fell from a chapel front on a young mother (in my path) and slew her: her babe fell in its swathings unharmed at my feet — I stooped and caught it up in my arms, that its innocence might plead for me at the awful bar. I flew onwards to the river. Strange Providence, or fate, or destiny! Before my eyes, within three paces of me, the small square quay, and the closely clinging crowd upon it were swallowed up quick. A mighty rolling volume of black water burst roaring on the fatal spot, and heavily subsided with a loud, mournful sound of stifling absorption. I turned, and fled across and out of the perilous ruins; far and rapid was my course. I paused not among those crowds, who, having gained the open fields, had thrown themselves down on their knees, on their faces, and on their bellies, in every attitude of terror, agony, and prayer. I stood not among those, who, in a fondness struggling with their fear, turned their pale gaze upon their vanishing homes.

'I thought

'I thought not of aiding any human being: it seemed to me at once a wild and a vain presumption;—as soon might one hope to touch the hand of Lazarus lying in the bosom of Abraham, as succour, serve, or approach even the good,—as avert the fate of the evil and the sinner. Something, indeed, of a different momentary impulse, had moved me to lift the fallen infant, and still I pressed it closely to my panting bosom. On, on I fled, till, passing with a quick, hesitating fearfulness, under the lofty central arch of the Lisbon aqueduct, I found myself alone —alone on the bank of a clear, shallow rivulet, which, in peaceful murmurs, flowed gently over its rocky bed, and glistened to the sunbeams, and watered the roots of flowers where bees were humming over their honey-yielding treasures.

'I threw myself down on the grassy bank.—I did not thank, or praise, or supplicate my God; but I seemed to ask, and find security in the sight of the water and the flowers, and a companionship in these sweet, natural sounds. Wrath was on the city; but here, even I should be spared here, for the very bees' sake.'

Agatha, the fair and sad idol of Osman's disordered imagination, expires in pining, cloistered seclusion; and she being lost to him, he is lost to the world; or rather, the world is gained by him; for he becomes its joyless, loveless, hopeless wanderer. The shade of Agatha follows wherever he roams,—waits on his nightly pillow, and darts upon his waking glance. There is something in this story which elicits our deepest sympathy. We entertain the admiration of Osman; and mourn with him the destiny of the dignified, the resigned, the charming object of his affections.

Being summoned home by his friends, the disconsolate traveller tardily obeys, and sails for England. He is captured by a French frigate, and taken into Brest, where we behold him partaking his repast with the French officers; quaffing plentiful libations of brisk Champagne; and drowning in every bumper some petty enmity or national prejudice. He is removed to Blois, a provincial town, where he is the only prisoner. The spirit of restlessness still prompts; he breaks his parole; provides a false passport; and flies to Savoy under the name of Alvarez. Had we room here to quote we should be glad; and particularly the rich and sparkling pages which relate to Venice. Gianetta's tale, which may be ranked among the best of the author's many pleasing episodes, is an agreeable digression from the main story. Quitting Venice he resorts to Rome, 'that city of sorrow, where ruin frowns, and the dark cypress waves.' Here he feels and meditates much; and his language becomes sometimes poetical,—sometimes even sublime. Here he is influenced, by a spirit of Catholicism, to make confession of

what

what he terms 'his sins:' but his reception by the priest disgusts him; and he repairs to Naples. It is his lot, while at Naples, to rescue from banditti a young lady who is called Maria Cecil; and both the preserver and preserved become enamoured, each of the other; Agatha, at the same time, not being forgotten. Circumstances occasion Osman to relate to the father of Maria the conflicting incidents of his life. The result is, that his hopes of marriage are destroyed; and he again thinks of returning to England. Fate, however, had not yet done opposing her victim. He is carried to Algiers; and his sufferings as a slave are narrated with great power. The benevolent interference of a Jew, whose grandchild he had rescued from death at the Lisbon earthquake, much improves his unfortunate condition. Persecution obliges the Jew to escape across the Desert; and Osman is again without a friend. The following reflections on the contrast between our native home and a fugitive life are worthy of attention:

'Thus closed another scene of my desultory life. With those, who live in one country and on one spot, and in an even tenor, with the common share of joys and sorrows common to all, the links of society are not many, but the same, and we grow old, looking year by year on faces, we have always known, and with whose loves and hates, fortunes and afflictions, we are more or less mingled up, nay a part, as it were, till we die. Even if there has been any peculiar destiny; any deep disappointment; any bitter bereavement; any change of circumstances, such as loss of fortune, or of the blessings of health; still with the wasted purse, or the withered limb, we live on, completing the story of our life, among those with whom we began to tread the flowery opening of the early path, and who are still accompanying us on the thorny way, with faces we have always known, and voices to which we have always listened; this it is, which, if over the lives of many it throws a sameness, gives to those of others a deep, continuous interest, connected closely with the few beings among whom they act, whose destinies are bound up with their own, and who receive and impart colourings of character and of fate.

'It is not so with the loose roamer on the world. Scenes shift before him. Persons appear, and pass away. The smiles of one day have little to do with the smiles of yesterday, or the morrow, and little connection can he have with them, beyond the cheering sympathy of benevolence, awakened to contemplate, but dead, and barren in its influence.

'Better for him is it to look upon the house of mourning; there a tear he may chance to dry; a dying pillow he may chance to smooth; want he may feed; nakedness he may clothe; but the scene shifts; the objects of his sympathy pass away; and leave him alone, with none to look on him but strangers. His hermitage, though like a shepherd's tent, he may remove it at will, is the

the dreariest, the most lonely of any; cut off from that connection with the small circle of his fellow-men, assigned to him by Providence, he strays like a lost sheep, and finds no happy little flock, in whose green pasture he may lie down lovingly; but he wanders through the tumult of crowded cities; trembles at every roar in the desert; and finds no shelter, no peace, no stay. He hunts for it with panting hopes, runs here, runs there, rests for a minute near the gentle, or stands hid while the turbulent pass him by. If he sees a something green, he devours it as he goes, and he laps at the desert pool, or the city puddle, and hurries on.'

Osman again sails for Naples, and reaches it at the moment the city is ravaged by famine; the picture given of which almost makes us fancy ourselves amid the horrors of the scene. It is not possible for us to follow the author through his many wanderings and many miseries. As we have before said, he uses his materials very lavishly, — some writers among us would, out of the incidents brought together in the narrow compass of these two volumes, have spun out, at least, half-a-dozen.

Enough, we conceive, has been said to show the interesting character of the work; and we have only to caution the author, at parting, against adopting any of the arts of hackney novel-writers. A dependence on his own fund of information, and on the machinery which he is well able to construct, will always insure him success in that class of writings of which 'The Story of a Life' is a sample.

ART. XI. *Memoirs of Samuel Pepys*, Esq. F.R.S. Secretary to the Admiralty, &c. &c. Edited by Lord Braybrooke. 2 Vols. 4to. Colburn. 1825.

THE very late period of the month at which these bulky volumes have been published, though copious quotations from them have found their way into the journals of the day, prevents us from giving them the benefit of a regular analysis. They are so full of curious and interesting matter, however, that our readers cannot fail to be gratified by such notice as the time permits.

The work consists of, 1. a Preface; 2. the Life of Mr. Pepys; 3. Selections from his Diary; 4. Private Correspondence; and, 5. an Appendix.

The *first* informs us that the Rev. Mr. John Smith, of Cambridge, (Curate of Banham, Norfolk,) had decyphered the Diary from six folio tomes in the original short-hand of the writer, and now preserved in the Pepysian Library; and, farther, that the present publication comprehends only such a portion

portion of the entries as Mr. Smith deemed most worthy of meeting the eye of the world.

The *second* is a brief but sufficient biography. Samuel Pepys was the son of a tailor, and born in London, February 23. 1632. His family appears to have been respectable and well connected; and he had the advantage of being educated at St. Paul's School and Cambridge. His studies at the latter place were abridged by an early marriage in October, 1655, when he was only twenty-three years of age. The object of his choice, Elizabeth St. Michel, of Somerstshire, was unquestionably a beautiful woman, for he mentions her frequently in his Diary as "the prettiest" of many "fine ladies" who are described together. She was only fifteen when she became a wife; and the young couple had little else but love to make them happy: for the very first memorandum we find — after an introductory praise of God for good health — states as the close of the year 1659,

'I lived in Axe-Yard, having my wife, and servant Jane, and no other family but us three,' and then proceeds with all due parenthetical humility,

'January 1. (Lord's Day,) 1659–60. This morning (*we living lately in the garret*) I rose, put on my suit with great skirts, having not lately worn any other cloth but them. Went to Mr. Gunning's* chapel at Exeter House,' &c.

The worthy gentleman was, nevertheless, living tolerably well at this period, and in the employment of his relative, Lord Sandwich (styled my Lord throughout, though, at this opening, only Admiral Sir Edward Montagu): for, on the 9th, he tells us of breakfasting upon 'cold turkey-pie and a goose!' and, on the 26th, the following characteristic record is seen.

'January, 1659–60. Home from my office to my Lord's lodgings, where my wife had got ready a very fine dinner — viz. a dish of marrow-bones; a leg of mutton; a loin of veal; a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen of larks all in a dish; a great tart; a neat's tongue; a dish of anchovies; a dish of prawns; and cheese. My company was my father, my uncle Fenner, his two sons, Mr. Pierce, and all their wives, and my brother Tom.

'The news of this day is a letter that speaks absolutely Monk's concurrence with this parliament, and nothing else, which yet I hardly believe.'

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* Gunning was afterwards Bishop of Chichester and of Ely. He had, as is related in Wood's *Athenæ*, persevered in reading the Liturgy at the chapel at Exeter House during the predominancy of the Parliament, for which Cromwell often rebuked him.

Mr. Pepys's

Mr. Pepys's future advancement in life was gradual, and justly due to his diligence. He filled several honorable official situations, served in parliament, was for two years President of the Royal Society, and finally died (not rich, however,) at Clapham, in 1703, aged 71.

The *three* remaining divisions of the work will be illustrated by our future observations and extracts; and we need only say here that the Diary embraces ten strange years in our history, from 1659 to 1669; that the private correspondence is derived from Dr. Rawlinson's collections in the Bodleian library, and letters in the possession of Mr. S. Pepys Cockerel (the representative of the family); and that the Appendix is merely a few not very important documents.

Of the Diary, which is the truly important part of the publication, it is justly remarked, —

'The Journal contains the most unquestionable evidences of veracity; and, as the writer made no scruple of committing his most secret thoughts to paper, encouraged, no doubt, by the confidence which he derived from the use of short-hand, perhaps there never was a publication more implicitly to be relied upon for the authenticity of its statements, and the exactness with which every fact is detailed. Upon this point I can venture to speak with the less hesitation, having, in preparing the sheets for the press, had occasion to compare many parts of the Diary with different accounts of the same transactions recorded elsewhere; and in no instance could I detect any material error or wilful misrepresentation.'

Much more, indeed, may be urged in favor of this singular record. It exhibits, with utter simplicity, the personal characters of the writer, and of those (many of them remarkable persons) with whom he was most intimately associated. It presents traits of the general manners of the age, from the king and his court, to the lowest individual and the bear-garden. It contains more interesting particulars of the history of the stage, at the period of the Restoration, — a period when so little is known of it from authentic sources, — than are to be met with elsewhere. It also furnishes many striking anecdotes of the state of literature, of the cultivation of music, of new inventions and introductions, of the plague and great fire, and, in fine, of every matter which employed the minds and bodies of our progenitors a century and a half ago; and, consequently, of every thing which can excite the feelings, and deserve the attention of their descendants. Of the dissolute court of Charles, it is true, we have already a vivid picture by Count Grammont *, and of the literature of the

* Count Grammont, (or, more correctly, Gramont,) though a contemporary of Pepys, is not (we think) mentioned once in the Diary.

the time a more ample account in Evelyn: but for an insight into the society, the habits, feelings, and doings of our ancestors, we know of nothing to compare with Pepys. His minuteness of detail is delightful: we are acquainted with the very fashion of every coat he wore; the curl of every wig; the cut of every cloak; the color and shape of female accoutrements; the number and position of patches; the very mould and glass, as it were, of every novelty. Still because he is minute on points of daily intercourse and occurrence, it does not follow, that he is of little value upon affairs of national and general importance. On the contrary, contemporary history must be much benefited by these statements, which teach us to estimate men and measures far more accurately, by slight touches, than we can ever do by having them displayed according to the philosophy of the historian. Clarendon with all his knowlege, and Burnet with all his acumen, when descanting on "the lewdness of that time*," do not yield us such lights as the little tapers of Mr. Pepys. His are home-items, whereas such chroniclers as the Count Grammont only startle us with such doctrines as these:

"Every man who believes that his honour depends upon that of his wife is a fool who torments himself and drives her to despair; but he who, being naturally jealous, has the additional misfortune of loving his wife, and who expects that she should only live for him, is a perfect madman, whom the torments of hell have actually taken hold of in this world, and whom nobody pities. All reasoning and observation on these unfortunate circumstances attending wedlock concur in this, that precaution is vain and useless before the evil, and revenge odious afterwards." [See Memoirs of Count Grammont, vol. ii. chap. 2.]

Such are the jocular sentiments of the worthy Count, who, speaking of these enormities destructive of every human happiness, might fairly say of them *quorum pars magna fui*: but his generalizations are nothing to the "particular facts" of Mr. Pepys.

With regard to Evelyn's Remains, it may be remembered that only about a hundred pages in the two volumes they occupy treat of the epoch and actors who figure so peculiarly in the present work. Where the coincidences happen,

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Diary. The Memoirs known by his name are too melancholy a corroboration of the facts related by our honest Journalist. Heartless men and profligate women shine, like Corruption, over the caricaturist's page, (for such is it, in spite of its chivalry,) the one without honour, the other without virtue. Would that some record could be discovered of the better parts of England at this era: perhaps there is none. — *Rev.*

* See his History, vol. i. p. 137.

it is wonderfully pleasant to trace the different views of each writer: but into these we have not an opportunity now to enter; and we are sorry for it, because the corroboration thus offered is extremely valuable,—that of Evelyn, a highly literary character, telling us what he did, and thus making a partial mirror of the age; and that of Pepys, who kept for his own remembrance an account not only of all he did, but of all he saw and heard; and who thus preserved as perfectly as it can be done, "the abstract and brief chronicle of the times." We shall, however, even in this concise Review, make one or two corresponding statements to illustrate our remarks.

In looking over the memorabilia of Pepys, passing the curious particulars of the King's being brought from Holland, we shall commence with a London scene appropriate to the Restoration.

'We were told that the Parliament had sent Scott and Robinson to Monk this afternoon, but he would not hear them. And that the Mayor and Aldermen had offered their own houses for himself and his officers; and that his soldiers would lack for nothing. And indeed I saw many people give the soldiers drink and money, and all along the streets cried "God bless them," and extraordinary good words. Hence we went to a merchant's house hard by, where I saw Sir Nich. Crisp, and so we went to the Star tavern (Monk being then at Benson's). In Cheapside there were a great many bonfires, and Bow bells and all the bells in all the churches as we went home were a-ringing. Hence we went homewards, it being about ten at night. But the common joy that was every where to be seen! The number of bonfires, there being fourteen between St. Dunstan's and Temple Bar, and at Strand Bridge I could at one time tell thirty-one fires. In King Street seven or eight; and all along burning, and roasting, and drinking for rumps. There being rumps tied upon sticks and carried up and down. The butchers at the May Pole in the Strand rang a peal with their knives when they were going to sacrifice their rump. On Ludgate Hill there was one turning of a spit that had a rump tied upon it, and another basting of it. Indeed it was past imagination, both the greatness and the suddenness of it. At one end of the street you would think there was a whole lane of fire, and so hot that we were fain to keep on the further side.'

There never, perhaps, was such a national stagnation as at this crisis. Almost any man of influence might have advanced his own pretensions to supreme power; and almost any man might have led the way to do what Monk did. The King was restored by means of which every one has read in the histories of that event, and what between the looseness of manners imported from the Continent and the rebound from puritanism at home, a strange effervescence ensued. Pepys, among

among his many similar stories of the profligacy of the upper ranks, has the following:

'September 17th. Meeting Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, he took me into Somersett House; and there carried me into the Queene-Mother's presence-chamber, where she was with our own Queene sitting on her left hand (whom I did never see before); and though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw Madam Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts, the King's bastard, a most pretty sparke of about 15 years old, who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her; and, I hear, the Queenes both are mighty kind to him. By and by in comes the King, and anon the Duke and his Duchesse; so that, they being all together, was such a sight as I never could almost have happened to see with so much ease and leisure. They staid till it was dark, and then went away; the King and his Queene, and my Lady Castlemaine and young Crofts, in one coach, and the rest in other coaches. Here were great stores of great ladies, but very few handsome. The King and Queene were very merry; and he would have made the Queene-Mother believe that his Queene was with child, and said that she said so. And the young Queene answered, "You lye;" which was the first English word that I ever heard her say: which made the King good sport; and he would have made her say in English, "Confess and be hanged."

'Christmas Day. Had a pleasant walk to Whitehall, where I intended to have received the communion with the family, but I come a little too late. So I walked up into the house and spent my time looking over pictures, particularly the ships in King Henry the Eighth's voyage to Bullaen; marking the great difference between those built then and now. By and by down to the chapel again, where Bishop Morley preached upon the song of the angels, "Glory to God on high, on earth peace, and good will towards men." Methought he made but a poor sermon, but long, and reprehending the common jollity of the court for the true joy that shall and ought to be on these days. Particularized concerning their excess in playes and gaming, saying that he whose office it is to keep the gamesters in order and within bounds, serves but for a second rather in a duell, meaning the groome-porter. Upon which it was worth observing how far they are come from taking the reprehensions of a bishop seriously, that they all laugh in the chapel when he reflected on their ill actions and courses.

'December 31st. Public matters stand thus: The King is bringing, as is said, his family, and navy, and all other his charges, to a less expence. In the mean time, himself following his pleasures more than with good advice he would do; at least, to be seen to all the world to do so. His dalliance with my Lady Castlemaine being publick, every day, to his great reproach; and his favouring of none at court so much as those that are the confidants of his pleasure, as Sir H. Bennet and Sir Charles Barkeley; which,

good God! put it into his heart to mend, before he makes himself too much contemned by his people for it! The Duke of Monmouth is in so great splendour at court, and so dandled by the King, that some doubt, that, if the King should have no child by the Queene (which there is yet no appearance of), whether he would not be acknowledged for a lawful son; and that there will be a difference follow between the Duke of York and him; which God prevent! My Lord Chancellor is threatened by people to be questioned, the next sitting of the Parliament, by some spirits that do not love to see him so great: but certainly he is a good servant to the King. The Queene-Mother is said to keep too great a court now; and her being married to my Lord St. Alban's is commonly talked of; and that they had a daughter between them in France, how true, God knows. The Bishops are high, and go on without any diffidence in pressing uniformity; and the Presbyters seem silent in it, and either conform or lay down, though without doubt they expect a turn, and would be glad these endeavours of the other fanatiques would take effect; there having been a plot lately found, for which four have been publickly tried at the Old Bayley and hanged.

'May, 1663. After dinner I went up to Sir Thomas Crewe, who lies there not very well in his head, being troubled with vapours and fits of dizzinesse; and there I sat talking with him all the afternoon upon the unhappy posture of things at this time; that the King do mind nothing but pleasures, and hates the very sight or thoughts of business. If any of the sober counsellors give him good advice, and move him in any thing to his good and honour, the other part, which are his counsellors of pleasure, take him when he is with my Lady Castlemaine, and in a humour of delight, and then persuade him that he ought not to hear nor listen to the advice of those old dotards or counsellors that were heretofore his enemies: when, God knows! it is they that now-a-days do most study his honour.'

Continuing these notices, we are told, (February 1664–5,)

'My Lady Sandwich tells me how my Lord Castlemaine is coming over from France, and is believed will soon be made friends with his lady again. What mad freaks the *mayds of honour* at court have, that Mrs. Jennings*, one of the Dutchesse's maids the other day dressed herself like an orange-wench, and went up and down, and cried oranges; till falling down, or by some accident, her fine shoes were discerned, and she put to a great deal of shame; that such as these tricks being ordinary, and worse among them, thereby few will venture among them for wives: My Lady Castlemaine will in merriment say, that her daughter (not above a year old or two) will be the first mayd in the court that will be married.'

The character of Lady Castlemaine, as drawn by Burnet and other writers, though sufficiently notorious to have placed her as

* The elder sister of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough.

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the head of such a bevy: yet assuredly the King's mistress (created Duchess of Cleveland) was worthy of a superior rank, even, among these sportive maids of honour to the Queen! Grammont's Memoirs also curiously *embroider* this lady's fame; and therewith the customs of the age.

"Miss Stewart's beauty (he says) began at this time to be celebrated. The Countess of Castlemaine perceived that the King paid attention to her; but, instead of being alarmed at it, she favoured, as far as she was able, this new inclination, whether from an indiscretion common to all those who think themselves superior to the rest of mankind, or whether she designed, by this pastime, to divert the King's attention from the commerce which she held with Jermyn. She was not satisfied with appearing without any degree of uneasiness at a preference which all the court began to remark: she even affected to make Miss Stewart her favourite, and invited her to all the entertainments she made for the King; and, in confidence of her own charms, with the greatest indiscretion, she often kept her to sleep. The King, who seldom neglected to visit the Countess before she rose, seldom failed likewise to find Miss Stewart in bed with her. The most indifferent objects have charms in a new attachment: however, the imprudent Countess was not jealous of this rival's appearing with her, in such a situation, being confident, that whenever she thought fit, she could triumph over all the advantages which these opportunities could afford Miss Stewart; but she was quite mistaken."

Miss Stewart herself, however, if, indeed, she ever yielded to his power, seems to have been no subservient favourite of the amorous King. Grammont, in his dogmatical way, tells us:

"The Duke of Buckingham formed the design of governing her in order to ingratiate himself with the King; God knows what a governor he would have been, and what a head he was possessed of, to guide another; however, he was the properest man in the world to insinuate himself with Miss Stewart: she was childish in her behaviour, and laughed at every thing, and her taste for frivolous amusements, though unaffected, was only allowable in a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. A child, however, she was, in every other respect, except playing with a doll: blind-man's buff was her most favourite amusement: she was building castles of cards, while the deepest play was going on in her apartments, where you saw her surrounded by eager courtiers, who handed her the cards, or young architects, who endeavoured to imitate her.

"She had, however, a passion for music, and had some taste for singing. The Duke of Buckingham, who built the finest towers of cards imaginable, had an agreeable voice: she had no aversion to scandal; and the Duke was both the father and the mother of scandal: he made songs, and invented old women's stories with which she was delighted; but his particular talent consisted in turning into ridicule whatever was ridiculous in other

people, and in taking them off, even in their presence, without their perceiving it: in short, he knew how to act all parts, with so much grace and pleasantry, that it was difficult to do without him, when he had a mind to make himself agreeable; and he made himself so necessary to Miss Stewart's amusement, that she sent all over the town to seek for him, when he did not attend the King to her apartments.

"He was extremely handsome, and still thought himself much more so than he really was: although he had a great deal of discernment, yet his vanity made him mistake some civilities as intended for his person, which were only bestowed on his wit and drollery: in short, being seduced by too good an opinion of his own merit, he forgot his first project and his Portuguese mistress, in order to pursue a fancy in which he mistook himself; for he no sooner began to act a serious part with Miss Stewart, than he met with so severe a repulse, that he abandoned, at once, all his designs upon her: however, the familiarity she had procured him with the King opened the way to those favours to which he was afterwards advanced."

In fact, the afterwards Duchess of Richmond, under the semblance of childishness (as Brutus under that of madness), seems to have played her own cards, and built her own castles, in a style above the comprehension of the King, Buckingham, Grammont, or Pepys: but to return to the last of these, and his *court-register*, *anno* 1665:

'March 19th. Mr. Povy and I in his coach to Hyde-Park, being the first day of the tour there. Where many brave ladies; among others, Castlemaine lay impudently upon her back in her coach asleep, with her mouth open.'

'He (Mr. Price a celebrated surgeon) tells me how the Duke of York is wholly given up to his new mistress, my Lady Denham *, going at noon-day with all his gentlemen to visit her in Scotland-Yard; she declaring she will not be his mistress, as Mrs. Price, to go up and down the privy stairs, but will be owned publickly; and so she is.' [Oh! mighty honour!] 'Mr. Brouncker it seems was the pimp to bring it about, and my Lady Castlemaine, who designs thereby to fortify herself by the Duke; there being a falling out the other day between the King and her: on this occasion, the Queene, in ordinary talk before the ladies in her drawing-room, did say to my Lady Castlemaine that she feared the King did take cold, by staying so late abroad at her house. She answered before them all, that he did not stay so late abroad with her, for he went betimes thence, (though he do not before one, two, or three in the morning,) but must stay somewhere else. The King then coming in and overhearing, did whisper in the

* It was said her husband poisoned her to revenge his dishonour.

care

care aside, and told her she was a bold, impertinent woman, and bid her to be gone out of the court, and not come again till he sent for her; which she did presently, and went to a lodging in the Pell-Mell, and kept there two or three days, and then sent to the King to know whether she might send for her things away out of her house. The King sent to her, she must first come and view them; and so she come, and the King went to her, and all friends again. He tells me she did, in her anger, say she would be even with the King, and print his letters to her. So putting all together, we are and are like to be in a sad condition.'

In 1667 while the Dutch were scouring the Thames almost up to London, and the country was in the utmost alarm, Mr. Povy is mentioned as informing the writer,

'That it is out of possibility for us to escape being undone, there being nothing in our power to do that is necessary for the saving of us; a lazy prince, no council, no money, no reputation at home or abroad. He says that to this day the King do follow the women as much as ever he did; that the Duke of York hath not got Mrs. Middleton, as I was told the other day: but says that he wants not her, for he hath others, and hath always had, and that he hath known them brought through the matted gallery at White Hall into his closet; nay, he hath come out of his wife's bed and gone to others laid in bed for him.' ! ! !

Another reporter, (Mr. Fenn,) Pepys records,

'Tells me that the King and my Lady Castlemaine are quite broke off*, and she is gone away, and is with child, and swears the King shall own it; and she will have it christened in the chapel at White Hall so, and owned for the King's, as other Kings have done; or she will bring it into White Hall gallery, and dash the brains of it out before the King's face. † He tells me, that the King

* They seem to have had many quarrels and bickerings, in each of which the lady, as usual, gets off victoriously. In one scene she tells the King he is "a fool, and allows fools to govern him;" and, throughout, she covers her own intrigues by accusing her royal goose of infidelity, and pretending to be jealous of him. — *Rev.*

† A later entry runs thus: — 'How imperious this woman is, and hectors the King to do whatever she will. It seems she is with child, and the King says he did not get it; with that she made a slighting *puh* with her mouth, and never came in again, till the King went to Sir Daniel Harvy's to pray her; and so she is come to-day, when one would think his mind should be full of other cares, having this morning broken up such a parliament, with so much discontent, and so many wants upon him, and but yesterday heard such a sermon against adultery. But it seems she hath told the King that whoever did get it, he should own it. And the bottom of the quarrel is this: — she is fallen in love with young Jermyn,

King and court were never in this world so bad as they are now for gaming, swearing, women, and drinking, and the most abominable vices that ever were in the world; so that all must come to nought.' —

'He do say that the court is in a way to ruin all for their pleasures; and says, that he himself hath once taken the liberty to tell the King the necessity of having *at least a shew of religion in the government*, and sobriety; and that it was that, that did set up and keep up Oliver, though he was the greatest rogue in the world. He tells me the King adheres to no man, but this day delivers himself up to this, and the next to that, to the ruin of himself, and business: that he is at the command of any woman like a slave,' &c.

We shall finish this sketch of the morals of our fathers with one other anecdote. Let us premise that the Duke of Buckingham had killed the husband of the lady!

'I am told that the Countess of Shrewsbury is brought home by the Duke of Buckingham to his house, where his Duchess saying, that it was not for her and the other to live together in a house, he answered, "Why, madam, I did think so, and therefore have ordered your coach to be ready, to carry you to your father's," which was a devilish speech, but they say true; and my Lady Shrewsbury is there it seems.'

Now though we may not pin our faith to the veracity of all or any of these reports, the very existence of them, and their being entertained by such a man as Pepys, are sufficient to shew us what times these were. Hypocrisy, the tribute which vice pays to virtue, appears to have been forgotten amid licentious revels and barefaced profligacy. Women were not distinguished unless by the shame of open intrigues; and, vitiated by promiscuous indulgences, the men forfeited every claim to respect; being lovers without fidelity, husbands without feeling, friends without honor, and actors in the general intercourse of life without one particle of moral principle.

Without referring to Marvell's Satire, or to Macpherson's State Papers, much may be learnt concerning the conduct of political affairs from these volumes: but, as we have said, the period of their publication precludes us from a mature consideration of them. We shall, therefore, rather make a miscellaneous selection of striking passages than attempt a philosophical or critical view of their bearings. The following extracts illustrate the habits of the period:

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who hath of late been with her oftener than the King, and is now going to marry my Lady Falmouth; the King is mad at her entertaining Jermyn, and she is mad at Jermyn's going to marry from her, so they are all mad; and thus the kingdom is governed.'

'July

'July 8th. (Lord's Day.) To White Hall chapel, where I got in with ease by going before the Lord Chancellor with Mr. Kipps. Here I heard very good musique, the first time that ever I remember to have heard the organs and singing-men in surplices in my life. The Bishop of Chichester preached before the King, and made a great flattering sermon, which I did not like that the clergy should meddle with matters of state. Dined with Mr. Luellin and Salisbury at a cook's shop. Home, and staid all the afternoon with my wife till after sermon. There till Mr. Fairebrother came to call us out to my father's to supper. He told me how he had perfectly procured me to be made Master in Arts by proxy, which did somewhat please me, though I remember my cousin Roger Pepys was the other day persuading me from it.

'10th. This day I put on my new silk suit, the first that ever I wore in my life. Home, and called my wife, and took her to Clodins's to a great wedding of Nan Hartlib to Mynheer Roder, which was kept at Goring-House with very great state, cost, and noble company. But among all the beauties there, my wife was thought the greatest. And finding my Lord in White Hall garden, I got him to go to the Secretary's, which he did, and desired the dispatch of his and my bills to be signed by the King. His bill is to be Earle of Sandwich, Viscount Hinchingbrooke, and Baron of St. Neot's. Home, with my mind pretty quiet: not returning, as I said I would, to see the bride put to bed.

'October 7th. (Lord's day.) To White Hall on foot, calling at my father's to change my long black cloake for a short one (long cloakes being now quite out); but he being gone to church, I could not get one. I heard Dr. Spurstow preach before the King a poor dry sermon; but a very good anthem of Captain Cook's afterwards. To my Lord's, and dined with him; he all dinner-time talking French to me, and telling me the story how the Duke of York hath got my Lord Chancellor's daughter with child, and that she do lay it to him, and that for certain he did promise her marriage, and had signed it with his blood, but that he by stealth had got the paper out of her cabinett. And that the King would have him to marry her, but that he will not. So that the thing is very bad for the Duke, and them all; but my Lord do make light of it, as a thing that he believes is not a new thing for the Duke to do abroad.

'13th. I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-general Harrison * hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shewn to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said, that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife

* Thomas Harrison, son of a butcher at Newcastle-under-Line, appointed by Cromwell to convey Charles I. from Windsor to Whitehall, in order to his trial, and afterwards sat as one of his judges.'

do

do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at White Hall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the King at Charing Cross.

'14th. To White Hall chappell, where one Dr. Crofts made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill sung, which made the King laugh. Here I first did see the Princesse Royall since she came into England. Here I also observed, how the Duke of York and Mrs. Palmer did talk to one another very wantonly through the hangings that parts the King's closet and the closet where the ladies sit.'—

'November 1st. This morning Sir W. Penn and I were mounted early, and had very merry discourse all the way, he being very good company. We come to Sir W. Batten's, where he lives like a prince, and we were made very welcome. Among other things he shewed me my Lady's closet, wherein was great store of rarities; as also a chair, which he calls King Harry's chaire, where he that sits down is catched with two irons, that come round about him, which makes good sport. Here dined with us two or three more country gentlemen; among the rest Mr. Christmas, my old school-fellow, with whom I had much talk. He did remember that I was a great Roundhead when I was a boy, and I was much afraid that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the King was beheaded, (that, were I to preach upon him, my text should be, "The memory of the wicked shall rot;") but I found afterwards that he did not go away from school before that time.'—

'December 4th. This day the Parliament voted that the bodies of Oliver, Ireton, Bradshaw, &c., should be taken up out of their graves in the Abbey, and drawn to the gallows, and there hanged and buried under it: which (methinks) do trouble me that a man of so great courage as he was should have that dishonour, though otherwise he might deserve it enough.

'January 21st, 1661. This day many more of the Fifth-Monarchy-Men were hanged.'—

'30th. To my Lady Batten's; where my wife and she are lately come back again from being abroad, and seeing of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, hanged and buried at Tyburne.

'February 5. Into the Hall; and there saw my Lord Treasurer (who was sworn to-day at the Exchequer, with a great company of lords and persons of honour to attend him,) go up to the Treasury offices, and take possession thereof; and also saw the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton, set up at the further end of the Hall.

'April 2d. To St. James's Park, where I saw the Duke of York playing at pelemele, the first time that ever I saw the sport. Then to the Dolphin to Sir W. Batten, and Pen, and other company; among others Mr. Delabar; where strange how these men, who at other times are all wise men, do now, in their drink, betwitt and reproach one another with their former conditions, and their actions as in public concerns, till I was ashamed to see it.'—

On

On the day of the King's proclamation, we have the following among other traits:

'At Mr. Bowyer's; a great deal of company, some I knew, others I did not. Here we staid upon the leads and below till it was late, expecting to see the fire-works, but they were not performed to-night: only the city had a light like a glory round about it with bonfires. At last I went to King-streete, and there sent Crockford to my father's and my house, to tell them I could not come home to-night, because of the dirt, and a coach could not be had. And so I took my wife and Mrs. Frankleyn (who I proferred the civility of lying with my wife at Mrs. Hunt's to-night) to Axe-yard, in which at the further end there were three great bonfires, and a great many great gallants, men and women; and they laid hold of us, and would have us drink the King's health upon our knees, kneeling upon a faggot, which we all did, they drinking to us one after another. Which we thought a strange frolique; but these gallants continued there a great while, and I wondered to see how the ladies did tipple. At last I sent my wife and her bed-fellow to bed, and Mr. Hunt and I went in with Mr. Thornbury (who did give the company all their wine, he being yeoman of the wine-cellar to the King;) and there, with his wife and two of his sisters, and some gallant sparks that were there, we drank the King's health and nothing else, till one of the gentlemen fell down stark drunk, and there lay; and I went to my Lord's pretty well.'—

'September 7th. Having appointed the young ladies at the wardrobe to go with them to the play to-day, my wife and I took them to the theatre, where we seated ourselves close by the King and Duke of York, and Madame Palmer, which was great content; and, indeed, I can never enough admire her beauty. And here was "Bartholomew Fayre," with the puppet-shewe, acted to-day, which had not been these forty years, (it being so satyricall against puritanism, they durst not till now, which is strange they should already dare to do it, and the King do countenance it,) but I do never a whit like it the better for the puppets, but rather the worse. Thence home with the ladies, it being by reason of our staying a great while for the King's coming, and the length of the play, near nine o'clock before it was done.'—

'To the Trinity House; where, among others, I found my Lords Sandwich and Craven, and my cousin Roger Pepys, and Sir Wm. Wheeler. Both at and after dinner we had great discourses of the nature and power of spirits, and whether they can animate dead bodies; in all which, as of the general appearance of spirits, my Lord Sandwich is very sceptical. He says the greatest warrants that ever he had to believe any, is the present appearing of the devil in Wiltshire, much of late talked of, who beats a drum up and down. There are books of it, and, they say, very true; but my Lord observes, that though he do answer to any tune that you will play to him upon another drum, yet one time he tried to play and could not; which makes him suspect the whole; and I think it is a good argument.

'To

'To the King's Head ordinary; and a pretty gentleman in our company, who confirms my Lady Castlemaine's being gone from court, but knows not the reason: he told us of one wipe the Queene a little while ago did give her, when she come in and found the Queene under the dresser's hands, and had been so long: "I wonder your Majesty," says she, "can have the patience to sit so long a-dressing?"—"I have so much reason to use patience," says the Queene, "that I can very well bear with it." He thinks it may be the Queene hath commanded her to retire, though that is not likely.'—

'February 1st, 1664. I hear how two men last night, justling for the wall about the new Exchange, did kill one another, each thrusting the other through; one of them of the King's chapel, one Cave, and the other a retainer of my Lord Generall Middleton's. Thence to White Hall, where, in the Duke's chamber, the King come and stayed an hour or two laughing at Sir W. Petty, who was there about his boat; and at Gresham College in general; at which poor Petty was, I perceive, at some loss; but did argue discreetly, and bear the unreasonable follies of the King's objections and other bystanders with great discretion; and offered to take oddes against the King's best boates: but the King would not lay, but cried him down with words only. Gresham College he mightily laughed at, for spending time only in weighing of ayre, and doing nothing else since they sat. Mr. Pierce tells me how the King, coming the other day to his theatre to see "The Indian Queene," (which he commends for a very fine thing,) my Lady Castlemaine was in the next box before he come; and leaning over other ladies awhile to whisper with the King, she rose out of the box and went into the King's, and set herself on the King's right hand, between the King and the Duke of York; which, he swears, put the King himself, as well as every body else, out of countenance; and believes that she did it only to shew the world that she is not out of favour yet, as was believed.'—

'I to Sir George Carteret's to dinner; where Mr. Cofferer Ashburnham; who told a good story of a prisoner's being condemned at Salisbury for a small matter. While he was on the bench with his father-in-law Judge Richardson, and while they were considering to transport him to save his life, the fellow flung a great stone at the Judge, that missed him, but broke through the wainscoat. Upon this he had his hand cut off, and was hanged presently.—

'To the Bear-Garden, where now the yard was full of people, and those most of them seamen, striving by force to get in. I got into the common pit; and there, with my cloak about my face, I stood and saw the prize fought, till one of them, a shoemaker, was so cut in both his wrists that he could not fight any longer, and then they broke off: his enemy was a butcher. The sport very good, and various humours to be seen among the rabble that is there.—

And in 1666.

'After dinner with my wife and Mercer to the Beare-Garden; where I have not been, I think, of many years, and saw some

some good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs; one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We had a great many hectors in the same box with us, (and one very fine went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman,) where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first; which I pledged with my hat off. We supped at home, and very merry. And then about nine o'clock to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the fire and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets; and there mighty merry (my Lady Pen and Pegg going thither with us, and Nan Wright,) till about twelve at night, flinging out fireworks, and burning one another and the people over the way. And at last our businesses being most spent, we in to Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting one another with candle-grease and soot, till most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up, and to my house; and there I made them drink, and upstairs we went, and then fell into dancing, (W. Batelier dancing well,) and dressing him and I and one Mr. Banister (who with my wife came over also with us) like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's like a boy, and mighty mirth we had, and Mercer danced a jigg; and Nan Wright and my wife and Pegg Pen put on perriwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry; and then parted, and to bed.

'With Sir H. Cholmly to Westminster; who by the way told me how merry the King and Duke of York and court were the other day, when they were going abroad a-hunting. They came to Sir G. Carteret's house at Cranbourne, and there were entertained, and all made drunk; and being all drunk, Armerer did come to the King, and swore to him by God, "Sir," says he, "you are not so kind to the Duke of York of late as you used to be." — "Not I?" says the King. "Why so?" — "Why," says he, "if you are, let us drink his health." — "Why let us," says the King. Then he fell on his knees and drank it; and having done, the King began to drink it. "Nay, Sir," says Armerer, "by God you must do it on your knees!" So he did, and then all the company; and having done it, all fell a-crying for joy, being all maudlin and kissing one another, the King the Duke of York, and the Duke of York the King; and in such a maudlin pickle as never people were: and so passed the day. But Sir H. Cholmly tells me, that the King hath this good luck: that the next day he hates to have any body mention what he had done the day before, nor will suffer any body to gain upon him that way; which is a good quality.'—

'December 1. 1662. Over the Parke, where I first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skeates, which is a very pretty art.

'31. Mr. Povey and I to Whitehall; he taking me thither on purpose to carry me into the ball this night before the King. He brought me first to the Duke's chamber, where I saw him and the Duchesse at supper; and thence into the room where the ball was to be, crammed with fine ladies, the greatest of the Court. By and

and by comes the King and Queene, the Duke and the Duchesse, and all the great ones: and after seating themselves, the King takes out the Duchesse of York; and the Duké, the Duchesse of Buckingham; the Duke of Monmouth, my Lady Castlemaine; and so other lords other ladies: and they danced the Brantle. After that, the King led a lady a single Coranto; and then the rest of the lords, one after another, other ladies: very noble it was, and great pleasure to see. Then to country dances; the King leading the first, which he called for; which was, says he, "Cuckolds all awry," the old dance of Englande. Of the ladies that danced, the Duke of Monmouth's mistress, and my Lady Castlemaine, and a daughter of Sir Harry de Vicke's, were the best. The manner was, when the King dances, all the ladies in the room, and the Queene herself, stand up; and indeed he dances rarely, and much better than the Duke of York. Having staid here as long as I thought fit, to my infinite content, it being the greatest pleasure I could wish now to see at court, I went home, leaving them dancing.

'1665. May 28. To see my Lady Pen, where my wife and I were shewn a fine rarity: of fishes kept in a glass of water, that will live so for ever; and finely marked they are, being foreign.

'June 7. The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury-Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord have mercy upon us!" writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind that to my remembrance I ever saw. —

'To St. James's, and did our usual business before the Duke of York; which signified little, our business being only complaints of lack of money. Here I saw a bastard of the late King of Sweden come to kiss his hands; a mighty modest French-like gentleman. Thence to White Hall, with Sir W. Batten and W. Pen, to Wilkes's; and there did hear many stories of Sir Henry Wood. About Lord Norwich drawing a tooth at a health. —

'December 8. The great proviso passed the House of Parliament yesterday: which makes the King and court mad, the King having given order to my Lord Chamberlain to send to the play-houses and brothels, to bid all the Parliament-men that were there to go to the Parliament presently. This is true, it seems; but it was carried against the court by thirty or forty voices. It is a proviso to the Poll Bill, that there shall be a committee of nine persons that shall have the inspection upon oath, and power of giving others, of all the accounts of the money given and spent for this warr. This hath a most sad face, and will breed very ill blood. He tells me, brought in by Sir Robert Howard, who is one of the King's servants, at least hath a great office, and hath got, they say, 20,000*l.* since the King come in. Mr. Pierce did also tell me as a great truth, as being told it by Mr. Cowly, who was by and heard it, that Tom Killegrew should publickly tell the King that his matters were coming into a very ill state; but that yet there was a way to help all. Says he, "There is a good, honest, able man that I could name, that if your Majesty would employ, and command

mand to see all things well executed, all things would soon be mended; and this is one Charles Stuart, who now spends his time in employing his lips about the court, and hath no other employment; but if you would give him this employment, he were the fittest man in the world to perform it." This, he says, is most true; but the King do not profit by any of this, but lays all aside, and remembers nothing, but to his pleasures again; which is a sorrowful consideration.

'Talked of the King's family with Mr. Hingston, the organist. He says many of the musique are ready to starve, they being five years behind-hand for their wages: nay, Evans, the famous man upon the harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the almes of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark at night without one linke, but that Mr. Hingston met it by chance, and did give 12*d.* to buy two or three links. Thence I up to the Lords' House to enquire for my Lord Bellasses; and there hear how at a conferrence this morning between the two Houses about the business of the Canary Company, my Lord Buckingham leaning rudely over my Lord Marquis Dorchester, my Lord Dorchester removed his elbow. Duke of Buckingham asked whether he was uneasy; Dorchester replied, "Yes, and that he durst not do this were he any where else." Buckingham replied, "Yes he would, and that he was a better man than himself." Dorchester said, "that he lyed." With this Buckingham struck off his hat, and took him by his periwigg, and pulled it aside, and held him. My Lord Chamberlain and others interposed, and upon coming into the House the Lords did order them both to the Tower, whither they are to go this afternoon.

'This day's work will bring the Lieutenant of the Tower 350*l.*'—

'Among other discourse we talked of Nostradamus, his prophecy of these times, and the burning of the city of London—and Sir George Carteret did tell a story, how at his death he did make the town swear that he should never be dug up, or his tomb opened after he was buried; but they did, after sixty years, do it, and upon his breast they found a plate of brasse, saying what a wicked and unfaithful people the people of that place were, who, after so many vows, should disturb and open him such a day, and year, and hour; which, if true, is very strange.'

It is indeed: it beats "that famed wizzard," Michael Scott. The following are traits of the *bonhommie* of the author, as well as of the times:

'February 14. 1666–7. This morning come up to my wife's bed-side, I being up dressing myself, little Will. Mercer to be her valentine; and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's valentine, and it will cost me 5*l.*; but that I must have laid out if we had not been valentines.

'25th. Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal-fires, and wash my foul clothes with

with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought ever to love and admire her, and do.—'

A singular proof of the pecuniary distress to which the King was reduced will be found in the annexed quotation.

'The King was vexed the other day (in 1667) for having no paper laid for him at the council-table, as was usual; and Sir Richard Browne did tell his Majesty he could call the person whose work it was to provide it: who being come, did tell his Majesty that he was but a poor man, and was out 400*l.* or 500*l.* for it, which was as much as he was worth; and that he cannot provide it any longer without money, having not received a penny since the King's coming in. So the King spoke to my Lord Chamberlain. And many such mementos the King do now-a-days meet withall, enough to make an ingenuous man mad.'

'April 26. To White Hall, and there saw the Duke of Albemarle, who is not well, and do grow crazy. While I was waiting in the Matted Gallery, a young man was working in Indian inke the great picture of the King and Queene sitting by Van Dike; and did it very finely. Then I took a turn with Mr. Evelyn; with whom I walked two hours, till almost one of the clock; talking of the badness of the government, where nothing but wickedness, and wicked men and women command the King; that it is not in his nature to gainsay any thing that relates to his pleasures; that much of it arises from the sickliness of our ministers of state, who cannot be about him as the idle companions are, and therefore he gives way to the young rogues; and then from the negligence of the clergy, that a bishop shall never be seen about him, as the King of France hath always: that the King would fain have some of the same gang to be Lord Treasurer, which would be yet worse, for now some delays are put to the getting gifts of the King, as Lady Byron, who had been, as he called it, the King's seventeenth mistress abroad, did not leave him till she had got him to give her an order for 4000*l.* worth of plate to be made for her; but by delays, thanks be to God! she died before she had it. He confirmed to me the business of the want of paper at the council-table the other day, which I have observed; Wooly being to have found it, and did, being called, tell the King to his face the reason of it. And Mr. Evelyn tells me of several of the menial servants of the court lacking bread, that have not received a farthing wages since the King's coming in. He tells me the King of France hath his mistresses, but laughs at the foolery of our King, that makes his bastards princes, and loses his revenue upon them, and makes his mistresses his masters. And the King of France did never grant Lavaliere any thing to bestow on others, and gives a little subsistence, but no more, to his bastards.'

Other characteristics of the age are here related.

'Comes news from Kate Joyce that, if I would see her husband alive, I must come presently. So I to him, and find his breath rattled

rattled in the throate; and they did lay pigeons to his feet, and all despair of him. It seems on Thursday last he went sober and quiet to Islington, and behind one of the inns (the White Lion) did fling himself into a pond: was spied by a poor woman, and got out by some people, and set on his head and got to life: and so his wife and friends sent for. He confessed his doing the thing, being led by the devil; and do declare his reason to be his trouble in having forgot to serve God as he ought since he came to his new employment *: and I believe that, and the sense of his great loss by the fire, did bring him to it; for he grew sick, and worse and worse to this day. The friends that were there being now in fear that the goods and estate would be seized on, though he lived all this while, because of his endeavouring to drown himself, my cosen did endeavour to remove what she could of plate out of the house, and desired me to take my flagons; which I did, but in great fear all the way of being seized; though there was no reason for it, he not being dead. So with Sir D. Gauden to Guild Hall to advise with the Towne-Clerke about the practice of the city and nation in this case: and he thinks it cannot be found selfe-murder; but if it be, it will fall, all the estate, to the King. So I to my cosen's again; where I no sooner come but find that he was departed. So at their entreaty I presently to White Hall, and there find Sir W. Coventry; and he carried me to the King, the Duke of York being with him, and there told my story which I had told him; and the King, without more ado, granted that, if it was found, the estate should be to the widow and children: which indeed was a very great courtesy, for people are looking out for the estate.' —

'Mr. Brisband tells me in discourse that Tom Killigrew hath a fee out of the wardrobe for cap and bells, under the title of the King's foole or jester; and may revile or jeere any body, the greatest person, without offence, by the privilege of his place.' —

'My head being full of to-morrow's dinner, I to my Lord Crewe's, there to invite Sir Thomas Crewe; and there met with my Lord Hinchingbroke and his Lady, the first time I spoke to her. I saluted her, and she mighty civil: and, with my Lady Jemimah, do all resolve to be very merry to-morrow at my house. My Lady Hinchingbroke I cannot say is a beauty, nor ugly; but is altogether a comely lady enough, and seems very good-humoured. Thence home; and there find one laying of my napkins against to-morrow in figures of all sorts; which is mighty pretty; and it seems it is his trade, and he gets much money by it.

'Up very betimes, and with Jane to Levett's, there to conclude upon our dinner; and thence to the pewterer's to buy a pewter sesterne, which I have ever hitherto been without. Anon comes my company, viz. my Lord Hinchingbroke and his Lady, Sir Philip Carteret and his Lady, Godolphin and my cosen Roger, and Creed: and mighty merry; and by and by to dinner, which was very good and plentifull: (and I should have said, and Mr. George

* 'He kept a tavern.'

Montagu, who came at a very little warning, which was exceeding kind of him.) And there, among other things, my Lord had Sir Samuel Morland's late invention for casting up of sums of £. s. d.; which is very pretty, but not very useful. Most of our discourse was of my Lord Sandwich and his family, as being all of us of the family. And with extraordinary pleasure all the afternoon, thus together eating and looking over my closet: and my Lady Hinchingbroke I find a very sweet-natured and well-disposed Lady, a lover of books and pictures, and of good understanding. About five o'clock they went; and then my wife and I abroad by coach into Moore-fields, only for a little ayre.'

We have avoided entering specially upon and connecting the historical details; and we have steered clear of the numerous and interesting anecdotes of the drama. Of a famous actress, however, both on the stage and off, we shall extract a few of the notices.

'July 13th, 1667. Mr. Pierce tells us what troubles me, that my Lord Buckhurst hath got Nell away from the King's house, and gives her 100*l.* a-year, so as she hath sent her parts to the house, and will act no more. And yesterday Sir Thomas Crewe told me that Lacy lies a-dying; nor will receive any ghostly advice from a bishop, an old acquaintance of his, that went to see him. It is an odd and sad thing to say, that though this be a peace worse than we had before, yet every body's fear almost is, that the Dutch will not stand by their promise, now the King hath consented to all they would have. And yet no wise man that I meet with, when he comes to think of it, but wishes with all his heart a war; but that the King is not a man to be trusted with the management of it. It was pleasantly said by a man in the city, a stranger, to one that told him the peace was concluded, "Well," says he, "and have you a peace?"—"Yes," says the other.—"Why, then," says he, "hold your peace!" Partly reproaching us with the disgracefulness of it, that it is not fit to be mentioned; and next, that we are not able to make the Dutch keep it, when they have a mind to break it.

'14th. To Epsum, by eight o'clock, to the well; where much company. And to the towne to the King's Head; and hear that my Lord Buckhurst and Nelly are lodged at the next house, and Sir Charles Sedley with them; and keep a merry house. Poor girl! I pity her; but more the loss of her at the King's house.

'August 22d. With my Lord Brouncker and his mistress to the King's play-house, and there saw "The Indian Emperour:" where I find Nell come again, which I am glad of; but was most infinitely displeased with her being put to act the Emperour's daughter, which is a great and serious part, which she does most basely.

'26th. Sir W. Pen and I had a great deal of discourse with Mall, who tells us that Nell is already left by my Lord Buckhurst, and that he makes sport of her, and swears she hath had all she could get of him; and Hart her great admirer now hates her;

and that she is very poor, and hath lost my Lady Castlemaine, who was her great friend, also: but she is come to the play-house, but is neglected by them all.

'October 5th. To the King's house; and there going in met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tireing-rooms; and to the woman's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of "Flora's Figarys," which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted, would make a man mad, and did make me loathe them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk! And how poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a shew they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was strange; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said, now-a-days, to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.'—

'May 1st, 1667. To Westminster; in the way meeting many milk-maids with their garlands upon their pails, dancing with a fiddler before them; and saw pretty Nelly standing at her lodgings' door in Drury-Lane in her smock sleeves and boddice, looking upon one: she seemed a mighty pretty creature.'

It may be acceptable to refer to what Grammont says of this beautiful frail one, whom Cibber victoriously defends, as being, with all her faults, infinitely superior to the demireps of title around her.

"This good-natured King began now to be rather peevish; nor was it altogether without reason: he disturbed no person in their amours, and yet others had often the presumption to encroach upon his. Lord Dorset, first lord of the bed-chamber, had lately debauched from his service Nell Gwyn, the actress; Lady Cleveland, whom he now no longer regarded, continued to disgrace him by repeated infidelities with unworthy rivals, and almost ruined him by the immense sums she lavished on her gallants."

Of travellers' tales Mr. Pepys's Diary contains some odd specimens, and with one or two of these we must now conclude.

'At noon to my Lord Crewe's, where one Mr. Templer (an ingenious man and a person of honour he seems to be) dined; and, discoursing of the nature of serpents, he told us some in the waste places of Lancashire do grow to a great bigness, and do feed upon larkes, which they take thus:—They observe when the lark is soared to the highest, and do crawl till they come to be just underneath them; and there they place themselves with their mouth uppermost, and there, as is conceived, they do eject poyson upon

upon the bird; for the bird do suddenly come down again in its course of a circle, and falls directly into the mouth of the serpent; which is very strange. He is a great traveller; and, speaking of the tarantula, he says that all the harvest long (about which times they are most busy) there are fiddlers go up and down in the fields every where, in expectation of being hired by those that are stung.'—

'To Greenwich; and had a fine pleasant walk to Woolwich, having in our company Captain Minnes, whom I was much pleased to hear talk. Among other things, he and the captains that were with us tell me that negroes drowned look white, and lose their blackness, which I never heard before.'

In taking leave of these entertaining and important volumes, we have only space to repeat our acknowlegement of not having been able to do them justice. The notices of the celebrated Duke of Monmouth are particularly interesting: but, indeed, King Charles, King James, and most of the prominent men who flourished during the period included in these memoirs, are represented, as far as we have the means of judging, to the life. The dramatic notices are also very curious; — in themselves they would make an excellent book, and one of extraordinary attraction to the amateurs of the stage. Upon the whole, we know of no work superior to the one here announced for variety of intelligence, honest simplicity, and historical value.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Friends of 'THE MONTHLY REVIEW' *will perceive that a deviation from the established practice has been made in the present Number, by excluding a notice of the various classes of works usually comprehended in 'The Monthly Catalogue.' The late period at which the article on Pepys's Memoirs arrived, and the desire of giving the earliest information concerning so original and curious a work, have been the cause and inducement of thus entrenching, for once, on the general plan of the work. This, it must be confessed, has been done at the expence of many authors, publishers, and contributors: but as some regulations are contemplated for paying, in future, the earliest possible attention to all parties, by engaging a greater number of gentlemen to supply articles in every branch of literature, and by employing each Appendix in a manner different from that heretofore adopted, it is hoped that any seeming negligence from the alternative chosen, on the present occasion, will be excused, under the promise of new arrangements which will greatly benefit all with whom the Monthly Review has been or may be a favorite.*

*** *The* INDEX *to Vol.* CVI. *of the M. R., which should have been filled with the* APPENDIX *to that volume, but was postponed on account of the Editor's illness, is subjoined to this Number. — Separate copies may also be had, gratis, to complete sets, of Messrs. Hurst and Co., and Mr. Porter, in Pall-Mall.*

THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For JULY, 1825.

ART. I. *The Troubadour, and other Poems.* By L. E. L. Author of the "Improvisatrice," &c. Small 8vo. pp. 336. 10*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1825.

MISS LANDON has secured, in the title of her principal poem, a charm which awakens many delightful associations. It renews our recollections of Provence, her "ivy-mantled" castles, her forest-shades, her fragrant climate, her high-born, graceful, and impassioned women, and, crowning all, her early devotion to the witcheries of poetry and music. The golden age of chivalry, when heroism and minstrelsy found their best stimulus and reward in the smile of beauty, is brought before us by the sound of the Troubadour's guitar; and, fascinated by its influence, we never think of inquiring to what extent such an age existed in reality, or how far it was the mere creation of romance. In truth, it is of little importance, so far as the pleasure of the imagination is concerned, whether our impressions concerning that period are founded on history, or legend. It is enough for the poet to know that we possess such impressions, no matter from what source they are derived; and all that he has to think of is, how they are to be allied with new inventions of a kindred character.

Strictly speaking, perhaps, the title is not altogether justifiable, for it is assumed only from the circumstance of the hero of the poem appearing, near its conclusion, in the disguise of a Troubadour. But it would not be generous, or useful, criticism, to resist the authority of the poet in such a case as this, particularly as the feelings which are kindled in every page of the work, the imagery with which it is illustrated, and the incidents of which it is composed, are all marked by that exquisite genius for which the Troubadours were famed. Like that happy race, Miss Landon seems to draw her inspiration from a passion, which is the same as to its power in all ages, and in every aspect is deeply interwoven with the interests of mankind. Like the Provençal poetry, Miss Landon's is distinguished by great tenderness, and by a perpetual yet

varied flow of imagination, which appeals to the inward world of the heart, and to every gentle object connected with it in external nature. The perfume of the rose, the color of the lily, the hum of bees, the murmur of falling waters, and the music of the groves, seem to be the favorites of her fancy, and to haunt it wherever it is occupied, whether in a lady's chamber or a field of battle. Precision of thought, strength of diction, and boldness of metaphor, are not to be expected from a mind so constituted as hers. They would be wholly out of keeping with the delicacy which presides over the most rapturous of her visions, and imparts to them softness, purity, and grace, the true characteristics of woman, and the best instruments of her power.

The Troubadour consists of four cantos, and is framed very much like the Improvisatrice, which has already given celebrity to Miss Landon's name. Several episodes spring out of the principal story, and serve to relieve it by a variation of theme as well as of measure. It is on the whole, we think, superior to the Improvisatrice; the language partakes more of the dialect of poetry, and the animation of the tale is more equally sustained. The poem is founded on a custom said to have been once prevalent in Provence, according to which floral games were celebrated once a year, under the superintendence of some distinguished lady of the district, and a "golden violet" was presented by her as a prize to the author of the best poem composed in the language of the country. The first canto opens with a description of a lonely castle, which is the abode of Raymond, the hero of the tale. He is the last of a proud race, that left him little save his sword, and an ardent longing after military fame. This was not the only ambition that raised him above the ordinary throng:

> 'But there were other dearer dreams
> Than the light'ning flash of these war-gleams
> That fill'd the depths of Raymond's heart;
> For his was now the loveliest part
> Of the young poet's life, when first,
> In solitude and silence nurst,
> His genius rises like a spring
> Unnoticed in its wandering;
> Ere winter cloud or summer ray
> Have chill'd, or wasted it away,
> When thoughts with their own beauty fill'd
> Shed their own richness over all,
> As waters from sweet woods distill'd
> Breathe perfume out where'er they fall.'

Raymond

Raymond does not inhabit the castle alone. His solitude is beguiled by the presence of Eva, the daughter of his brother, whose loveliness and mysterious origin, though confessedly borrowed from the Bride of Lammermuir, are described in a manner perfectly in unison with the legendary wonders of Provence. Amirald, her father, was formerly lord of the castle. One day outstripping his companions in the chase, he followed the stag into a green-wood recess, where the animal lay down at the feet of its mistress. She implored the hunter to spare her favorite; her beauty pleaded not in vain. Captivated by her appearance he revisited the spot; they met again and were wedded. She gave birth to Eva and disappeared; no one knew whither she went. It was said that Amirald had been deceived, and that she was not of this world. Amirald placed his child under his brother's care, and went to the Moorish wars, in which, it was supposed, he had perished.

'But his fair child grew like a flower
Springing in March's earlier hour,
'Mid storm and chill, yet loveliest —
Though somewhat paler than the rest.
'Perhaps it was her orphan'd state,
So young, so fair, so desolate, —
Somewhat of likeness in their fate
Made Raymond's heart for her confess
Its hidden depths of tenderness.
Neglected both; and those that pine
In love's despair and hope's decline,
Can love the most when some sweet spell
Breaks the seal on affection's well,
And bids its waters flow like light
Returning to the darken'd sight.'

This young affection was destined to be severely tried. A feudal chief threatened to attack the neighbouring castle of Clotilde, the lady of Clarin, and every young knight in Provence was summoned to her aid:

'And rush'd the blood, and flash'd the light
To Raymond's cheek, from Raymond's eye,
When he stood forth and claim'd the fight,
And spoke of death and victory,
Those words that thrill the heart when first
Forth the young warrior's soul has burst.' —
'And Raymond felt as if a gush
Of thousand waters in one rush
Were on his heart, as if the dreams
Of what, alas! life only seems,
Wild thoughts and noontide revelries,
Were turn'd into realities.

Impatient, restless, first his steed
Was hurried to its utmost speed;
And next his falchion's edge was tried,
Then waved the helmet's plume of pride.'

But how was this change in Raymond's fate to be borne by Eva?

'How durst she hope, that when afar
Eva would be to memory brought,
Oh, she had yet the task to learn
How often woman's heart must turn
To feed upon its own excess
Of deep yet passionate tenderness!
How much of grief the heart must prove
That yields a sanctuary to love!'

Raymond joins the warrior-train in his court-yard at the dawn of morning, and prepares to march with them to the assistance of Clotilde. The separation from Eva, the tenderness of her feelings, her gentle form (which is so poetically compared to that of Peace) leaning over the battlement, the armoured knights below, the bustle of their departure, the winding of the army over the distant heights, the last backward glance of Raymond, the lessening sound of the horn, and then the sudden relapse of the scene into its usual tranquillity, are all pictured with a master-pencil. There are not many passages of the same length in English verse more truly beautiful than this:

'Dark was the shade of that old tower
In the grey light of morning's hour;
And cold and pale the maiden leant
Over the heavy battlement,
And look'd upon the armed show
That hurrying throng'd the court below:
With her white robe and long bright hair,
A golden veil flung on the air,
Like Peace prepared from earth to fly,
Yet pausing, ere she wing'd on high,
In pity for the rage and crime
That forced her to some fairer clime.
When suddenly her pale cheek burn'd,
For Raymond's eye to her's was turn'd;
But like a meteor past its flame —
She was too sad for maiden shame.
She heard the heavy drawbridge fall,
And Raymond rode the first of all;
But when he came to the green height
Which hid the castle from his sight,
With useless spur and slacken'd rein,
He was the laggard of the train.

They

They paused upon the steep ascent,
And spear, and shield, and breast-plate sent
A light, as if the rising day
Upon a mirror flash'd its ray.
They pass on, Eva only sees
A chance plume waving in the breeze,
And then can see no more — but borne
Upon the echo, came the horn;
At last nor sight nor sound declare
Aught of what pass'd that morning there.
Sweet sang the birds, light swept the breeze,
And play'd the sunlight o'er the trees,
And roll'd the river's depths of blue
Quiet as they were wont to do.
And Eva felt as if of all
Her heart were sole memorial.'

Such are the scenes that are peculiarly within Miss Landon's province. When she comes to the battle-field, she finds it a theme, as she would feel a lance of those days, somewhat too unwieldy for her delicate hand. She imagines, perhaps, that she lightens the burden by wreathing it with flowers. In no part of her poem is she more prodigal of ornament, or at the same time less successful in the use of it, than where she relates the conflict of the adverse squadrons. It is, however, no very material portion of her design, and she dismisses it with as much expedition as the topic would permit. Why is it that she speaks on this occasion of death as 'that sleep the last and best?' Besides being almost a repetition of "that sleep the loveliest since it dreams the least," of Lord Byron, it is an adoption of the most cheerless and most debasing of the doctrines of infidelity, which we are bound to presume she did not intend.

The enemy having been defeated, and Raymond having won golden honors during the day, he and his fellow-warriors returned from battle to the castle of the Lady Clotilde. Their entrance into the court-yard, after the drawbridge was lowered, is, with peculiar felicity, likened to 'the sudden rush of summer shower.' They were welcomed in the name of Clotilde by the younger and more bewitching form of her ward the Lady Adeline, she herself having vowed that night to fasting, prayer, and thanksgiving for her deliverance. Adeline presided at the festive board, Raymond occupied the place of honor: her beauty was too dazzling to be gazed upon without danger; and forgetting the lovely Eva, he surrendered his heart to the fascinations of the stranger. He had not yet the courage to give expression to his feelings.

'Enough for him the dim sweet fear,
The twilight of the heart, or ere

Awakening hope has named the name
Of love, or blown its spark to flame.
Restlessness, but as the winds range
From leaf to leaf, from flower to flower;
Changefulness, but as rainbows change,
From colour'd sky to sunlit hour.
Ay, well indeed may minstrel sing, —
What have the heart and year like spring?'

The reader will not have failed to remark the beauty of the imagery embraced in '*the twilight* of the heart.' We now and then meet in the Troubadour with phrases and illustrations, which are little more than the faint and unheeded recollections of treasures strictly appertaining to other bards. But this 'twilight of the heart' seems to us original.

The next morning Adeline went out with her falcon. The description of her appearance is very richly wrought: but it is scarcely necessary to add, that the merit of it is not all Miss Landon's.

'And Adeline rode out that morn,
With hunting train, and hawk, and horn;
And broider'd rein, and curb of gold,
And housings with their purple fold
Decked the white steed o'er which she leant
Graceful as a young cypress, bent
By the first summer wind: she wore
A cap the heron plume waved o'er,
And round her wrist a golden band,
Which held the falcon on her hand.
The bird's full eye, so clear, so bright,
Match'd not her own's dark flashing light.
And Raymond, as he watch'd the dyes
Of her cheek rich with exercise,
Could almost deem her beauty's power
Was now in its most potent hour;
But when at night he saw her glance
The gayest of the meteor dance,
The jewels in her braided hair,
Her neck, her arms of ivory bare,
The silver veil, the broider'd vest, —
Look'd she not then her loveliest?
Ah, every change of beauty's face
And beauty's shape has its own grace!'

When the dance was over, Raymond, at Adeline's request, took the lute, and poured forth a legend of the 'fair and brave.' The author acknowleges that it is a versification of an old tradition mentioned in Russell's Tour through Germany. It is very much improved in her hands. The story is of a young princess who yielded her affections to a lover of

of a degree inferior to her own. It was agreed that she should escape from her chamber at midnight, and repair to a neighbouring lake, where a boat would be in readiness to receive her.

> ‘ She reach'd the lake, — a blush, a smile,
> Contended on her face the while;
> And safely in a little cove,
> Shelter'd by willow-trees above,
> An ambuscade from all secured,
> Her lover's little boat lay moor'd. —
> One greeting word, with muffled oar,
> And silent lip, they left that shore.
> ‘ It was most like a phantom dream
> To see that boat flit o'er the stream,
> So still, that but yet less and less
> It grew, it had seem'd motionless.
> And then the silent lake, the trees
> Visible only when the breeze
> Aside the shadowy branches threw,
> And let one single star shine through,
> While the faint glimmer scarcely gave
> To view the wanderers of the wave.'

The morning reveals to her royal father the loss he has sustained: but all search is fruitless, and years pass over without any tidings of his child. The remainder of the episode is delightfully related.

> ‘ And where was Elenore? her home
> Was now beneath the forest dome; —
> A hundred knights had watch'd her hall,
> Her guards were now the pine trees tall:
> For harps waked with the minstrel tale,
> Sang to her sleep the nightingale;
> For silver vases, where were blent
> Rich perfumes from Arabia sent,
> Were odours when the wild thyme flower
> Wafted its sweets on gale and shower:
> For carpets of the purple loom
> The violets spread their cloud of bloom,
> Starr'd with primroses; and around
> Boughs like green tapestry swept the ground.
> — And there they dwelt apart from all
> That gilds and mocks ambition's thrall;
> Apart from cities, crowds, and care,
> Hopes that deceive, and toils that wear;
> For they had made themselves a world
> Like that or ever man was hurl'd
> From his sweet Eden, to begin
> His bitter course of grief and sin. —

And they were happy; Eginhard
Had won the prize for which he dared
Dungeon and death; but what is there
That the young lover will not dare?
And she, though nurtured as a flower,
The favourite bud of a spring bower,
Daughter of palaces, yet made
Her dwelling place in the green shade;
Happy, as she remember'd not
Her royal in her peasant lot,—
With gentle cares, and smiling eyes
As love could feel no sacrifice.
Happy her ivory brow to lave
Without a mirror but the wave,
As one whose sweetness could dispense
With all save its own excellence;—
A fair but gentle creature, meant
For heart, and hearth, and home content.
'It was at night the chase was over,
And Elenore sat by her lover,—
Her lover still, though years had fled
Since their first word of love was said,—
When one sought, at that darksome hour,
The refuge of their lonely bower,
A hunter, who, amid the shade,
Had from his own companions stray'd.
And Elenore gazed on his face,
And knew her father! In the chase
Often the royal mourner sought
A refuge from his one sad thought.
He knew her not,—the lowly mien,
The simple garb of forest green,
The darken'd brow, which told the spoil
The sun stole from her daily toil,
The cheek where woodland health had shed
The freshness of its morning red,—
All was so changed. She spread the board,
Her hand the sparkling wine cup pour'd;
And then around the hearth they drew,
And cheerfully the wood-fire threw
Its light around.—Bent o'er her wheel
Scarcely dared Elenore to steal
A look, half tenderness, half fear,
Yet seem'd he as he loved to hear
Her voice, as if it had a tone
Breathing of days and feelings gone.
"'Ah! surely," thought she, "Heaven has sent
My father here, as that it meant
Our years of absence ended now!"
She gazed upon his soften'd brow;

And

And the next moment, all revealing,
Elenore at his feet is kneeling! —
Need I relate that, reconciled,
The father bless'd his truant child.'

Adeline, notwithstanding his powers of song, repays all Raymond's tenderness with disdain. He flies from her presence, stung with shame and despair. In the midst of his despondency he is invited to join in the war of the Spaniards against the Moors: but before he sets out on that expedition he revisits his native home, where he finds the gentle Eva no longer a child, but rising into maiden grace, and still faithful to her earliest affection. The meeting between Raymond and this sweet being is told in melting language. He confesses to her all the agonies of his heart, and Eva, instead of reproaching him, only endeavors to charm away his sufferings by her 'tender blandishing.' How admirably descriptive of the 'self-devotedness,' often to be found in woman are the following animated lines!

'There is a feeling in the heart
Of woman which can have no part
In man; a self-devotedness,
As victims round their idols press,
And asking nothing, but to show
How far their zeal and faith can go.
Pure as the snow the summer sun
Never at noon hath look'd upon, —
Deep as is the diamond wave,
Hidden in the desart cave, —
Changeless as the greenest leaves
Of the wreath the cypress weaves, —
Hopeless often when most fond,
Without hope or fear beyond
Its own pale fidelity, —
And this woman's love can be!'

But they must part once more. Raymond proceeds to Spain. In his first engagement with the Moors he saves a leader of his own side, who proves to be Amirald, his long lost brother, that was supposed to have perished years before. They recognize each other, and Amirald relates the story of his misfortunes, commencing with the death of Eva's mother. This narrative displays a range of more passionate emotion, than we had been prepared to meet in Miss Landon's poetry. There is more vigor in the construction of the lines, a bolder class of imagery, and, in the delineation of the intense sufferings of the narrator, a nearer approach to tragedy, than we have seen in any of her former productions. Our deepest sympathies

sympathies are awakened for the wanderer while he tells of the extraordinary impulse that led him to kindle the funeral fire for the wife of his bosom, in order to save her inanimate remains from the touch of corruption; as if he were jealous even of the power which the common destiny of nature claimed over her form. The madness which then overwhelmed him is appalling.

> 'Then I stood in a world alone,
> From which all other life was gone,
> Whence warmth, and breath, and light were fled,
> A world o'er which a curse was said:
> The trees stood leafless all, and bare,
> The sky spread, but no sun was there:
> Night came, no stars were on her way,
> Morn came without a look of day, —
> As night and day shared one pale shroud,
> Without a colour or a cloud.
> And there were rivers, but they stood
> Without a murmur on the flood,
> Waveless and dark, their task was o'er, —
> The sea lay silent on the shore,
> Without a sign upon its breast
> Save of interminable rest:
> And there were palaces and halls,
> But silence reign'd amid their walls,
> Though crowds yet fill'd them; for no sound
> Rose from the thousands gather'd round. —
> And all seem'd, as they look'd on me,
> In wonder that I yet could be
> A moving shape of warmth and breath
> Alone amid a world of death.'

We must afford room for half-a-dozen lines more of this fine episode. They are true to the instinctive desire which a genuine poet always possesses, of imparting to the elements a sensitive existence. A hermit, who meets Amirald in the full tide of his grief, affords him hospitality, and endeavors to pour into his stricken heart the balm of consolation. But in vain were the old man's assiduities.

> 'There is a calm which is not peace,
> Like that when ocean's tempests cease,
> When worn out with the storm, the sea
> Sleeps in her dark tranquillity,
> As dreading that the lightest stir
> Would bring again the winds on her.
> I felt as if I could not brook
> A sound, a breath, a voice, a look,
> As I fear'd they would bring again
> Madness upon my heart and brain.'

Amirald

Amirald at length sought relief in the field of war where Raymond found him. They were not long together. In the course of the conflict, Raymond was taken prisoner and confined in a castle of Grenada. His escape is effected in a very romantic manner, by the courage of a Christian maid, who, in token of her gratitude to Heaven for the unexpected recovery of her sister, had, according to the custom of those times, vowed that she would redeem a Christian knight from prison. This incident introduces another episode, which is too long. Moreover, it incumbers the poem with new characters, who do little more than repeat the feelings with which the whole of the previous cantos are conversant, and then disappear. Raymond meets in his preserver, Leila, an ardent, lovely, woman. She, in obedience, as it should appear, to the capricious fate that seems to oppose the happiness of every body who acts a part in this poem, conceives a sudden and violent passion for the young knight, which brings her to a premature grave.

Raymond returns to his native land, and, on re-visiting his home, he learns that Eva is gone to Thoulouse, it being her turn to preside over the floral games of the year. She and her father (who was restored to her) not having heard any thing of Raymond during his captivity, naturally concluded that he had fallen in battle. Still she preserved the virginity of her first affection. The scene of the festival is painted in sparkling colors. A page attends near Eva, bearing in a vase the prize, 'a golden violet.' It was already contended for by many of the minstrel-band.

> 'At last from 'mid the crowd one came,
> Unknown himself, unknown his name,
> Both knight and bard, — the stranger wore
> The garb of a young Troubadour;
> His dark green mantle loosely flung,
> Conceal'd the form o'er which it hung;
> And his cap, with its shadowy plume,
> Hid his face by its raven gloom.'

It is hardly necessary to add, that the disguised Troubadour is Raymond, or that his song bears away the prize. The sun shines out again on the withering bloom of Eva, and her happiness meets with no further interruptions, in despite of the wayward poet. 'For what,' she asks,

> —— 'What has minstrel left to tell,
> When love has not an obstacle?'

The poem concludes with a train of affecting recollections of a personal nature, which refer chiefly to that period of the young

young author's life, when first her slender foot attempted the dangerous heights of fame. It is pleasant to see, that though she was not without her discouragements, there was one fostering hand, at least, to assist her, and, through every change, firmly to sustain her in the ascent. We trust that nothing which we have said has any tendency to check her in her career. She has still many things to correct. She is too fond of making general reflections on the passion of love. The Improvisatrice and the Troubadour are full of these common-places. She is apt to be careless in her rhymes; and she has particularly to guard against a facility of versification, which, even under a more vigilant and matured judgment than hers, is exceedingly disposed to glide into melodious nothingness. It is injurious to the vivacity of the tale, as well as to the energy of her diction, to begin her stanzas so often as she does with the conjunction '*And.*' It is often not grammatical, and always a weakness. We could also point out many positive *concetti*, and *prettinesses* of expression, which, assuming the appearance of gold, are nothing but tinsel. All these, however, are the usual faults of a young poet. We have pointed out some of the beauties of the Troubadour, which are inspired by a force of genius of no ordinary cast, and finished with the finest taste. Miss Landon has only to proceed on the same model, to reject all inferior ornaments, and to trust more boldly to the salient vigor of her imagination, in order to become one of the brightest lights in the poetic literature of her country.

The ballad of Adeline, which is founded on a German tradition, is among the best of the small pieces introduced into the Troubadour. Some of the others are rather below the general merit of the poem. Two or three of the sketches printed at the end of the volume are gems of poesy. We allude particularly to the illustrations of Dagley's "Cupid and Swallows flying from Winter," and Howard's "Fairies on the Sea-Shore."

ART. II. *The Commercial Power of Great Britain;* exhibiting a complete View of the Public Works of this Country, under the several Heads of Streets, Roads, Canals, Aqueducts, Bridges, Coasts, and Maritime Ports. By the Baron Dupin, Member of the Institute of France. Translated from the French. 2 Vols. 8vo. With a 4to. Atlas of Plans, Elevations, &c. pp. 862. Price 1*l.* 8*s.* Knight. London. 1825.

IN the present tranquil state of Europe, it is not surprising that the political ascendancy and vast commercial power of Great Britain should attract the attention of the statesmen of

of other countries. That we have reached a point in national prosperity and greatness never before attained by any people is allowed on all sides: but what renders this pre-eminence — this proud attitude in power and civilization — the more remarkable is, that it was, in a great measure, acquired during one of the most arduous, protracted, and expensive wars in which we ever were engaged. While Europe, from the Volga to the Tagus, was in arms, — while scarcely a battle was fought, the result of which was not felt in our English markets; — while our liberties were often apparently trembling in the balance; — while our armies were struggling against superior numbers in the Peninsula; — while the merchandize of our citizens was burning in the cities of France and Germany, and an enormous and increasing taxation pressing like an incubus upon our industry in every possible shape, we, nevertheless, as if in scorn of war, were rapidly advancing in mechanics, improving in manufactures, extending in commerce, and out-distancing every rival power in enterprize and success.

Unquestionably much of our success in commercial adventure during the late war arose from the war itself. The distracted state of the European Continent, and the annihilation of the fleets of France, Spain, and Denmark, threw the trade of our enemies into our own hands. Our isolated situation afforded us security, while it facilitated our communication with those states which were the seat of war; so that while industry was fettered and cramped by invasion, or the dread of invasion, every where around us, we were enabled, in comparative safety, to establish our intercourse with foreign markets, and pursue our traffic on the most hostile shores.

But whatever influence the war had on our commerce and manufactures, it surely cannot be said that these *now* depend on, or are succoured by, any such adventitious circumstances. France has awakened from the revolution that convulsed her, invigorated by her temporary degradation, unsubjected to any galling or excessive burdens; swayed by her antient dynasty, by a wiser policy, a reformed code, and under a charter which guarantees to her a larger portion of civil and religious liberty than she enjoyed before. We are still paying the price of her redemption; we are liquidating by our labor the cost of the freedom which we contributed to secure to her; we have restored to other countries the possessions of which, in our own defence, we had stripped them; and we have placed several of the then belligerents in an attitude of independence which, reasonably, they had no right to expect; and yet,

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after all these concessions, by which the very elements of rivalry have been put into the hands of all the states of the Continent, we are, *at present*, more powerful and more prosperous than ever.

It is to elucidate this phænomenon, — to trace the cause of this great mercantile and commercial ascendancy, — that the Baron Dupin, well known as the author of several interesting works on political science, has collected the valuable information contained in the volumes before us. His is no labored dissertation on the advantages of commerce in the abstract, nor is it an Utopian picture of the benefits which accrue to a nation from enterprize and habits of industry amongst its inhabitants. He appeals to facts: — he demonstrates, with the skill and the accuracy of a mathematician, the power and the resources of England; and he analyzes the *materiel* of which this power and these resources consist. He examines the springs of our trade and commerce historically; and he developes the obstacles which we overcame, the means which we employed, the projects which we planned and executed, and the many years of perseverance and "hope deferred" which we patiently endured, before our industry was commensurately rewarded. When estimating our capabilities as a nation, besides pointing to the natural bulwarks of our "sea-girt isle," he calculates the density of our population, and he shews that upon the basin * of the Thames there are 384 inhabitants, per square mile, for every 184, on the same space, within the basin of the Seine; and that in England 'with a sky less clear, and a climate less genial, the land supports, on an average, 210 inhabitants per square mile, while France, in the same extent of territory, supports only 147!'

Thus does our author use the best of all arguments, figures, when he weighs our strength as a nation against that of France. When he speaks of our commercial power he counts our ships; when he inspects our internal trade, he computes our coaches, waggons, carts, and vehicles of all kinds, "broad-wheeled and narrow;" and when he describes the facilities we possess for carrying on this trade to advantage, he measures the length and breadth of all our various channels of conveyance, which, on the same superficies of territory, he says, are *twenty times* more extensive than those of France. In short, when he directs the attention of the

* The French understand by the word basin (*bassin*) all the territory through which the river flows, from its source to its mouth, and as far on both sides of the river as the declivity of the land carries the springs and streams of water to its bed.

members of the Institute, and of the French nation, to the superiority of England in wealth and commercial greatness, he points to our public works, — to the excellence of our roads, and the rapidity with which they are traversed, — to our rail-ways and canals, and the quantities of valuable though cumbrous products of the soil and the mine, which are transported on them at a comparatively cheap rate; — he points to our harbours, our ships, our machinery, our industry, — and he does so, as he avows, to stimulate his countrymen to pursue the policy of England.

The truths which he has communicated to France he has done in a liberal and impartial manner; and however unwelcome some of these might be to many of his countrymen, he has not feared to encounter the prejudices which his observations might excite, by meting us out the praise and the merit to which we are entitled.

From such a digest of facts and details, interspersed as these are with the observations and opinions of many of our most experienced engineers, it is difficult to make such a selection as we could wish. As an instance of the avidity with which public works were undertaken and completed, especially after the Duke of Bridgewater had given a proof of their utility and profit, it appears that from 1790 to 1805, a period of four years of peace and eleven of war, no less than 1500 miles of canals were cut in England alone! In proportion as manufactures flourished commerce extended itself, and the capital embarked in it increased in the same ratio; so that now, the Baron says, for every million of inhabitants in Great Britain we possess, 'upon a mean proportion, 1400 ships, measuring 163,139 tons, and manned by 10,368 able seamen.'

In Scotland, the advancement of the arts, and the progress of manufactures, proceeded with even more rapid strides. Besides the making of roads, the building of bridges, and the cutting of canals in different parts of the kingdom, commercial speculations also rapidly increased. As a proof of this it appears by official returns, that the number of ships employed in foreign traffic belonging to Scotland, which in 1752 amounted to 68 in all, and carried 6935 tons only, in 1820 amounted to 213, and carried a tonnage of 24,874 tons.

We say the Baron Dupin is a practical statesman; and that he is a laborious one, the fact that he has scarcely left a bridge, tunnel, chain-pier, light-house, dry-dock, barge, aqueduct, rail-way, crane, wheel, or even pulley unexplored or unexamined, from the Isle of Wight to the Orkneys, will sufficiently testify. Whatever he conceived to be an improvement

provement in hydraulics, in mechanics, in architecture, or engineering, he has embraced with his rule and compass, and committed to the engraver and the printer, for the benefit of his countrymen. He has accordingly produced a work which not only cannot fail to be useful to the academicians and *mechanicians* of France, but which comprizes such facts and details as even in this country are only to be gleaned from detached writings and acts of parliament. So far we are indebted to him.

The extent of his inquiries, the minuteness of his details, and the acuteness of his criticisms, are not to be wondered at, when it is known, that while in England he lived on terms of intimacy with those who were best qualified to give him the information which he sought. He reckoned among his friends the late Mr. Watt and Mr. Rennie; he was introduced to Messrs. Telford, Smeaton, Baird, Stevenson, Brunel, Brown, and M'Adam; and he surveyed with one or other of these gentlemen the canals they formed, the machinery they modelled, the roads and rail-ways they planned and made, — the noble and perilous structures on land and water which they conceived and completed.

There are few observations of a purely political character in the work: but it is not difficult to discern how far the Baron is of opinion that the free institutions of England have contributed to our commercial greatness. The facility with which trade and commerce may be prosecuted must be admitted to be a primary stimulant to enterprize; and the greater licence which is given to a people to pursue their speculations, *in their own way*, the more ardent will they become in the pursuit, and the more advantageous is likely to be the result. So satisfied is our author of this, that, after describing the mode by which our public roads are made and maintained, he regrets that a similar practice has not been countenanced by the French government.

'In England,' he says, 'the supreme authority grants to the citizens credit and funds, to enable them to execute works which are no less interesting to the government than to themselves; while in other countries the people are required to pay their funds into the treasury, so that the government may execute, when and how it pleases, works in which the public alone are concerned.'—

'How far are we from sharing the spirit of the ministry and parliament of Great Britain! In France, even the care of a by-path is scarcely ever intrusted to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Before a basket-full of stones can be laid down on the most obscure departmental road, it is indispensably necessary that the cost of these materials should form an item, first in the

arrondissement budget, then in the departmental budget, and afterwards be submitted to the grand council of roads and bridges in an office at Paris, at the distance of two hundred leagues from the spot where the work is to be executed. The paltry charge in question having passed through all the delays of profound investigation, the desired permission is granted; provided, however, that not the slightest neglect of form should render it necessary to undertake, for a second time, the task of exploring the immense labyrinth by an inverse course. The accounts, after passing through an almost endless series of progressive operations, retrograde with official delay, to their first source! An engineer is then permitted to execute at his leisure the trifling repair of the road which has occasioned this long and appalling train of official formalities, ascending and descending.'

After stating that up to the year 1756 England had not a single line of artificial navigation, and that it possessed for communication by land, only a small number of roads 'injudiciously cut and ill kept up,' he then exemplifies the celerity with which we proceeded in improvements.

'Of a sudden, an individual conceives the idea to profit by the general impulsion which industry had received, by cutting a canal to carry to Manchester the product of his mines. Shortly afterwards a town which thrives, and of which the exuberant wealth seeks every where productive outlets—Liverpool—aspires to still higher designs;—she is the first to form and to realise the project of opening a navigable channel between the Irish Sea and the German Ocean. Other channels, even more extended, are established by degrees: thus, within the short space of half a century, a double row of canals is formed, both for great and for small navigation, for the purpose of uniting together opposite seas; basins separated by numberless chains of hills and mountains; opulent ports; industrious towns; fertile plains; and inexhaustible mines;—and this presents a development of more than 1000 leagues in length, upon a portion of territory not equal to one-fourth of France!

'In order to distribute the water necessary for the daily life of the inhabitants, and the gas which produces a light so brilliant and so pure, that it seems, even in the darkest nights, to be almost an anticipation of dawn,—to fulfil this one object of general utility, pipes and conduits have been laid down, which even already form a ramification of above 400 leagues beneath the pavement of London.

'The communications in the open air are an object of equal solicitude, and of works even vaster still. The roads which already existed are enlarged; are reconstructed with more art, and kept up with more care. New channels are thrown open to commerce, and a system of roads is now being formed, of which the total length is at present more than 46,000 leagues in England alone.

informs us, though universally admired by foreigners, are made of the most 'defective materials,' and are the 'worst roads in all England.' — 'The existence,' he says, 'of some *absurd* laws and regulations renders it impossible to supply the roads in the vicinity of London with good materials, which might easily be forwarded by the Thames, or by the numerous canals which converge towards the capital.' After descanting at some length on Walker's and M'Adam's respective systems, he says, that it was stated before a Committee of the House of Commons, in 1819, that gravel roads are considerably more fatiguing to horses than paved ones! This hint is of some value at the present time.

When our author confines himself to facts he is instructive, — when he describes the safety-gate of an aqueduct, or the *imperium in imperio* of a cast-iron crane or battering ram, he is — like a monk in his *scriptorium* — at home. But when he launches among the peculiarities of English customs, and attempts to trace effects to their causes, he wanders from his sphere, and becomes ridiculous. Such must be the effect of his observations on the Methodists, who, he says, will soon, with the other Dissenters, have the ascendancy over the church of England. He descends from his character as a philosopher, and appears in that of the literal Frenchman, when he assigns, as the cause of our London merchants having their family-residences at a distance from their counting-houses, *the influence of fashion;* and one is at a loss whether to pity his credulity, or be angry with the good-natured friend who seems to have quizzed him so unmercifully about our English ladies and Gretna Green.

The Baron pays, *en passant*, a well-merited compliment to the inhabitants of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, who, in honor of the jubilee of George the Third, erected a commodious school-house, where children are educated according to the Lancasterian system; and who caused to be inscribed upon the front of the building the late King's well known words: "*It is my wish that there should not be a poor man in my kingdom who is not capable of reading his Bible.*" It is worthy of our author's estimable character, that, in the most feeling terms, he pronounces this to be a 'noble and an affecting eulogium;' and there are few of his readers, we think, who will not join him in regretting, that several recent attempts to introduce similar schools into France have failed. It might be invidious to offer a conjecture as to the cause of this failure: but perhaps France and other countries will learn, sooner or later, that it will be fruitless to attempt equalling us in enterprize and industry,

dustry, if they do not also endeavor to diffuse intelligence through the mass of their community.

In conclusion, we have much pleasure in recommending a perusal of these volumes to all who take an interest in the public works, the trade, the wealth, and the resources of Great Britain. They are replete with the most valuable information; and it is no ordinary compliment to our country that so interesting, able, and impartial a review of our mercantile and commercial improvements proceeds from the pen of a foreigner.

ART. III. *Tremaine;* or, the Man of Refinement. 3 Vols. 8vo. London, Colburn. 1825.

If the third volume of this work had been omitted, Tremaine might not, perhaps, have been so much talked of as it is, but it would have been more generally read. We have not met one person in twenty who has been able to get through the ten first chapters of the last volume, and we know of nobody, male or female, blue stocking or white, who has survived the whole.

It may be perfectly true that, as the author says in his preface, 'scepticism has again laid hold of us;' that 'if there are more saints among us than formerly, (which we beg leave to doubt,) there are also more infidels, most of all, persons who never inquire.' But does any man of common sense suppose, that 'scepticism' is likely to be convinced, or the number of our infidels to be in any degree reduced, by metaphysical arguments exhibited under the mask of a novel? There are we know not how many chapters following one another, treating of the immortality of the soul, a presiding Providence, free-will, and a future state, and the discussions, we may add, on these most important subjects, are conducted in a luminous and an eloquent style. But assuredly they are misplaced, if not utterly lost to those for whose benefit they were intended, by being brought in formidable and unrelenting force before us, just at the point of time when curiosity is on tip-toe to hear what has become of the principal agents in the story. It looks like "a pious fraud," to invite one to a pleasure-party, and to entertain him only with a sermon. It is useless, besides, to tax the attention with a controversy requiring a tone of mind wholly different from that which, at the moment, it is willing or prepared to adopt.

We are not formed to attend to philosophy and romance at the same time, nor even in rapid succession; or at least if we

be, the romance should not, as in the instance before us, precede the philosophy. Where the intellect has been previously exercised in salutary efforts of strength, it may not refuse to unbend itself amidst lighter occupations; but where the imagination is first engaged, it unfits the mind for immediate strenuous exertion. It is undeniable, that the finest truths of religion may be conveyed to the understanding, and brought home to the heart, through the medium of fiction. But then, in order to succeed through that channel, they must appear in action, they must be clothed in living beauty, and intertwined with the incidents which compose the charm of the story. They must not come to us in the shape of question and answer, of ingenious doubts and logical solutions: above all, they must not so approach us when we are not in the vein for profound meditation.

We shall therefore leave the metaphysical volume wholly out of our view, and confine our remarks to the tale itself, which is artless, animated, and beautiful to an eminent degree. Perhaps it may be said that the incidents are few, domestic, and even common-place. They may be so. But they are nevertheless represented with a master-hand; and they frequently give birth to conversations, which are conducted with varied knowlege, and an engaging turn of sentiment, and always clothed in language that is at once elegant and familiar. The author exhibits peculiar tact in the delineation of mind. He often fails when he attempts to exhibit a group, or to describe a scene: but he generally succeeds in placing the mind of each of his *dramatis personæ* before us. We concede to him also the praise which, under the mantle of the editor, he takes to himself, that 'his exposure of the mistakes about solitude, when a man is not properly prepared for it, seems in particular to be founded on accurate experience.'

Tremaine is a striking example of this incapacity to appreciate the advantages of retirement, even though it is attended with all the consolations of opulence and literature. Disappointed in public life, he fled from the world to his country-seat, determined to enjoy the serenity of the woods and fields, and to find in them a balm for his wounded spirit: but he was soon taught that, in order to obtain this object, the mind itself must be as pure and as calm as the scene around him. There is a considerable mixture of philosophy and satire in the representation of Tremaine's first evening in the country.

'He continued on his couch for some minutes, when his valet entered, and asked if he would dress. "No!" was the reply, (and

(and a sort of sigh escaped him,) "there is nothing here, I apprehend, worth dressing for." The interruption, however, roused him. "I will go," said he, "to the library."

'It was a very magnificent room, and had lately received a considerable accession from an expensive new purchase, which had been ranged in the modern taste by a fashionable architect. He was charmed with the effect, and throwing himself into a reading chair of exquisite invention, "I will here," said he, "pass the greatest part of my time; the treasures of science are at my command, and he who has them, has every thing. How flat and unprofitable would seem this same world, which we all of us so strangely court, if man but knew his own nature, and could live up to its dignity. But to do this he must do as I have done;—retire from the forwardness of upstart impertinence, or the caprice of those whom we may have most loved and trusted."

'A volume of Shaftesbury lying open before him, he looked over its pompous engravings and classical emblems—representations of his Lordship's library, and of his Lordship's self. "He was an elegant man," said Tremaine, turning over the pages, "and a real philosopher; and if he did not discover truth, he at least detected falsehood. I shall delight, like him, to appreciate the value of things, and view the world at a distance; and shall be able to do so more exactly now than when plunged in its tumults. I, too, may not discover truth; but at least I shall have leisure to make the attempt. I am impatient to begin."

'The sight of a distant temple of his own rearing, in a beautiful wood, here caught his eye. It reflected the rays of the setting sun, and the whole prospect was burnished with splendour. He was pleased with the effect; and it gave an additional complacency to his brow as he viewed, from a favourable point, this work of his own taste. "Here," continued he, "Philosophy may really be exercised, and Contemplation prune her wings."

'"*Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata,*
Hic nemus."

'He went on planning in his own mind hours of enjoyment, in a place dedicated, as it should seem, to wisdom and happiness. His temple recalled ancient Greece to his mind, and the groves of Academus rose to his view. "How different," exclaimed he, "from a trifling or slippery world, where all is vulgarity, envy, or ennui!"

'He then again fell into musing; from which he was lightly disturbed, not by "leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan," but by a servant announcing dinner; a summons for which, with all his philosophy, he secretly craved: so that a minute more found him seated at table.

'His repast was *recherché* in the extreme; yet his senses were not pleased, and his palate scarcely excited. Every thing was ill seasoned, and either too much or too little done. In fact, notwithstanding his craving, he had either waited too long, or

was not hungry. In fact, too, however strange it may seem, although he had now come sixty miles to be alone, he was almost surprised, and to a cursory observer might have appeared not pleased, to find exactly what he came for. His dinner forced upon his memory (involuntarily, indeed, but not the less strongly) the companions of his banquets in London; and the conversation, the interchange of idea, the lively sallies of polite fellowship, were thought of at least, though not (he said) with regret: on the contrary, as he poured out a bumper of Burgundy, he indulged again in a mental soliloquy upon the delights of solitude, and the unfitness of a man to live who could not live alone.

'"The world," said he, "is so entirely, even in its banquets, a mere vulgar crowd, that the true play of mind is seldom indulged. How different is the noisy contest for pre-eminence in conversation — the impatience of interruption — the struggle for wit that will not come — from this calm and happy repast! It is in solitary reflection alone that we feel ourselves men; and that is the best feast which least interferes with it. Let others bear the burthen of the world! *I* view it at a distance."

'These reflections were diluted with more Burgundy; though neither that, nor any French wine, agreed with his constitution; an inconvenience, however, which he never would allow. As for Port, and all Spanish vintages, they were nothing but liquid fire, and had long been made to yield to this more elegant beverage; to carry off which, it was only necessary to throw in a little coffee; which he now drank in its quintessence, fuming from a silver lamp on the table; while he crowned the latter with no inconsiderable quantity of liqueur, the fire of which, he said, was so subdued that it never annoyed him. This, together with having, without appetite, tasted of almost every dish before him, made him at midnight feel heated and uneasy; and he retired to a bed of down, where, not having subdued his body with any fatigue, he was surprised to find that he could not sleep.'

And yet this was Belmont, the happy, peaceful retreat for which Tremaine had often sighed amidst the bustling scenes of the senate and the court. Here he had often resolved to renew the philosophic tranquillity of the "Sabine field," and to forget the world of ambition. With the softer passions, too, having passed the hey-day of youth, he determined to hold no further intercourse. He devoted himself for a while, amidst splendid desks and cushions, to rare and costly editions of Pythagoras, Plato, Epicurus, and Aristotle: he read something of each without being much satisfied with any; and at length, after a laborious study of three hours, he concluded that 'there is no such thing as truth.' Tired of his library, he wandered into the garden with a volume of Milton under his arm, but in the midst of the Allegro his thoughts wandered back to the House of Commons, and he closed the book in despair. The fields, burdened with the golden harvest, had

had no charms for the fastidious Tremaine: his time was all his own, and he was dreadfully puzzled how to dispose of it. Days were devoted to a new arrangement of his library, and to fresh preparations for taking advantage of his independence, and viewing the world at a distance. But he soon got sick of books, and sought amusement in the charms of agriculture, in the sports of the field and the river, and in the pleasures of gardening. All was in vain. Still he was uneasy; his life was oppressed with ennui, because it was one of fastidious indolence, and at length, under the advice of his physician, he changed the scene from Belmont to Woodington-Hall, in Yorkshire 'the mansion where his father was born, and where he himself had passed his infancy.'

Thus far we have seen Tremaine discontented in his solitude. The picture presented of his restless, wavering, capricious spirit, is drawn with great power and beauty of expression, and is highly tinged, indeed, with the true colors of experience. At Woodington-Hall he meets with an old friend in the person of Dr. Evelyn, a neighbour, and a man of the most amiable description, who takes a deep interest in the happiness of Tremaine. Here, too, he meets with Georgina, Dr. Evelyn's daughter, whose 'lovely, dazzling freshness of countenance, in which modesty and ingenuousness seemed to rival one another,' added to 'a natural grace of manner superior to that which is, or can be, taught,' combined to give a new turn to his thoughts.

'When introduced, she gave him her hand, by her father's command, and, though perfectly self-possessed, for a moment it called into her cheek a blush which the most skilful painter would in vain have attempted to delineate. The hand, too, which she gave, as he did not fail to observe, was of exquisite mould, and he was a great admirer of a beautiful hand. Small, taper, white, and of velvet softness, it combined with an airy foot, and a general fineness of limb, to produce that lovely symmetry always so powerful in its effects, and so infinitely more fascinating to a mind of taste than the most perfect beauty without it.

'In truth, there was something in this young creature's whole appearance not easily to be described. There was a pensiveness in her arched and pencilled brow which instantly filled the heart of the beholder with interest of the most serious kind; but then, again, all seriousness was lost in the fascinations of a smile which lighted every thing into joy. Her cheek was dimpled, and gave a play to her countenance such as none else, in Tremaine's opinion, had ever exhibited. It was the lightning play so beautifully described by Petrarch, in the "*lampeggio del angelico riso*" of Laura."'

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The reader is almost in love with the portrait: was it possible for Tremaine to resist the original? But how was he surprized to find this image of beauty centering all her happiness, in sharing with her father the charms of poetry and music, and intermingling with those elegant occupations that of house-keeping for him also, of making butter, and rearing turkies!

'Tremaine could not help expressing something like surprise at this; which the Doctor perceiving, added,—"She is a country girl, and therefore ought to know country business. But if I were ever so rich, I know not a thing more amusing, I had almost said interesting, than a *basse cour*."

'Tremaine hinted his opinion, that it was beneath the notice of the wise, the well-educated, and the elegant.

'"I would rather say," replied Evelyn, "the fashionable, the fastidious, and the vacant. But even the Cardinal de Retz was amused with pigeons, when separated from the world; and I need not tell you all the fine things that Addison was able to say on a hen and chickens."

'"I would read them in Addison," said Tremaine, "but not plague myself with what, after all, a higler's wife would understand better."

'"I don't know that," said the Doctor, "if we were not idle; but the study of nature, in whatever shape, must always please, if only as a study; and in this instance the utility is so palpable, that it adds to the interest."

'"You would turn Miss Evelyn, then, into a poulterer," said Tremaine, laughing.

'"No more than I would turn myself into a wine-cooper, because I keep the keys of my cellar."

'"But what does Miss Evelyn say to it herself?"

'"Why, that if I were to lose my poultry-yard, I should lose one of my greatest pleasures."

'"And yet the girl makes a very good courtesy, reads Guarini, and plays the harp," said Evelyn.'

The conversation of Dr. Evelyn is uniformly marked by sound practical sense, and very often adorned by happy illustrations borrowed from a variety of classical and philosophical reading. There is a marked elegance, also, in his mode of expression, which would lead us to conjecture that the character was a favorite one with the author himself, who, if a clergyman, was, we hope, not unlike the amiable picture he draws. That he is a father, too, we would fain imagine from this circumstance, that wherever he introduces Georgina, he speaks of her chiefly in her character of a daughter; and he is singularly eloquent and happy in his descriptions of her virtues, and her pure and charming pursuits.

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It may be easily supposed that, after so auspicious an introduction, Tremaine was no unfrequent visitor at Evelyn-Hall. In fact, some chance or another brought the parties together almost every day; and it is impossible not to be delighted, as well as occasionally instructed, by the intercourse of mind that passes between them. The necessity of some occupation, and of earning enjoyment by a systematic arrangement of time, is from day to day pointed out by Dr. Evelyn, with so much ease of manner, and such irresistible force of argument, particularly when assisted by the encouraging smiles of Georgina, that Tremaine becomes quite a new man. He forgets his spleen; his heart beginning to be softened by the sweetest, as well as the most anxious, of passions, opens itself by degrees to the charms of nature; and he who had been long accustomed to sleep till the sun was high in the heavens, now contrives to breathe the healthy balm of morning. He is even induced to attend the quarter sessions, of which a very accurate and animated picture, by the way, is given; to dine with his fellow-magistrates, and to make acquaintance with his neighbourhood. Characters, the most opposite to those refined beings with whom he had formerly lived, now attract and merit his regards. High amongst these stands Jack Careless, a second Will Wimble, a descendant 'of that Colonel Careless who passed those pleasant hours with his Prince in the oak, after the battle of Worcester: the only thing he's proud of in that way; though he piques himself on making the best fly for a trout, breaking the best pointer, and turning the best rosin box in all the country:' — 'in most of his feelings not only a John Bull, but complete Yorkshire to boot.' This is an amusing, and, withal, a very amiable specimen of the race of blunt and worthy squires, who formerly abounded in that opulent county, and who are not, we should hope, as yet wholly extinct. The Continent, we fear, and the custom of wintering in London, have diminished their number very considerably, and have fearfully 'reformed' their manners. However that may be, the reader will find what a Yorkshire squire ought to be, in Jack Careless, and he will learn from him, also, that the true secret of his cheerfulness is the habit of 'doing a good turn whenever it came in his way.' This even Tremaine learned by degrees, and he practised it too, which is better; so that, refined as he was, fastidious as a town life had taught him to be, he could, with Georgina, endure ordinary scenes and ordinary people, and prefer an arbor of scarlet-beans to the most splendid conservatory.

The author treats us to 'a public day' at Lord Bellenden's; where he introduces Tremaine, Georgina, and Dr. Evelyn,

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to several new characters. These he delineates with singular felicity. The scene is too long for quotation, and compression would only spoil its effect. The portrait of Lady Gertrude Bellenden, an 'exclusive' of the first water, is touched in a masterly style. Nor should we forget that of Sir Hildebrand Homestead, who, though only to be met with on the way to Lord Bellenden's, is deserving of attention, and, like that of the 'exclusive,' evidently drawn from nature.

The progress of Georgina's attachment for Tremaine is first made manifest to herself, by her accidental discovery of a beautiful French girl residing under the care of a matronly lady, in a woody and an unfrequented part of his estate. The whole of her heart is laid open in the anxiety which she feels for an explanation of this mystery. It is soon given. Mademoiselle de Montauban was intrusted to Tremaine's guardianship by his friend Colonel Osmond, until the latter should 'come from the wars' to marry her; and the delicate fidelity with which he executes his trust tends only to endear Tremaine more than ever to Georgina. Another, and, as it afterwards turns out, a more serious charge is made against Tremaine, — that he has no religion. This leads ultimately to those long dissertations and arguments of which we have already spoken, and which any one may, if he chooses, read at large in the third volume. There seems not to have been the least necessity for all this argument; for Tremaine was over head and ears in love, and Georgina, somewhat old-maidishly, we must say, positively refuses to have him, until he reforms his religious principles. We would much rather have trusted for his correction to the charms of her mind and person, and to the influence of her example, than to the arguments, eloquent as they are, of the reverend divine. Poor Tremaine, after suffering many long months of study and of cloistered solitude, and Georgina, after being reduced almost to a skeleton by the sickness of "hope deferred," meet once more on the sunny banks of the Loire, and there they are made one by the sacred spell of matrimony.

Averse though we be to the mixture of so large a portion of theology with the interests of fiction, as is to be met with in this work, there is one great moral truth inculcated in it, which, perhaps, ought not to be passed over, that the great indifference to religion, which certainly characterizes the age, arises inevitably from our wide and wanton dissipation. The accumulation of princely wealth, collected from every land that is washed by the sea, and augmented by our miraculous machinery, beyond the dreams of avarice, has raised some

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of the lower, and many of the middle, classes, to a level with the antient nobility, as to all the external means of splendor. To outshine the peer is the highest ambition of the *parvenu*; to prevent this, by forming exclusive circles, to which fashion lends an artificial glare, is the business of noble blood; and the contest for superiority is conducted on all sides to such an extreme of folly, that fortunes are yearly immolated to it without remorse. This is not all. An inheritance may leave a family through the madness of an individual; it is not lost to the community, for it is only transferred from one hand to another. But not so, the natural tenderness of the heart, and the virtues which should sustain domestic life; not so, that firmness of character, and that frugal simplicity of manners, which distinguished our ancestors, and which are essential to the true dignity of society. When these are parted with by one class of the community, they are not imparted to another. They are wholly lost; and their places are usurped by a crowd of conventional distinctions, and absolute vices, which are calculated sooner or later to confound the highest with the meanest of mankind.

ART. IV. *Travels among the Arab Tribes inhabiting the Countries East of Syria and Palestine;* including a Journey from Nazareth to the Mountains beyond the Dead Sea, and from thence through the Plains of the Hauran to Bozra, Damascus, Tripoly, Lebanon, Baalbeck, and by the Valley of the Orontes to Seleucia, Antioch, and Aleppo. With an Appendix, containing a Refutation of certain unfounded Calumnies industriously circulated against the Author of this Work, by Mr. Lewis Burckhardt, Mr. William John Bankes, and the Quarterly Review. By J. S. Buckingham, Author of "Travels in Palestine and the Countries East of the Jordan;" Member of the Literary Societies of Bombay and Madras, and of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. 4to. pp. 679. Longman and Co. 1825.

MR. BUCKINGHAM is perhaps already known to some of our readers as the author of a volume of "Travels in Palestine and the Countries East of the Jordan *," which, soon after its publication, drew from one of our contemporaries a series of strictures applied not only to the character of the work, but also to that of the author. He was accused, among other things, of having availed himself copiously of the notes of Mr. W. J. Bankes, with whom he performed a portion

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* Vide M. R. vol. xcix. p. 225.

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of his journey, and of having given a very peculiar construction, to say the least of it, to an engagement which he accepted from the respectable house of Briggs and Co. of Alexandria. Several other charges were made against him, which it is not our business to investigate. Thus much we deem it due to public justice to premise, that Mr. Buckingham, in his Appendix to the present volume, appears to us to have clearly and successfully answered the first accusation. With respect to the other charge, to which so much publicity has been given by Mr. Buckingham himself, and which it was certainly incumbent on him to clear up at any expence of time or means, the undisputed facts appear to be these.* A treaty had been obtained from the Pasha of Egypt for opening a commerce between that country and Bombay. Mr. Lee, one of the firm of Briggs and Co., engaged Mr. Buckingham, who was then at Alexandria, and who had taken an active interest in the negotiation, to convey that treaty, together with certain letters, by land to India. Mr. Buckingham was also entrusted with certain verbal explanations and assurances, which were deemed of some importance to the success of the arrangement. Mr. Lee stipulated for this service to defray the expences of his journey; paid him a sum in hand, and gave him an unlimited letter of credit on the British Consul at Aleppo. Mr. Buckingham was to have taken the most direct route to Bombay. About ten days after he left Alexandria, (in January, 1816,) for the purpose of executing his mission, he landed at Soor; thence he sent all his despatches by a foot-messenger of the country to the British Consul at Aleppo, with instructions to that gentleman to have them forwarded through Bagdad by an Arab on a dromedary. Having made this arrangement, Mr. Buckingham travelled through Palestine and the other countries mentioned in the title-pages of the present and his former volume, and drew a considerable part of his expences from the means furnished him by his employers. In this journey he spent five months, and then proceeded through Persia to Bushire; thence he sailed for Bombay, where he arrived several months after the despatches with which he had been charged, and one year after he had set out from Alexandria. At Bombay he was obliged to enter into engagements for refunding a great portion of the means which he had expended. These are facts which Mr. Buckingham admits; and which appear to us to require no commentary.

* Appendix, pp. 646—650.

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The work before us may be considered as a continuation of the "Travels in Palestine," and we presume it is to be followed by "Travels through Persia." It begins with the departure of the author from Nazareth, and describes his journey to the mountains beyond the Dead Sea, and thence through the plains of the Hauran, and the valley of the Orontes to Aleppo. It is much to be regretted that the necessity imposed on the author, of combining as far as he could the duties of a traveller and a messenger, prevented him from collecting such ample and accurate notices of the scenes through which he passed, as their novelty, their beauty, and, above all, their scriptural importance, demanded. Mr. Buckingham does not want a talent for observation: but his notes, and in this volume we have little more than mere notes, most commonly bear the marks of indolence as well as of haste. As an index for the use of travellers, the volume may probably be of some value, but to the general reader, and the men of inquiry and science at home, it is of inconsiderable utility, in as much as it is impossible to feel interest in many of his descriptions, or to rely upon their accuracy. He very frequently has occasion to make apologies like these: — 'We could not spare a moment to look at this town.' — 'I regret I had not time to examine the whole of this ruin.' — 'I had again to feel deep and poignant regret at the circumstances which made it impossible for me to prosecute my enquiries with that minuteness which I had ardour enough to desire, and should have had perseverance enough to accomplish, had but time and fortune, with a freedom from other engagements, justified the pursuit.' The most tantalizing of all these excuses, for not performing that which in his title-page he professes to do, is to be found in his description, if such it can be called, of one of the least known and most interesting of the regions beyond the Jordan.

'From our present position on the west face of the castle (of Salghud) I could perceive that there were traces of a broad public road, visible all the way between this spot and Bosra, in a direction of W. by N., from which it may be inferred that there was a constant communication between these two important posts. The plains of Belkah, to the southward, in which the city of Ammān or Philadelphia is seated, were also visible from hence, presenting a flat surface almost as unbroken as the sea, but still on an elevated level; while the plains of the Haurān, to the west, were extensively commanded and surveyed from hence, being apparently as flat as those of Belkah to the south, but on a much lower level.

'Proceeding round to the eastern face of the castle, the view in that direction was calculated to excite surprise, and to awake an intense

intense curiosity or desire to traverse the scene which it opened, and which desire, as I felt it in the strongest degree, I would have encountered any risk to gratify, were I not restrained by the peculiar circumstances of my duty. In the best maps which we possess of this country, the region beyond Jordan to the east is very imperfectly delineated and described: but Bosra and Salghud form the extreme border of all that is known, and beyond this the country has hitherto been supposed to be entirely a desert. How was I surprised, therefore, to see, as far as my sight could extend to the eastward, ruined towns without number, and a country which promised a still richer harvest to the scholar, the antiquarian, and the traveller, than even the interesting region behind us to the west.'

And then, with the assistance of his guide, who knew nothing of the country, he proceeds to estimate by his eye the geographical bearings of nearly a dozen places within his view. If it were the author's intention to throw ridicule upon modern books of travels, by writing a burlesque tour, it would be difficult for him to select a more appropriate style than that which he has here adopted. If it had been his misfortune to be obliged to gallop through the country, at least he ought not to have attempted to describe it, still less to have published a quarto volume of notes which even to himself were any thing but satisfactory.

It may, however, be well doubted whether, if Mr. Buckingham enjoyed the leisure requisite for fully surveying the countries through which he passed, he possesses also the learning and the powers of description, which are so essential to the merit of a work treating of such antient, such picturesque, and varied scenes, as those that were exposed to his contemplation. Take, for instance, the following specimens of his success in the sublime. On his alighting at the encampment of an Arab tribe he was hospitably entertained, and visited by several of the wanderers, who, it appears, found it impossible to quit his tent till midnight. 'The first and most powerful cause (he says) that prevented it, was a *dreadful tempest*, which gathered up in *pitchy darkness*, and descended in a *torrent* of thunder (a *torrent* of thunder?) lightning, and rain. The tents were thus beaten down, and the affrighted flocks and herds flying to them for shelter increased the *general confusion*; while amid the *awful darkness* which succeeded to the *lightning's glare*, and the *deluge of rain* that *swept every thing before it*, the *mingled cries* of terror uttered by the *women*, the *children*, and the *cattle*, added only to the *horror of the scene!*' Again, on a different occasion, he says, 'I discharged my musket at random, and the sound was as that

that of a *cannon, rolling* and *reverberating* through the hollows of the hills near us, like *echoing* peals of thunder!'

Now as to his powers of description: 'We found the summit of Zebel Assalt to be like that of Arkoob Massaloobeeah below it; a fine fertile plain, with undulations *here* and *there*, a rich green turf, abundance of wood, and pines, (which, perhaps, were not wood,) *nodding* on the surrounding eminences. From hence we enjoyed a *magnificent* view, as *beautiful* in many of its features as it was *grand* in the whole; and extending in every direction almost as far as the range of vision.' If the reader have gathered the least idea of Zebel Assalt, or of Arkoob Massaloobeeah, from this description, his faculty of imagination is most enviable. Again, 'The picture which the valley of the Jordan presented to us from that spot was (what think you?) — *highly interesting!*' Again, speaking of a rising ground in the vicinity of Fahaez, he says, 'On the summit of this hill the scenery was *beautiful*; and the fresh and full foliage of evergreen trees, contrasted with the snowy beds out of which their trunks sprung, was at once *new* and *striking*.' Again, the only detail which he gives of a very extensive and diversified scene is, 'it must be confessed that the view from hence is at once *beautiful* and *interesting*.' We could multiply passages of this order without end: but these are sufficient to excuse us from citing any of what Mr. Buckingham may be pleased to call his delineations of scenery.

Mr. Buckingham is, perhaps, not altogether so unfortunate in his report of the manners of the nations which he visited as he is in sketching their scenery: he had an opportunity of mixing a good deal with the wandering Arabs, as well as with the communities who were settled in towns, and who were oppressed by the heavy weight of Turkish domination. He sometimes found security and peace beneath the tents of the Arabs, and always hospitality; whereas, in the best regulated districts under the Pasha, he had occasion to observe a sense of insecurity haunting those who had amassed wealth, and a great want of generosity, as well as dreadful depravity of manners, among the people in general. It is worth remarking, that in the course of his peregrinations, Mr. Buckingham met with a considerable number of Christians, of different persuasions, all of whom, however, concurred in believing, that the great object of the Holy Alliance was to redeem the Holy Land from the power of the Turks, and that a new crusade for that purpose was not far distant!

The first town of any importance at which Mr. Buckingham arrived after he left Nazareth was Assalt, where he was detained by unfavorable weather several days. He gives us a

description of the good lady by whom he was entertained, and of the accommodations she afforded him, which is not very remarkable for its delicacy. The characteristics of the people of Assalt may serve as a specimen of those which distinguish most of the Mohammedan and Christian inhabitants of the countries east of the Jordan.

'The general topics of conversation were, however, relating to the Muggrebins, and their exploits whenever they came into this part of the country. These Muggrebins — the name being common to all the Arabs that come from any part of Africa between the Nile and the Atlantic — have the character of being profound magicians; and as the country east of the Jordan abounds with ruins, the people think that in all of them treasures are buried, and that the chief, if not the only object of all strangers coming among them, is to discover these hidden treasures, and carry them off for their own use. On the summit of Jebel-el-Belkah, or Bilgah, as it is equally often pronounced, the Pisgah of the Hebrews, from which Moses saw the promised land and died, and which is only three hours' south of the reputed tomb of Joshua, on the mountain of Assalt, there grew, according to the testimony of all present, a species of grass, which changed the teeth of every animal that ate of it to silver! And in a party of twenty persons then assembled, there were not less than five witnesses who declared most solemnly that they had seen this transmutation take place with their own eyes!!

'This conversation led to a debate on the history of Moses, his birth, and rescue by one of the daughters of Pharaoh, his wonderful works in Egypt, and his leading the Jews through the Desert to Canaan. Mallim Georgis, who shone in all matters of recitation and narrative, took so large a share in the debate, that he was unanimously requested to give it in detail, when he accordingly cleared his throat, and began with a loud voice, as if he were addressing a larger audience. To hear this history related in the Arabic language, and in a party of Arabs, so near as we were to the principal scenes described, was like the pleasure of hearing a tale from the Arabian Nights recited near one of the old Saracen buildings of Grand Cairo, the associations in each case making the hearer almost a spectator of the scene, and giving him a personal share in the events detailed. Every one present listened to the discourse of Georgis with evident pleasure; and during the pauses which were allowed for the guests to take coffee, and the narrator to take breath, various entertaining comments were made by the hearers on the several parts of the story that struck them most forcibly, or interested them particularly from the events or places to which they principally related.

'In the course of the evening I observed, as peculiarities of conversation, that when one person wanted to arrest the attention of another, or to interrupt him in his discourse, he first called him by name, and then said, "A good evening to you, my friend;" to which the other replied, "Good evening." This was considered

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as an assent to listen, when the orator proceeded with his discourse. Again, when the narrator of a story wished to obtain the particular attention of any individual in the company to what he was about to say, he first called that individual by name, and then bid him pray, as thus, "O Job! pray to the Prophet!" to which the person addressed replied, "I pray;" and then the discourse proceeded as before. These interruptions were of very frequent occurrence, and were equally in use among the Mohammedan and Christian Arabs of these parts, to whom they appeared to me peculiar, as I had not observed them in any other society of Arabs before.'

It was charged against Mr. Buckingham's work on Palestine, that he took every opportunity of insinuating doubts which he did not venture openly to express, affecting the truth of the Scriptures. We regret to observe that, in the present volume, he has not abstained from the same unworthy course. He no where attempts to question the accuracy of Holy Writ, but in more than one instance he offers surmises which are inconsistent with a belief in its sacred character. For instance, what is the meaning of the following passage, unless it be to dispute the account which the Scriptures give of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah? 'It is beyond a doubt that these regions, from the lake of Tiberias southward to the termination of the lake Asphaltes, have, at some very remote period, been subject to volcanic convulsions; and it is probable that the hot springs of Tiberias, the bitumen of the sea of Lot, and the sulphuric powder on the plains near it, all owe their existence to one common origin. The swallowing up of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, *whether rightly attributed to Divine vengeance or not*, may well be an historical fact, and accomplished by means of some great volcanic operation, of which the whole course of the lake of Tiberias, the river Jordan, and the Dead Sea, bears so many indications.' This, in other words, is attributing to a volcanic accident a visitation which the Scriptures teach us to have been the effect of the immediate interposition of the Creator! If this be not a covert attack upon the sacred writings, we do not understand it.

While at Assalt, Mr. Buckingham made many inquiries into the peculiarities of the Dead Sea; which, he says,

'Though within a day's journey of the spot where we stood, were not accurately known to any one of the party, so indifferent had they all been to an object of so much natural curiosity, and doubly interesting from its association with the history of their religious faith. No two persons were agreed as to *all* that was said respecting it: some of their assertions indeed were so extra-

vagant, that no reflecting person could give them credit; but most of the individuals present concurred in these facts; namely, that the sea was seldom or ever agitated by storms; that its waters were heavier than any other known; that though the river Jordan, which comes through the fine fresh lake of Tiberias, and continues sweet to the end, discharges itself into the Dead Sea, its smell is offensive, and its taste salt, bitter, and highly disagreeable; that neither are birds seen to fly over it, nor fishes found in its waters; that the heaviest bodies float on its surface; and that it is constantly throwing up from its bottom large masses of black bitumen, which is secured, as it drifts on the shore, by the Arabs, who take it up to Jerusalem for sale. These facts appeared to be well authenticated, and even these correspond in a striking degree with many of the descriptions given of this sea by ancient writers. As one of the wonders of these parts, the Dead Sea engrossed a large share of the attention of all who wrote on Syria and Palestine; but their accounts of it differing as they do in many particulars, are not half so discordant as the verbal description which I heard with my own ears at Assalt in a company of twenty persons, not twenty leagues from the spot, and each of whom had seen the sea for himself, an advantage enjoyed by few or none of the ancients who wrote of it.'

From Assalt Mr. Buckingham proceeded to the ruins of Ammān, of which, interesting though they are in the highest degree, he furnishes but a meagre and most unsatisfactory account. His description of Jerash, though it was his third visit to that place, is equally jejune; and, indeed, we find nothing worthy of being transferred to these pages, until we arrive with the traveller at Damascus, his description of which is by far the best executed part of his work.

'Its extreme length appeared to be about three miles, and its extreme breadth about two. It stands on the western edge of a fine plain, and a level site, having a chain of hills pressing close upon it on the north-west, and the plain extending away beyond the range of vision to the east. The buildings of the city being constructed chiefly of stone below and light yellow bricks above, while the principal public edifices are painted in the gayest colours, the aspect of the whole is light and airy in the extreme. The castle, with its outer court and massive walls, and the great mosque already described, both of which are nearly in the centre of the city, look imposing by their magnitude, as seen from hence; and the light and tapering minarets that rise in every quarter of the town, give a peculiar character of elegance to the whole. The gardens that surround the city on the north; the fine olive grounds and long avenues of trees to the south; the numerous villages pressing the skirts of the town on the east, and the great suburb of Salheyah, with the thronged public way that leads to it on the west; added to the sombre but rich and thickly-planted cypresses, the slender poplars, the corn grounds, and the rivers and

and streams which so abundantly water the whole, give to this charming spot a character becoming a scene in fairy-land, and render it a fit object for the descriptive powers of an Arabian tale.

'Not far from the spot at which we halted to enjoy this enchanting view, was an extensive cemetery, at which we noticed the custom so prevalent among eastern nations of visiting the tombs of their deceased friends. These were formed with great care, and finished with extraordinary neatness; and at the foot of each grave was enclosed a small earthen vessel, in which was planted a sprig of myrtle, regularly watered every day by the mourning friend who visited it. Throughout the whole of this extensive place of burial, we did not observe a single grave to which this token of respect and sorrow was not attached; and, scattered among the tombs in different quarters of the cemetery, we saw from twenty to thirty parties of females, sitting near the honoured remains of some recently lost and deeply regretted relative or friend, and either watering their myrtle plants, or strewing flowers over the green turf that closed upon their heads. This interesting office of friends or lovers sorrowing for the dead, is consigned entirely to females; as if from a conviction that their hearts are more susceptible of those tender feelings which the duties of such an office necessarily implies, and their breasts fitter abodes for that pure and affectionate sorrow which is indulged for the loss of those who are dear to us, than the sterner bosoms of men. It is a great advance from savage life to know and to acknowledge this; and where such an admission of the superior purity and fidelity of the female heart and character exists, their ultimate advancement to that rank which their sex should hold in social life cannot be altogether hopeless. For this, as for most other blessings, increased knowledge is the most effectual security; when this shall take the place of ignorance, the domestic slavery of women, which now disgraces the East, will disappear as certainly as that abominable slavery of men which for so many years disgraced the name of Christians in the West.'

In all the principal towns of the East, the bazars form a prominent feature.

'The bazārs are appropriated each to the sale of its separate class of articles, which is usual, indeed, throughout the Turkish dominions. Those in which the more valuable commodities are vended are generally roofed in, with apertures left to admit light and air, by which means they are kept warm and dry in winter, and shady and cool in summer, considerations of importance to places so constantly thronged, as are these resorts of purchase and sale. The bazārs appeared to us to be all well furnished with the articles of commerce in general requisition here, and the traders seemed to be more wealthy and respectable than the same class of persons in Egypt.

'The shops are seldom opened before ten o'clock in the forenoon, and rarely continue open longer than two o'clock in the afternoon, making their period of business, therefore, only four

hours in the day. The persons who attend in them to serve the customers, under the eye of the master, are well dressed, obliging, and polite; and generally succeed, by their complimentary mode of address and agreeable manners, in inducing their visitors to purchase more of them than they at first intended. On the whole, there is perhaps no part of a modern Turkish or Arabian city, where the pictures of the Arabian tales pass so frequently and completely before the view as in a crowded bazār; and to an observant spectator, it is one of the most agreeable and entertaining rambles that he can take.'

Some of the finest edifices in Damascus appear to be the caravanserais, which are appropriated to the warehousing of goods brought in caravans from various quarters by wholesale merchants. One of these buildings was particularly striking.

'The architecture of this was in the finest style of the Saracen order, and might be considered as a specimen of one of the best works of that age in Damascus. It consisted of a spacious court, the entrance to which, from the street, was by a superb gateway of the pointed arch, vaulted and highly ornamented with sculpture. The court was paved throughout with broad flat stones, smoothly polished and admirably joined together; and in the centre of this stood a large fountain sending forth cooling and agreeable streams; the whole being crowned with a cluster of lofty domes. The masonry of this pile was formed of alternate layers of black and white stone, one of the peculiar features of Saracenic and Turkish taste; the ornaments were profusely rich; and the distribution of light through the domes so well managed that no corner throughout the whole of the building appeared obscure.'

The coffee-houses of Damascus form also a peculiar feature in the scene.

'These houses are all large, and conveniently suited to the manners of the people who frequent them. In these there are a great number of attendants, and as the only purpose for which passengers stop at them is to smoke and drink coffee, every visitor who enters is presented with a fresh nargeel, a pipe smoked through water contained in the polished shell of a cocoa-nut, from whence it derives its name, and a cup of coffee, whether he orders it or not, the price of both seldom exceeding five paras of Turkish money, or about an English penny. Many of these coffee-houses are so spacious as to have benches on each side the street, extending for fifty yards in length, and large rooms of the same dimensions within them, with a large boiler of coffee always on the fire, and men constantly employed in roasting and pounding the berry, so as to have the beverage always fresh; it being found that the only certain mode of retaining the pure flavour of the coffee is to roast, pound, and boil it all in quick succession, the roasted berries soon losing their flavour if laid by for a day, and

the pounded coffee becoming insipid, even in a few hours. The Arabs of the desert, who are from necessity economical in their use of this article, follow the same process, even if they require only two cups of the liquid, roasting a handful of berries on an iron plate, pounding them in a pestle and mortar while warm, and the instant the water boils, which it will generally do by the time the other preparations are completed, so that no time is lost, putting the pounded powder into it, and suffering it to boil, stirring it at the same time for about a minute or two, when it is poured out to drink. As this beverage is taken without sugar or milk, the slightest difference in the flavour is perceptible; and long experience having shown this to be the best way of preserving it in perfection, it is perhaps worth mentioning in detail, particularly as the use of this article has become so general even in England. Nargeels for smoking are sometimes carried through the less frequented streets, and places where coffee-houses do not abound, and the bearers of them carrying their tobacco in a leathern bag, with a tin vessel of water, the tobacco being always wetted to cool it before the pipe is filled, and lighted charcoal in an iron pan prepare it in a few seconds for the momentary use of a passenger, who takes half-a-dozen whiffs as he walks along, giving a para or a farthing for the pleasure, which their habit of incessant smoking renders a great luxury, after the privation of even half an hour.

'In Damascus there are also many houses at which sherbets and other sweet drinks are prepared, cooled with the ice and snow brought down to the city from the summit of Jebel-el-Telj, or the Snowy Mountain, to the south-west of the town, and on the north of the lake of Tiberias. In these shops are a number of large vessels of brass and other mixed metals, with Arabic inscriptions, and various devices cut on them in high relief, and in a beautiful style of workmanship. These are appropriated to contain the iced drinks in large bodies; and smaller ones of metal also are used to drink out of. Skins of iced water, sweetened and perfumed, are also carried through the streets on men's backs, and served to passengers in the street at a para for each draught, which forms an agreeable and a cheap refreshment, of which all classes but the most needy can partake.'—

'This city of Damascus was built, peopled, and numbered among the first civilized settlements of the world, soon after the epoch of the Deluge, the earliest period of which we possess any history, and at least 3000 years before London existed as a city, or even England was known but as an island inhabited by barbarians. The distance between these cities is now, however, immense; London being as much above Damascus in whatever can indicate superior knowledge, superior comfort, and all that can endear and embellish life, as Damascus is to the meanest kraal or village of the African Hottentots. Yet the natural situation of the latter has greater advantages than that of the former; its climate, soil, and water are favourable to the richest productions of the earth; and even in a commercial point of view, its central situation in the

heart of Syria, with India, Persia, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, Egypt, and Arabia, all accessible by land, and the whole range of the Mediterranean open to any of the ports within less than a hundred miles on the coast, would be a source of great wealth to an active and enterprising people. What, then, has been the leading causes of the immense difference between the wealth and intelligence of London and those of Damascus? is a question that naturally forces itself on an enquiring mind: and the answer necessarily is — "Education and Freedom."'

And upon these two themes Mr. Buckingham indulges the reader of this volume with a long and very common-place dissertation, evidently extracted from his lucubrations in the Calcutta Journal.

The most interesting portion of this work, which remains to be noticed, is that which describes the singular and romantic solitude of Lady Hester Stanhope. How Mr. Buckingham first obtained the honor of her patronage does not very clearly appear. There is no doubt, however, that he spent eight or nine days under her roof; and perhaps her Ladyship will not be a little surprized to find the minutest particulars of her life exposed to the world by her guest.

'It is known to most Englishmen, that Lady Hester Stanhope was a near relative of the late Mr. Pitt; and that, during the latter part of his administration especially, she enjoyed his friendship and confidence in a very high degree. This circumstance necessarily brought her more frequently into the society of the several members of the royal family, of the many distinguished foreigners who then sought an asylum in England, and of the ministerial circles generally, than even her distinguished birth and connections would, without such associations, alone have effected. Her superior understanding and fascinating manners could not fail, under any circumstances, to command a large share of the respect and esteem of those who were brought within their sphere of influence; but, added to the high confidence which she was known to enjoy with the minister of the day, from personal regard as well as near relationship, the influence of these amiable and attractive qualities were, of course, additionally powerful. The necessary consequence of this was the receipt of a large portion of homage from an extended circle, and abundant means of gratifying all the benevolent wishes, which it must form one of the most delightful prerogatives of power to indulge, that of assisting merit to obtain what its unaided claims would never procure, the distinction and reward it deserved.

'The death of Mr. Pitt, in addition to the sorrow which the loss of any near and beloved relative must inflict, was attended with a great, if not a total, change in all the circumstances that had hitherto yielded her great and continued delight. The health of her Ladyship was, about the same time, seriously affected; and the depression of her spirits naturally retarded her recovery.

Change of climate, scene, and circumstances, was recommended and adopted. Lady Hester accordingly quitted England for France, and remained there until the second war with Napoleon; in whose estimation she held so high a place, that every possible facility was granted to her passage through the country, at a period when unusual difficulties impeded the way of almost every foreigner, and of English subjects more especially. Italy became next the sojourn of the illustrious traveller, then Greece, and at last Constantinople. The good effects of these changes of scene and climate, which had been professionally recommended, were every day more visible. Her Ladyship's health and spirits rapidly improved, and the agreeable associations of passing over classic ground, the fine skies of Greece, the glowing beauties of the Turkish capital, or its immediate neighbourhood, from the Dardanelles to the Euxine, including the Hellespont and Bosphorus, the occasional society of many English travellers of distinction then at Constantinople, and the profound respect paid by the Turks to all her wishes, which were as much regarded, indeed, as if they were commands, induced a very natural desire to see more of the country under their dominion before she returned home.

'In the course of these further excursions, if hazardous and difficult voyages and travels may be so called, Lady Hester Stanhope visited Egypt, staid some time at Cairo, and was the first, and up to this time, I believe, the only English lady that ever entered the great Pyramids of Gizeh, near the ruins of Memphis. She was also wrecked on the island of Cyprus, from whence herself and attendant were taken off by Captain Hope, then in the Salsette frigate on the Smyrna station. She subsequently made a journey to Palmyra, in company with several English gentlemen, among whom was Mr. Bruce, the heroic deliverer of Lavalette. She visited also Jerusalem, Damascus, Bālbeck, and all the principal places of interest in Syria, and at length became so much pleased with the climate, scenery, and character of the people of the country, that she determined to take up her abode in Mount Lebanon for the summer, and on the coast near Sidon for the winter months, as long as she might feel disposed to remain in the East.

'Not having visited the summer residence in the mountains, I am unable to speak of it with any degree of accuracy. I have understood, however, that it was on an elevated part of Lebanon, about midway between the summit and the more woody belt of the middle region, combining a proximity to the snowy parts of the hollows excluded from the sun, and enjoying, at the same time, fresh air, abundant water, and agreeable shade. The winter residence, near the sea, was originally a Greek convent, dedicated to Saint Elias, from whence its name. It being no longer required for its original purpose, it was let at a fixed yearly rent for a residence, and occupied by Lady Hester Stanhope accordingly. In speaking even of this, as it is entirely from recollection, not having made a single note during my stay there, I cannot attempt minute details, but will endeavour to give a general idea as accurately as

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I am able. The convent stands on the brow of a hill, looking towards the sea, the whole of the way from it to the town of Seyda being on a descent, for a distance of about five or six miles. It consists of a number of separate rooms in a quadrangular building that surrounds an inner court, made into a flower garden, into which the doors of all these rooms open. The rooms are neither spacious nor elegant, but most of them being furnished after the English manner, with carpets, tables, chairs, &c. offered an agreeable contrast to the rooms generally seen in the East, the whole furniture of which consists of a low range of cushions and pillows surrounding the skirting, and, as it were, fringing the junction between the wall and the floor. Nothing in the house appeared unnecessary or expensive; but all that could conduce to comfort, and that was procurable in the country, was seen in clean and unostentatious simplicity. The proper number of out-offices, kitchens, stables, &c. were attached to the edifice, and there were spare rooms and beds enough to accommodate any small party of travellers that might have occasion to remain here for a short period in the course of their journey.

'The domestic establishment of her Ladyship consisted, at this period, of an English physician, Dr. Meryon, who lived in a separate house at a distance of less than a mile; an English attendant, Miss Williams; and an English housekeeper, Mrs. Fry; a Levantine secretary, of French descent, from Aleppo; and a small number of male and female servants of the country, for the ordinary purposes of labour. The fondness for beautiful horses, which this lady passionately entertained, was judiciously, but not ostentatiously enjoyed by the possession of a small stud of Arabs, of the purest and most celebrated races; and on these she occasionally took such exercise only as her health required.

'The mode of life passed by Lady Hester Stanhope at this convent had nothing peculiar in it, except, perhaps, that it was more rational than the mode observed by the more fashionable, of her own sex in particular, at home. She rose generally about eight; walked in the flower-garden, or read, until ten; breakfasted on tea and coffee in the English manner, so much so, indeed, that there was no distinction between her breakfast-table and one in England, except that finer and fresher fruits were often produced there than it is usual to see in London. An extensive correspondence, which her Ladyship appeared to maintain with persons of distinction in all parts of Europe, and even in India, generally occupied her pen, or that of her secretary, who wrote from dictation, for several hours in the middle of the day. This correspondence was, however, not confined to mere interchange of sentiments with distant friends, agreeable as such an occupation undoubtedly is, but had often some object of great utility in the country itself to promote; and frequently led, as I had myself occasion to know, in more instances than one, to the most happy results. The maintenance of this correspondence, carried on in four or five different languages, including the reading as well as writing of several letters in each day, was quite enough to occupy

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the largest portion of the writer's time; but with all this, a want of leisure was never pleaded in excuse for attending to any applications for relief that were perpetually made, from whatever quarter they might have come. A walk, or a ride on horseback, was generally indulged in before dinner, which was always served soon after sunset, and was a happy medium between frugality and abundance, such as a prince might partake, and yet such as the most temperate could not complain of. The evening was almost invariably passed in conversation; and so powerful is my recollection, even at this distant period, of the pleasure this afforded me, that I could use no terms which would be too extravagant in its praise. The early association with men eminent for their talents, as well as their power; the habit of intense observation on all passing events; the abundant opportunities, afforded by years of travel, to apply these habits to the utmost advantage; all these, added to a remarkable union of frankness and dignity, gave a peculiar charm to the conversation of this highly accomplished and amiable woman: such, indeed, as to render it a matter of deep regret that it should be so lost, by seclusion from the world, to many whom it would instruct as well as delight. But it is, perhaps, to this love of solitude that much of the dignity of her feelings may be attributed; for it would be almost impossible to preserve, uncontaminated, a true greatness of mind, amidst the continual round of frivolities which dissipate the thoughts of half the fashionable world in England. We seldom retired before midnight; and these intellectual evenings never closed without affording me matter of congratulation at the information and pleasure afforded me, and regret at the impossibility of their being more frequently enjoyed.

'In person, Lady Hester Stanhope is rather above the usual standard of female height, with regular and delicately formed features, a soft blue eye, fair and pale complexion, an expression of habitual pensiveness and tranquil resignation, which was rarely disturbed except when her countenance now and then lighted up with the indignant feelings that always followed the recital of some deed of cruelty or oppression. Her early political associations had not overcome those fine sensations which almost instinctively impel the heart to resist the inroads of tyranny; but which are never more powerful than when emanating from a female breast. The names of those who rank among the benefactors of mankind were such as enjoyed her highest veneration and esteem; and she never mentioned those of tyrants and oppressors but with undisguised abhorrence.

'It has been made a subject of wonder, that an English lady of distinction should not only choose so remote and retired a spot for her residence, but that she should adopt the costume of the country, and that too of the male sex; it being already universally known that Lady Hester Stanhope wears the dress of a Turkish effendi, or private gentleman. The wonder will cease, however, when the reasons which influenced this choice are explained. Had she retained the dress of an English lady she could never have ventured

ventured into the open air, even for the purpose of exercise, without attracting a crowd of the peasantry, and others, to witness such a curiosity as any one so apparelled could not fail to be considered in that country, and this would be a perpetual impediment to all her movements abroad. Had she adopted the dress of a Turkish lady, she could never have ventured out except enveloped in the ample garments worn by these, which render it difficult to walk freely, and quite impossible to take any active exercise, besides being veiled in such a manner as to impede free breathing in this warm climate, and to interrupt the pleasure of seeing clearly the surrounding objects of interest in the way. The dress of an English gentleman would be liable to still stronger objections, though of another nature; so that the Turkish male dress appeared the only one that could be adopted with delicacy and advantage combined. Those who have ever seen the garment of a Turkish gentleman must be aware that it conceals the whole figure and person of the wearer, much more effectually than even the English female dress; and that nothing can be more consistent with the most feminine delicacy, than the ample and flowing robes of this costume.* This is literally the only costume in which any person of respectability could go out in Syria, without attracting a crowd, and suffering perpetual interruption; so that the choice was wise and prudent, and in every other respect quite unexceptionable.

'If to be sincerely and generally beloved by those among whom we reside, to possess power and influence with those who govern, and to have abundant opportunities of exercising these for the benefit of the weak and helpless, be sources of delight, (and that they are so, the universal sentiment of mankind seems to bear testimony,) it may be safely concluded that Lady Hester Stanhope is one of the happiest of human beings. The veneration in which she is held, the affectionate terms in which she is continually spoken of by those who live near and surround her habitation, surpasses any thing I remember to have met with in the course of a tolerably extensive peregrination through various countries of the globe. Coupled, indeed, with the humble gratitude, confined information, and general enthusiasm of feeling, which characterise the inhabitants of that country, it amounts almost to adoration: so that the real good which this lady does, and the undoubted respect paid to her by all classes, have been magnified by every

* In the very admirable picture of Mr. Pickersgill, exhibited at Somerset-house during the last year's exhibition, under the title of "The Oriental Love Letter," the dress of the Turkish lady in the harem conveys an excellent idea of that worn by Turkish private gentlemen also; the variation between the male and female dress, when within doors, being very slight; but differing *in toto* when they go out; as the gentleman goes forth uncovered, and in the same manner as he sits at home; but the lady, over her in-door dress, is obliged to fold large outer garments, veils, &c. so as almost to conceal entirely her person from sight.

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successive narrator through whom the recital has passed, till it has at last assumed the shape of the miraculous, and surpassed even the extravagance of the Arabian Tales.'

From this agreeable retreat Mr. Buckingham pursued his journey over Mount Lebanon to Antioch and Aleppo, where the present volume ends. We shall only say, in conclusion, that, with some few exceptions, which we have noticed, it is prolix in its details, and very unequal in its style; yet that it contains a variety of information which, though loosely and coldly conveyed, is of some value for its novelty.

ART. V. *Joanni Miltoni Angli de Doctrina Christiana Libri duo Posthumi*, quos ex schedis Manuscriptis deprompsit et typis mandari primus curavit C. R. Sumner, A. M. 4to. 1825.

ART. VI. *A Treatise on Christian Doctrine;* compiled from the Holy Scriptures alone. By John Milton. Translated from the Original by Charles R. Sumner, M. A., Librarian and Historiographer to his Majesty, and Prebendary of Canterbury. 4to. C. Knight. London. 1825.

AUBREY told Anthony Wood (Fasti Oxonienses, i. 1635. col. 486.) that Milton had written a body of divinity intitled IDEA THEOLOGIÆ, which he had placed in the hands of Cyriac Skinner, who, as the readers of Milton's Sonnets know, was one of his most intimate friends. This was universally supposed by all his biographers and commentators to have been lost. It has been reserved for our times to discover it. Mr. Lemon (the very meritorious gentleman who superintends the State-Paper Office) in 1823 found, among a great number of pieces relating to the plots of the later days of Charles II., a MS. book, enveloped in two or three sheets of printed paper, (which contained a corrected copy of Milton's official Latin letters,) and directed to Mr. Skinner, merchant. The title does not exactly agree with that given, of course from recollection, by Aubrey to Wood: but there is no doubt that it is the work so long considered as not extant. It is in the hand-writing of Mary, one of the poet's daughters, and is sufficiently correct. Some blunders of careless dictation, and others of heedless copying, occur, but they are of little importance, and are in this edition rectified by its editor, Mr. Sumner. It is published by the King's especial order,—a circumstance which we think creditable to the taste and liberality of his Majesty.

It is a very perfect and well-ordered body of divinity; containing, however, doctrines little expected by people in general, from the pen of the author of Paradise Lost. As however,

however, the interest of the volume does not consist in the arguments themselves so much as in the circumstance of their being Milton's, we shall hold ourselves excused from entering into any deep polemical considerations, but shall at once proceed to analyze and condense its contents.

After defining that the Christian doctrine is that which Christ (though not known by that name from the beginning) divinely revealed to us concerning the nature and worship of the Deity, for the promotion of the glory of God, and the salvation of men, he commences his work by a consideration of the nature and attributes of God. The existence of the Deity is proved by the usual arguments — the order of the universe; — the necessity of a First Cause; — the testimony of every man's individual conscience; — and the authority of Scripture. We are cautioned against making our own fancies the ground of our opinions concerning the nature of God; and the use which several have made of ἀνθρωποπαθείαι is rejected as worthy of grammarians, not theologians. The following passage is remarkable, as seeming to favor the theory of the Humanitarians, against which, however, he speedily guards himself. (We shall quote in general from Mr. Sumner's translation.)

'If God be said *to have made man in his own image, after his likeness*, Gen. i. 26., and that too not only as to his soul, but also as to his outward form *, (unless the same words have different signi-

'* The Humanitarians held that God was to be understood as having really a human form. See Clarke's *Sermons*, vol. i. p. 26. fol. edit. The drift of Milton's argument leads him to employ language which would appear at first sight to verge upon their doctrine, but it will be seen immediately that he guards himself against the charge of having adopted one of the most ignorant errors of the dark ages of the church. The reasoning of Milton on this subject throws great light on a passage in Paradise Lost, put into the mouth of Raphael:

'" ——— What surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By likening spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best; though what if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?"

'Here Newton observes the artful suggestion that there may be a greater similitude and resemblance between things in heaven and things in earth than is generally imagined, and supposes it may have been intended as an apology for the bold figures which the poet has employed. We now see that his deliberate opinions seem to have leaned to the belief that the fabrick of the invisible world was the pattern of the visible. Mede introduces a hint of a similar kind in his tenth discourse, as Newton remarks.'

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fications here and in chap. v. 3. *Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his image,*) and if God habitually assign to himself the members and form of man, why should we be afraid of attributing to him what he attributes to himself, so long as what is imperfection and weakness when viewed in reference to ourselves be considered as most complete and excellent whenever it is imputed to God. Questionless the glory and majesty of the Deity must have been so dear to him, that he would never say any thing of himself which could be humiliating or degrading, and would ascribe to himself no personal attribute which he would not willingly have ascribed to him by his creatures. Let us be convinced that those have acquired the truest apprehension of the nature of God who submit their understandings to his word; inasmuch as he has accommodated his word to their understandings, and has shown what he wishes their notion of the Deity should be.

'To speak summarily, God either is, or is not, such as he represents himself to be. If he be really such, why should we think otherwise of him? If he be not such, on what authority do we say what God has not said? If at least it be his will that we should thus think of him, why does our imagination wander into some other conception? Why should we hesitate to conceive of God according to what he has not hesitated to declare explicitly respecting himself? For such knowledge of the Deity as was necessary for the salvation of man, he has himself of his goodness been pleased to reveal abundantly. Deut. xxix. 29. *The secret things belong unto Jehovah, but those things which are revealed belong unto us.....that we may do them.*

'In arguing thus, we do not say that God is in fashion like unto man in all his parts and members, but that as far as we are concerned to know, he is of that form which he attributes to himself in the sacred writings. If therefore we persist in entertaining a different conception of the Deity than that which it is to be presumed he desires should be cherished, inasmuch as he has himself disclosed it to us, we frustrate the purposes of God instead of rendering him submissive obedience. As if, forsooth, we wished to show that it was not we who had thought too meanly of God, but God who had thought too meanly of us.'

In Paradise Lost he had already made Raphael hint that this visible world of ours resembled the invisible:

—— "Though what if earth
Be but the shadow of heaven, and things therein
Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?"

an idea which he might have caught from Cicero. *Atque si pulcher est hic mundus, si probus ejus artifex, profecto speciem æternitatis imitari maluit.....Ex quo efficitur ut sit necesse, hunc, quem cernimus, mundum simulacrum esse alicujus æterni.* He here, we see, stretches it even farther; and the Swedenborgians, we believe, have carried the idea to the utmost limits of absurdity.

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The attributes of God are the next consideration; and they are laid down to be, truth, spirituality, immensity, infinity, eternity, immutability, incorruptibility, omnipresence, omnipotence, and thence (*i. e.* from the effect of all these forementioned attributes,) unity, which, however, is besides directly provable from Scripture. With respect to the attributes depending on his will he is infinitely pure and holy; most gracious, true, faithful, and just. Therefore, on the whole, it follows that he is to us wonderful and incomprehensible. Such are the nature and attributes of God. His efficiency follows of course in the process of argument, and it is divided into internal and external: — internal, that which is independent of all extraneous agency, viz. his decrees: — external, the execution of those decrees, of course, on other beings. The decrees of God, then, are general or special. His general decree is that, whereby he has decreed from all eternity of his own most free and wise and holy purpose, whatever he willed, or whatever he was about to do. In this part of Milton's work he is not a little puzzled by the consideration of that question which, we fear, will never be *thoroughly* clear to us in this state of existence — how the foreknowlege of God is consistent with the free will of man. He asserts the entire and free existence of both, and endeavors to trim his bark between the ultra doctrines of the Necessitarians and the lax ideas of the followers of Epicurus. In reading this and some other similar passages, it is impossible not to recollect his own verses, where his devils are debating on

——— "Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute —
And found no end in wandering mazes lost:"

for it is evident that he is himself pretty much in the same situation. He sums up the whole argument in a manner which will not be new to our theological readers.

'To comprehend the whole matter in a few words, the sum of the argument may be thus stated in strict conformity with reason. God of his wisdom determined to create men and angels reasonable beings, and therefore free agents; at the same time he foresaw which way the bias of their will would incline, in the exercise of their own uncontrouled liberty. What then? shall we say that this foresight or foreknowledge on the part of God imposed on them the necessity of acting in any definite way? No more than if the future event had been foreseen by any human being. For what any human being has foreseen as certain to happen, will not less certainly happen than what God himself has predicted.

dicted. Thus Elisha foresaw how much evil Hazael would bring upon the children of Israel in the course of a few years, 2 Kings, viii. 12. Yet no one would affirm that the evil took place necessarily on account of the foreknowledge of Elisha; for had he never foreknown it, the event would have occurred with equal certainty, through the free will of the agent. So neither does any thing happen because God has foreseen it; but he foresees the event of every action, because he is acquainted with their natural causes, which, in pursuance of his own decree, are left at liberty to exert their legitimate influence. Consequently the issue does not depend on God who foresees it, but on him alone who is the object of his foresight. Since, therefore, as has before been shown, there can be no absolute decree of God regarding free agents, undoubtedly the prescience of the Deity (which can no more bias free agents than the prescience of man, that is, not at all, since the action in both cases is intransitive, and has no external influence,) can neither impose any necessity of itself, nor can it be considered at all the cause of free actions. If it be so considered, the very name of liberty must be altogether abolished as an unmeaning sound; and that not only in matters of religion, but even in questions of morality and indifferent things. There can be nothing but what will happen necessarily, since there is nothing but what is foreknown by God.'

The special decrees of God regard his Son, angels, and mankind. The first is the begetting of his Son — of the second the existence is only implied not expressed — and the third, which regards us, is predestination. Foreseeing that men of their own accord would fall, God, before the foundations of the world were laid, predestined to eternal salvation those who should believe and continue in the faith. Predestination, therefore, only concerns election, not reprobation, which is incautiously (*temere*) introduced into discussion on the subject. He argues at great length on the necessity to salvation of belief, and continuance in the faith, contending against those who hold that a person once elect cannot fall away. Peter, he observes, is not saved because he is Peter, nor John as John, but so far as he believes and continues to believe. Those who do not believe are reprobate, not from the decree of God, but their own fault, and as it were *per accidens*, all having grace sufficient unto salvation granted them. There is nothing in his argument on the subject, or the illustrations with which he enforces it, or the objections which he meets, which are not well known to all who have studied the Calvinistic controversy. The passage Acts, xiii. 48., which he acknowleges to be a very difficult one, he interprets as Hammond and Whitby do. The 28th, 29th, and 30th verses of Rom. viii. (which are of course cited,) he treats as of inferior difficulty.

So far for the internal efficiency of God. The execution of his decrees may be comprized under the heads of Generation, Creation, and the Government of the Universe. We are sure that the doctrine first taught under this head will startle most of his readers, for he commences by denying the divinity of Christ. He holds that Christ existed before the world was made, under the name of the Logos, or Word; that he was the first of the whole creation, by whom all other things in heaven and earth were made, (quoting the opening verses of St. John's Gospel, Rev. iii. 14., 1 Cor. viii. 6., Heb. i. 2, &c. &c.) but still a creature. From the consideration of the second Psalm, it is evident, he says, that his generation was not of necessity but a spontaneous decree of God. To him the Father imparted a portion of his divine power (Heb. i. 2, 3.): but it is not wise for us to inquire farther than what is revealed to us on the subject. His arguments against the divinity of our Saviour are not very ingenious. He represents the Trinitarians as being chiefly moved to support their creed by the circumstance of the title of God being sometimes applied to Christ in the Scriptures. This, he says, is of itself an insufficient ground, as that title is also applied to others, as to kings and princes; (a point which farther on he labors more carefully;) and we believe few Trinitarians will contest the position. The first objection he makes against the divinity of Christ is drawn from the absurdity of confounding unity and duality. "If one divine essence," he says, "be common to two persons, that essence or divinity will either be in the relation of a whole to its several parts, or of a genus to its several species, or, lastly, of a common subject to its accidents." These suppositions being absurd, the doctrine founded on them must be so. We own he would have stated this objection plainer if, dismissing this learned jargon, he had said that *one* could not be *two*, and the argument would just go as far towards confuting his antagonists. Soon waving, however, considerations drawn from reason he proceeds to Scripture.* Here he finds that the unity of God is taught in numberless places of the Old and New Testament, by Christ himself, (Mark, xii. 28, &c.) and by Saint

* In this place Milton's language is rather too light for his subject. "Expectet igitur nemo dum hic longum ex metaphysica apparatum præmittam, *et personalitatum illud totum drama* [rather freely rendered by Sumner, "all that commonly received drama of the personalities of the Godhead] advocem." If the doctrine of the Trinity be true, these words are not far from blasphemy. Be it true or untrue, they are not becoming.

Paul so clearly and perspicuously that one would think the inculcation of this truth had been his sole object. (He cites several passages from the Epistles to prove this assertion: some of them, it must be allowed, rather pressed into the service.) In commenting on 1 Cor. viii. 4—6. he again refers to the argument against the Trinity to be drawn from the consideration of number. 'Besides, since a numerical difference originates in difference of essence, those who are two numerically, must also be two essentially;' on which Mr. Sumner has the following very curious note, which reflects credit on the carefulness of his research: he extracts from Milton's Logic:

'"Res etiam singulæ, sive individua, quæ vulgo vocant, singulas sibique proprias formas habent; differunt quippe numero inter se, quod nemo non fatetur. Quid autem est aliud numero inter se, nisi singulis formis differre? Numerus enim, ut recte Scaliger, est affectio essentiam consequens. Quæ igitur numero, essentia quoque differunt; et nequaquam numero, nisi essentia, differrent. Exigilent hic theologi. Quod si quotcunque numero, essentia quoque differunt, nec tamen materia, necesse est formis inter se differant; non autem communibus, ergo propriis." *Artis Logicæ plenior Institutio.* Prose works, vi. 214. The hint thrown out to the theologians in this passage is very remarkable; but I am not aware that it has ever been noticed as affording a clew to the opinion of Milton on the important subject alluded to, which could scarcely have been expected to be found in a treatise on logick.'

Having brought all the texts he thought necessary in support of his own doctrines, he next turns to those which are adduced on the other side, — John, x. 30., which is interpreted as usually by anti-Trinitarian writers, and 1 John, v. 7. the celebrated text, the authenticity of which has been so much disputed. Its spuriousness is, we believe, now pretty well agreed on by scholars of all sides: but Milton was not in possession of all that could be said on his own view of the question. He, in fact, makes two or three mistakes, but that is not to be wondered at. The other less direct texts he oppugns with the reasoning which is familiar to all disputants in this branch of polemics. But the whole has been, on both sides, so infinitely better argued since Milton's time, and so much more erudition, and sensible criticism, brought forward to meet the question, that it would be waste of time to analyze his arguments, particularly as they contain nothing very striking; — the scriptural illustrations being trite, and the reasoning generally a wearisome repetition of scholastic distinctions, which might have been very attractive in Milton's day, but certainly would pass for any thing but philosophy or common sense in ours.

Although he denies Christ's divinity he is loud in asserting his privileges and attributes. He assigns to him eternal life, — omnipresence, — omniscience, — authority, — omnipotence, — divine works, — the power of conversion, — of creation, — of remission of sins, — of preservation, — of renovation, — of conferring gifts, — the mediatorial office, — and many other high distinctions. Powers and attributes in some degree similar he assigns to the Holy Spirit, whose divinity he, of course, denies, — putting him below the Son. There is nothing novel or ingenious in his manner of handling this discussion; nor does he appear quite satisfied himself.

'Lest, however, we should be altogether ignorant who or what the Holy Spirit is, although Scripture nowhere teaches us in express terms, it may be collected from the passages quoted above, that the Holy Spirit, inasmuch as he is a minister of God, and therefore a creature, was created or produced of the substance of God, not by a natural necessity, but by the free will of the agent, probably before the foundations of the world were laid, but later than the Son, and far inferior to him. It will be objected, that thus the Holy Spirit is not sufficiently distinguished from the Son. I reply, that the scriptural expressions themselves, *To come forth*, *To go out from the Father*, *To proceed from the Father*, which mean the same in the Greek, do not distinguish the Son from the Holy Spirit, inasmuch as these terms are used indiscriminately with reference to both persons, and signify their mission, not their nature. There is, however, sufficient reason for placing the name as well as the nature of the Son above that of the Holy Spirit in the discussion of topics relative to the Deity; inasmuch as the brightness of the glory of God, and the express image of his person, are said to have been impressed on the one, and not on the other.'

'This last distinction, all must allow, is a very nice one. With this sentence he concludes his consideration of the first act of God's external efficiency, — generation.

We said that this doctrine would, in all probability, astonish the general readers of Milton: — but, yet, he was always suspected of Arianism. See Newton's Life, p. 60. ed. 1758. J. Warton on Paradise Regained, b. i. 163. We think an attentive reader would have always suspected it, but the commentators in general have not a hint on the subject. The following passages were always conclusive in our mind on the question:

> "Thee next they sang of all CREATION first,
> Begotten Son, divine similitude." — P. L. b. iii. 383.

Which acknowleges the Son a creature. Newton's note on the passage is, "So in Col. i. 15. The first-born of every creature,

creature, — or of all creation, πάσης κτίσεως. And Rev. iii. 14. The beginning of the creation of God." And, strange to say, these two passages are the identical texts relied on by Milton in this treatise as the conclusive proofs of the truth of a doctrine, the very contrary of which was stoutly maintained by the good Bishop: "Cum autem filius dicetur *primogenitus omnis rei creatæ*, et Apoc. iii. 14. *Principium creationis Dei*, quid aliud planius intelligi potest, quam quod Deus Filium rerum omnium primum divina natura præditum sua voluntate creavit sive generavit aut produxit? Sicuti in plenitudine temporis humanam naturam ex Mariâ Virgine mirificè procreavit." P. 62. (Latin.) Now we were always in the habit of drawing from this passage of Paradise Lost the very interpretation here warranted by Milton himself, — and that for this reason: Although he has carefully adhered to the very scriptural letter, so that a Trinitarian could have no more objection to the passage of Paradise Lost than he could have to the actual text, yet we felt quite convinced that, if Milton had been a Trinitarian himself, he would not have omitted such an opportunity, as the Hymn of the Angels in the Presence of God, to enlarge on such a theme as the mysterious union of persons in one Godhead, which, in his hands, would certainly have been made one of the most glorious and impressive pieces of Christian poetry. The same conclusion might be drawn from other passages, — such as Raphael's account of the adoption of the Messiah, in the fifth book, — and, in general, from the cautious manner in which Milton always takes care to style Christ *man*, — as in the exordium,

> "—— Till one greater MAN
> Restore us," &c.:

but it is still more evident from the whole tenor of Paradise Regained. In the very first speech put into the mouth of the Father, book i. line 180., we find the Deity saying that he has chosen

> "This perfect *man*, by *merit* called my Son."

In the first speech of Jesus in the wilderness, line 290., he says,

> "By some strong motive I am led
> Into this wilderness, to what intent
> I learn not yet: *perhaps I need not know;*
> *For what concerns my knowledge God reveals.*"

From which passage no rational deduction in our mind could be drawn, but that, in the opinion of the writer, Jesus was not the Divinity himself, but a person having authority from the Father. This may perhaps account for the narrow

and contracted scheme of Paradise Regained. Bentley, with his usual acuteness, noticed (note on P.L. x. 182.) that the poet, when he was writing Paradise Lost, thought that Paradise was regained at our Saviour's resurrection. "This," says Bentley, "would have been a copious and sublime subject for a second poem. The wonders then to be described would have erected an ordinary poet's genius; and in episodes he might have introduced his conception, birth, miracles, and all the history of his administration while on earth. And much I grieve that, instead of this, he should choose for the argument of his Paradise Regained the fourth chapter of Luke, the temptation in the wilderness, a dry, barren, and narrow ground to build an epic poem on." He, however, purposely avoided the magnificent theme here pointed out; for it would have been impossible to have written on the resurrection without directly involving himself in a declaration on the question of the divinity of Christ, which, pursuing a different course, he has contrived to avoid, except by hints "vocal to the intelligent." It is clear that he felt his opinions were such as *à priori* were not likely to be agreeable; for even in this work he prefaces their introduction by a laborious apology. (P. 60, 61.) He therefore must have thought them more fit for a work of polemics than for a poem, in which the pleasure, not the annoyance, of the reader, is to be studied; and it must be confessed that the τέρψιν is not likely to result from angry disputations on the hypostasis of Deity.

To resume the consideration of the treatise, — the next efficiency of God is creation, which is an act of God producing the universe, by means of the Word and Spirit, for the manifestation of his own power and glory. In the chapter on this subject we have occasional glimpses of the author of Paradise Lost. He maintains, that the world was not created out of nothing; — 'a basis,' as he says, 'for the world as unsubstantial as the theory of those who hold it." His arguments here are drawn chiefly from the scholastic logic, — depending principally on the division of causes, — efficient, material, formal, and final, and are not very interesting. He maintains, in consequence, that there will be no annihilation of any thing created; which is hinted in Paradise Lost, b. xii. 549., when he makes Michael inform Adam that, after the destruction of Satan, God will

"—— Raise
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined
New heavens, new earth."

The

The last act of God's efficiency is the government of the world, and this is general or special; general, that by which he regards, preserves, and governs the whole world, according to his decree: special, that which relates to the government of angels and men. The chapter on the government of angels will afford many hints to the commentators on his poetry, and is very curious. The government of men regards man in his state of innocence and in his fall. Man was created innocent, with but one pledge of obedience, (which Milton guards us against calling a sacrament, 'for a sacrament is to be used, not abstained from,') under what has been, in our author's opinion erroneously, called the Covenant of Works. As he had the whole law of nature implanted in him, he required no farther direct commands, except, perhaps, with regard to the tree of knowledge, and the institution of marriage. As for the observance of the Sabbath, which some insist on as a primitive command, it, he contends, was unknown until Moses enjoined it to the Israelites. (In another part of his work, b. ii. c. vii. p. 600., he argues that the command to hallow it was addressed merely to the Jews, on grounds quite peculiar to *them*, and is not at all binding on Christians. The decalogue, he observes, is by no means merely a collection of moral precepts, but also contains ceremonial ordinances. As for keeping the *first* day of the week holy, he declares altogether against that, as being grounded on no warrant of Scripture whatsoever.) With respect to marriage, he describes it, as might have been expected from his writings and his domestic example, as instituted for mutual love, help, and solace of man and woman, *though with a reservation of superior rights to the husband*, which were increased after the fall. As for polygamy, he assures us that it is perfectly lawful; not forbidden by God; on the contrary, practised by the most holy patriarchs and others, his especial favorites, and even countenanced by the conduct which, in an allegory, (Ezek. xxiii. 4.) the Deity ascribes to himself; which last argument is indeed an odd one. He no where, in this strange doctrine, condescends to take into account the state of the world in the days of Abraham, or any of the circumstances which may render necessary or justifiable a practice in one part of the world, in a particular state of population, under peculiar manners, which, nevertheless, if applied as a general rule, would be absurd, revolting, or pernicious. His doctrine of divorce is carried as far in this work as in those which have been already known; allowing separation for any causes which produce aversion or unfitness for society.

'The whole argument may be summed up in brief as follows: It is universally admitted that marriage may lawfully be dissolved, if the prime end and form of the institution be violated; which is generally alleged as the reason why Christ allowed divorce in cases of adultery only. But the prime end and form of marriage, as almost all acknowledge, is not the nuptial bed, but conjugal love, and mutual assistance through life; for that must be regarded as the prime end and form of a rite, which is alone specified in the original institution. Mention is there made of the pleasures of society, which are incompatible with the isolation consequent upon aversion, and of conjugal assistance, which is afforded by love alone; not of the nuptial bed, or of the production of offspring, which may take place even without love: from whence it is evident that conjugal affection is of more importance and higher excellence than the nuptial bed itself, and more worthy to be considered as the prime end and form of the institution. No one can surely be so base and sensual as to deny this. The very cause which renders the pollution of the marriage-bed so heavy a calamity, is, that in its consequences it interrupts peace and affection; much more therefore must the perpetual interruption of peace and affection by mutual differences and unkindness be a sufficient reason for granting the liberty of divorce. And that it is such, Christ himself declares in the above passage; for it is certain, and has been proved already, that fornication signifies, not so much adultery, as the constant enmity, faithlessness, and disobedience of the wife, arising from the manifest and palpable alienation of the mind, rather than of the body. Not to mention, that the common, though false interpretation, by which adultery is made the sole ground of divorce, so far from vindicating the law, does in effect abrogate it; for it was ordained by the law of Moses, not that an adulteress should be put away, but that she should be brought to judgement, and punished with death.'

The motives here alleged are much purer than the consequences which, we fear, would flow from the practice, if allowed. If Madan were alive, how he would rejoice to have found so high an advocate for the most offensive doctrines of his Thelyphthora.

Man having fallen, sin entered the world, "and all our woe," for all transgressed in the sin of our first parents; and we all, moreover, sin in our own particular persons. After sin came death, and the evils which lead to it, sickness, pain, labor, sorrow. This is exactly the theory of Paradise Lost, book xi. Death is spiritual, (*i. e.* the loss of the Divine grace,) corporal, or eternal. He holds that the soul dies with the body, making many quotations (principally from the Old Testament, the value of which is, however, not so great in the eyes of those who remember the Warburtonian controversies,) and considers, at length, the nine texts of Scripture which are apparently most opposed to his

his view of the case. The state of the soul after death, and before the final summoning to judgment, has been always a bewildering subject of speculation. Milton here decides that it suffers death, and that there is no recompence of good or bad till the day of judgment itself.

The restoration of man takes place through Jesus Christ. He redeems *all believers* by his own blood: he renews us by bringing us into a state of grace, either naturally, by calling, or supernaturally, by regeneration and implanting in Christ. All are called, whether elect or reprobate. Of regeneration, the effects are repentance and saving faith: of regeneration combined with engrafting in Christ, newness of life and increase. Thence follow justification and adoption; union and communion with Christ and his members; and, finally, glorification inchoate and perfect. These topics, and others connected with them, are well handled; but it would sadly transgress our limits did we enter, ever so slightly, into their discussion; nor, as they do not display any thing peculiarly Miltonic, would it be exactly in accordance with our plan. He rejects the Roman Catholic doctrines of purgatory, and their theory of the efficacy of good works; and in his arguments on the mediatorial office, again very strongly asserts the humanity of Christ, and that in a way which will overthrow some of the theories of the commentators of Paradise Regained.

The consideration of the covenant of grace introduces that of the law of God; and thence of the Gospel and Christian liberty.

'*The Gospel is the new dispensation of the covenant of grace, far more excellent and perfect than the law, announced first obscurely by Moses and the prophets, afterwards in the clearest terms by Christ himself, and his apostles and evangelists, written since by the Holy Spirit in the hearts of believers, and ordained to continue even to the end of the world, containing a promise of eternal life to all in all nations, who shall believe in Christ when revealed to them, and a threat of eternal death to such as shall not believe.*'

This would serve for a commentary on many passages in Paradise Lost. Sumner quotes

'..... Thy great Deliverer, who shall bruise
The Serpent's head; whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveal'd.' — *Paradise Lost*, xii. 149.

'The Woman's seed obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord.'—*Ibid.* 543.

'He to his own a Comforter shall send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell

His

> His Spirit within them, and the law of faith
> Working through love, upon their hearts shall write.'—
> *Paradise Lost*, xii. 486.

To which others might easily be added. This new dispensation utterly abrogates the old law, and leaves us in Christian liberty.

'*Christian liberty* is that whereby *we are loosed as it were by enfranchisement, through Christ our deliverer, from the bondage of sin, and consequently from the rule of the law and of man; to the intent that being made sons instead of servants, and perfect men instead of children, we may serve God in love through the guidance of the Spirit of truth.*'

As one consequence from this doctrine, it follows that magistrates have no right to controul believers or deprive them, in any respect, of their religious liberty. But we fear that the clause immediately preceding this conclusion would go far towards putting the right into some one's hands; for we are told that the malicious or obstinate are not to be regarded, and that even the brethren themselves are to be withstood if they be influenced by motives unworthy of the Gospel. This is, we believe, all that is asked, even by the greatest of persecutors, the church of Rome. She, however, takes care to decide who are the malicious, what are motives unworthy of the Gospel, and how those actuated by them are to be withstood. Nor have those who clamour the loudest for Gospel liberty, when oppressed themselves, always shewn much regard for it when their turn of power came round. We believe we could find many proofs of our assertion in Milton's own time, were it worth our while to waste paper on the subject.

Of sacraments, he acknowleges the two usually acknowleged by Protestants. Baptism must be of adults; and, we know not why, in *running* water. In the Lord's Supper he denies consubstantiation, and still more transubstantiation, 'or rather anthropophagy, for it deserves no better name,' p. 442.; and he holds that it may be administered by any one. The supremacy of a visible head of the church he denies, as also the necessity of regularly ordained ministers to perform any act of religious, or supposed religious, ceremony. All men are qualified to pray and preach, baptize and give the eucharist, and 'there can be still less shadow of reason for assigning to the ministers of the church the celebration of marriages or funerals, offices which *hirelings*' (a title he was fond of applying to paid clergy, P. L. iv. 193., Sonnet xvi., Prose works, iii. 391.) 'are wont to assume

assume to themselves exclusively, without even the feeble semblance of prescription derived from the Levitical law.' P. 464.

He suggests that the clergy should support themselves, like St. Paul, by their own industry; or, at all events, by the voluntary offerings of the faithful. This was a favorite theory of his, often broached. As the passage in which he expostulates against tythes is a favorable specimen of his Latin style, we shall extract it:

'Itaque decimas aut stipendium evangelicum pacisci aut exigere, aut vi atque edictis magistratuum impositum gregi extorquere, aut de mercede ecclesiastica in jus civile ambulare, litemque in foro intendere, ministrorum evangelii non est, sed luporum. Act. xx. 29. *scio lupos graves non parcentes gregi ingressuros ad vos post discessum meum*, et v. 33. *argentum vel aurum aut vestem nullius concupivi*: non ergo exegit, aut exigendum cuivis ministro evangelii censuit. 1 Tim. iii. 3. *non turpis lucri, non pecuniæ cupidum*; quanto minus exactorem? et iterum v. 8. Tit. i. 7. et v. 11. idem. 1 Pet. v. 2, 3. *pascite Dei gregem, qui penes vos est — : neque turpis lucri causa, sed prompto animo.* Certe si homini Christiano vix licet cum adversario de bonis propriis in foro contendere, Matt. v. 39, 40. 1 Cor. vi. 7. quam turpe est hominem ecclesiasticum de decimis, id est, de bonis alienis, quæ vel ex bello, vel ex voto pro libitu cujusque, vel antiquata jam non solum lege verum etiam omnibus illius legis, agrariæ scilicet nobis alienissimæ, causis, olim quidem, idque diverso ministrorum generi debebantur, nunc nemini debentur, cum grege (id quod apud reformatos nusquam nisi apud nos fieri solet) cum grege inquam vel suo vel revera non suo litigare? Si suo, quam avarum ex re magra tam cupide quæstum facere! si non suo, quam injustum! quam deinde importunum docere velle qui ab te doceri nolit! quam violentum, docendi mercedem exigere ab eo, qui doctorem te respuat; quem tu discipulum quoque nisi lucri causa æque respueres! *mercenarius* enim, *cujus non sunt oves propriæ, fugit, quia mercenarius est, et non ei ipsi cura ovium*, Joan. x. 12, 13. Tales permulti hodie de grege in gregem per causas fere levissimas toties desultant atque fugitant, non tam luporum metu, quam ipsimet lupi, quoties opimioris prædæ ministerii aliunde ostentatur; et contra atque pastores facere solent, non gregi suo, sed ipsi sibi lautiora subinde pascua sectantur.

'Dices, unde ergo vivemus? Unde nam vivetis? unde prophetæ olim atque apostoli, facultatibus propriis, artificio aliquo aut honesto studio, prophetarum exemplo, qui nec ligna cædendi nec domum ipsi suam fabricandi rudes erant, 2 Reg. vi. 2. exemplo Christi, qui et ipse faber fuit, Marc. vi. 3. Pauli, Act. xviii, 3, 4. qui cum in optimis esset artibus ac disciplinis proprio sumptu educatus, non tamen ex evangelio reficiendas esse impensas educationis suæ, ut ministri solent hodierni, clamitabat.' Hactenus de ministris.'

All

All clergy should be elected by the people, — and he allows no difference of ecclesiastical degree but deacon and presbyter; which latter he holds to be the same as bishop, as he had often elsewhere asserted. Prose works, i. 314., iii. 356., &c. In the assemblies of the faithful all should speak, — even the weakest, — except women; an exception probably made on account of the then novel doctrine of the Quakers. As for Scripture, it is so plain, in all places requisite to salvation, that any person may understand it; and, therefore, neither the civil nor ecclesiastical power has any right to impose their own interpretations of it on others as articles of implicit faith. The Apocrypha he rejects, for the usual reasons. Such are the outlines of his idea of a church; in arranging which, he decides with a spirit sufficiently dogmatical: but it is only fair to say, that he recommends charity and toleration of the opinions of others.

The first book (we should have said the work is divided into two books, one on Doctrine, the other on Worship,) concludes with a chapter on perfect glorification, including the second advent of Christ, the resurrection of the dead, and the general conflagration. This chapter abounds with matter illustrative of Paradise Lost. Take, for instance, his description of hell:

"The place of punishment is called HELL; *Tophet**, Isai. xxx. 33. *hell fire*, Matt. v. 22. and still more distinctly x. 28. *outer darkness*, viii. 12. xxii. 13. xxv. 30. *a furnace of fire*, xiii. 42. *Hades*, Luke, xvi. 23; and elsewhere: *a place of torment*, v. 28. *the bottomless pit*, Rev. ix. 1. *the lake of fire*. xx. 15. *the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone*, xxi. 8. Hell appears to be situated beyond the limits of this universe, Luke, xvi. 26. *between us and you there is a great gulf fixed, so that they which would pass from hence to you cannot.* Matt. viii. 12. *outer darkness*. Rev. xxii. 14, 15. *they may enter in through the gates into the city; for without are dogs.* Nor are reasons wanting for this locality; for as the place of the damned is the same as that prepared for the devil and his angels, Matt. xxv. 41. in punishment of their apostacy, which occurred before the fall of man, it does not seem probable that hell should have been prepared within the limits of this world, in the bowels of the earth, on which the curse had not as yet passed.† This is said to have been the opinion of Chrysostom,

* "..... Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of hell."
Paradise Lost, i. 404.

† In the argument to the first book of Paradise Lost, hell is described as situated "not in the centre (for heaven and earth may be supposed as yet not made, *certainly not yet accursed*,) but in a place of utter" (i. e. outer) "darkness, fitliest called Chaos."

as

as likewise of Luther and some later divines.* Besides, if, as has been shown from various passages of the New Testament, the whole world is to be finally consumed by fire, it follows that hell, being situated in the centre of the earth, must share the fate of the surrounding universe, and perish likewise; a consummation more to be desired than expected by the souls in perdition.'

Milton, in Paradise Lost, in one place forgets this theory of hell not being in the centre of the earth, when, in b. xii. 41. he tells us that, near Babel,

"—— A black bituminous gurge
Boils out from *under ground* the MOUTH OF HELL;"

a slip which Bentley has noticed, and altered according to his usual system.

In his second book he considers the service of God, which consists chiefly in good works. These he defines to be what we perform by the Spirit of God working in us through true faith, to the glory of God, the assured hope of our own salvation, and the edification of our neighbour. P. 528. He rejects the impious theory of works of supererogation; and asserts the vanity of human merits. The primary cause of good works is God,—the proximate, are virtues. The virtues of the understanding are wisdom and prudence,—of the will, sincerity, promptitude, and constancy. These are general virtues,—the special relate to our duty towards God and towards man. The duties towards God are the acknowlegement of the one Deity, opposed to polytheism and atheism, devout affection toward him shown in love, hope, fear, obedience,

* Καὶ πόῦ, φησί, καὶ ἐν ποίῳ χωρίῳ αὕτη ἔσται ἡ γέεννα; τί σοὶ τούτου μέλει; τὸ γὰρ ζητούμενον, δεῖξαι ὅτι ἐστὶν, οὐ ποῦ τεταμίευται, καὶ ἐν ποίῳ χωρίῳ . . . . . ἀλλ' ἐν ποίῳ τόπῳ, φησὶν, ἔσται; ἔξω που, ὡς ἔγωγε οἶμαι, τοῦ κόσμου τούτου παντός. καθάπερ γὰρ τῶν βασιλείων τὰ δεσμωτήρια καὶ τὰ μέταλλα πόῤῥω διέστηκεν, οὕτω δὴ καὶ τῆς οἰκουμένης ταύτης ἔξω που ἔσται ἡ γέεννα. Chrysost. in Ep. ad Rom. Homil. xxxi. Milton elsewhere refers to the locality of hell:

'Such place eternal justice had prepared
For those rebellious; here their prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far removed from God and light of heaven,
As from the center thrice to th' utmost pole.
Paradise Lost, i. 70.

Again: "to banish for ever into a local hell, whether in the air or in the center, or in that uttermost and bottomless gulf of Chaos, deeper from holy bliss than the world's diameter multiplied, they thought not a punishment so proper and proportionate for God to inflict, as to punish sin with sin." *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce.* Prose works, ii. 11.'

&c., and

&c., and religion manifested in external service, free from superstition and hypocrisy. Acts of religion are the invocation or adoration of God, and the sanctification of his name. Under the first of these divisions are contained supplication, thanksgiving, oath, and, oddly enough, casting the lot, — to which ceremony Milton attributes more importance than we should be inclined to give to it. In considering them, he discusses fasting, invocation of saints, adjuration, and, in short, all subjects connected with them. *Zeal* is the most important circumstance attending on sanctification, and it occupies some attention. The remainder of the work is employed in considering the various duties of men with respect to each other, which, in our opinion, is chiefly curious on account of the light it throws on Milton's ideas of the several virtues. He is severe in reprobation of intemperance, laziness, and immodesty; and Mr. Sumner has well illustrated these passages from others in his already published works. Milton's doctrines here are in general judicious, and supported by adequate quotations from Scripture. As a specimen of his mode of argument through the entire work, as well as of his last opinions on a point which had engaged much of his attention, in theory and practice, throughout his life, we quote his last chapter.

'*De Officiis publicis erga proximum.*

'Hactenus de officiis privatis: publica sunt vel politica vel ecclesiastica.

'Politica sunt magistratus et populi vel inter se vel erga vicinos et exteros.

'MAGISTRATUS OFFICIA ERGA POPULUM docentur Exod. xxiii. 8. *munus ne accipito, nam*—. et xxxii. 11, &c. *deprecatus est Moses — et dixit, quare, Jehova, accenderetur ira tua in populum tuum*—? Lev. xix. 15. *ne accipitote personam tenuis, neque honorem exhibeto personæ magni: juste judicato proximum tuum.* Num. xi. 11, &c. *quare non inveni gratiam in oculis tuis, quod imposuisti onus hujus populi totius mihi*—? et xiv. 13. *dixit vero Moses Jehovæ, atqui audirent Ægyptii*—. Deut. i. 9. *non possum solus ferre onus vestri.* xvii. 20. *ne efferatur animus ejus præ fratribus suis, et ne recedat ab hoc præcepto dextrorsum aut sinistrorsum.* 1 Reg. ii. 3. *observabis observationem Jehovæ Dei tui*—. et iii. 8, 9, 10. *des animum servo tuo intelligentem*—. 2 Chron. i. 10. idem. 1 Chron. xiii. 2. *dixit David toti congregationi Israelis, si vobis bonum et a Jehova Deo nostro videtur esse, passim dimittamus ad fratres nostros*—. et xxviii. 2. *audite me, fratres mei et populi mi*—. 2 Chron. xix. 6. *edicens judicibus, videte quid facturi sitis; non enim pro homine judicaturi estis, sed pro Jehova, qui vobiscum futurus est in rebus judiciariis,* &c.

'In præmio et pœna. Psal. ci. 4, &c. *animus perversus recedet a me*—: *oculi mei attendent ad veraces terræ*—. In pœna sed moderata

moderata tamen. Deut. xxv. 3. *quadragenis plagis caedendum curabit eum; ne addito —.* 1 Reg. ii. 26. *reus mortis es, attamen hoc die non afficiam te morte, quia —.*

'Jus magistratus et gladii. Gen. ix. 6. *per hominem sanguis illius effunditor, quia —.* Job. xii. 18. *vinculum regum dissolvit —.* Psal. lxxv. 7. *non enim ab exortu aut ab occasu, neque a deserto est exaltatio.* Prov. viii. 15, 16. *per me reges regnant —.* Dan. ii. 21. *ipse mutat tempora —.* et iv. 17. *ut agnoscant viventes, dominari Excelsum in filiis hominum —.* et v. 18, 19. *Deus excelsus regnum et amplitudinem — dederat ei —: sed quum elatus esset animus ejus —, depositus est e solio regni sui —.* Rom. xiii. 1, &c. *omnis anima potestatibus —: non enim frustra gladium gerit —:* si non frustra, certe non ad bonorum perniciem. 1 Pet. ii. 13. *ut qui per eum mittantur tum ad ultionem facinorosorum —.*

'De eligendis magistratibus Exod. xviii. 21. *tu providebis ex hoc populo, et curato eligi —.* Num. xi. 16, 17. 25. *congrega mihi septuaginta viros —.* Deut. i. 13, &c. *exhibete homines sapientes et prudentes —.* 1 Sam. xii. 2, 3. *abeuntes itaque totus ille populus Gilgalem, regem constituerunt —. ecce auscultavi voci vestrae —, et constitui super vos regem.* 2 Sam. ii. 4. *quo advenientes homines Jehudae unxerunt ibi Davidem in regem super familiam Jehudae.*

'Officiis magistratuum opposita sunt. Psal. xxvi. 10. *quorum dextra est plena corruptionis muneribus.* et xciv. 20. *an consociaretur tibi solium aerumnarum —?* Prov. xvii. 23. *munus e sinu improbus accipit ad pervertendum itinera juris.* et xxi. 7. *renuunt exercere jus.* et xxviii. 15, 16. &c.

'Aulicorum nequitia perspicitur. Gen. xii. 15. *nam visa ea principes Pharaonis laudaverunt eam apud Pharaonem —.* Prov. xxv. 4. *ut —, ita auferendo improbum a conspectu regis, stabilitur justitia solium ejus.* 2 Chron. xxiv. 17. *post mortem Jehoiadae venientes principes Jehudae —.* Isa. xxii. 15, 16. *age, accede adjutorem istum Sebnam, qui praest domui —.* 1 Reg. xxi. 7. *dixit ei Jezebel uxor ejus, tune nunc exerces regnum super Israelem —?* Esth. iii. 6. *sed quum sperneret in oculis suis mittere manum in Mordecaium solum —.* et v. 9. *si apud regem bonum videtur, scribatur ut perdant eos —.* Dan. vi. 8. *consilium invenerunt omnes eparchi regni, &c.*

'Magistratuum imprimis est religionem et cultum Dei, praesertim publicum, fovere, et ecclesiam revereri. Isa. xlix. 23. *erunt reges nutricii tui, et foeminae principes eorum nutrices tuae; vultu in terram demisso incurvabunt se, habentes honorem tibi, pulveremque pedum tuorum lingent.* Non nempe indigere magistratuum curatione ecclesias, sed propriis legibus ac disciplina, pax modo concedatur, optime se regere atque amplificare posse, testimonio est ille locus. Act. ix. 31. *ecclesiae per totam Judaeam et Galilaeam et Samariam habentes pacem, aedificabantur; et pergentes in timore Domini, et consolatione Sancti Spiritus, multiplicabantur.*

'Defendenda itaque religio est a magistratibus, non cogenda. Jos. xxiv. 15. *quod si malum videtur in oculis vestris —, eligite vobis hodie quem colatis — ; ego vero et familia mea colemus Jehovam.* Psal. cv. 14. *non permisit cuiquam opprimere eos; etiam reprehendit*

hendit propter eos reges, ne attingitote (inquiens) unctos meos, et propheias meos ne afficitote malo. Certe si religiosis hominibus ullo modo vim afferre reges hic vetantur, quanto magis eorum conscientiis in ipsa religione, iisque præsertim controversiis in quibus rex aut magistratus æque ac papa falli potest, et sæpe fallitur? nisi ipse æque ac papa eam præcipue ob causam pro Antichristo haberi se velit. Judicabant quidem in religione reges et magistratus olim Judæorum, et vim etiam afferebant; at iis in rebus, de quibus ex lege Dei clarissima sine ullo errore aut controversia judicari a magistratu potuit: nunc Christiani iis de rebus vexantur sæpe aut puniuntur, quæ aut controversæ sunt, aut libertati Christianæ permittuntur, aut denique in ipso evangelio clare non docentur. Contra tales igitur magistratus, nomine solum Christianos, in judicio surgent multi magistratus Ethnici et Judæi, et primum ipse Pontius Pilatus: is enim Judæorum usque eo rationem habuit, ut ingredi prætorium propter religionem nolentibus ipse exire quamvis proconsul non recusaverit, Joan. xviii. 28, 29. et Gamaliel, Act. v. 39. *sin ex Deo est, non est facultas in manibus vestris —:* et Gallio, cap. xviii. 15. *judex istarum rerum esse nolo.*

'Etenim cum ne ecclesiasticus quidem minister jus habeat dominandi in ecclesia, multo minus habebit magistratus. 2 Cor. i. 24. *non quod dominemur vestræ fidei, sed quod adjutores simus gaudii vestri: nam fide statis.* Col. ii. 18. *nemo adversum vos rectoris partes sibi ultro sumat —.* 1 Pet. v. 3. *neque ut dominantes cleri.* Rom. xiv. 4. *tu quis es qui judicas —?* Jacob. iv. 12. idem. Rationes aliæ ex superiore libro petantur, ubi de regno Christi, de fide, de evangelio et Christiana libertate, de disciplina denique ecclesiastica ejusque objecto agitur. Certe enim Christi regnum, cum ex hoc mundo non sit, vi et coactione, quod hujus mundi regnum est, non stat: cogi itaque evangelium non debet; fides et libertas et conscientia, quæ disciplinæ ecclesiasticæ materia est, a civili judicio longissime diversa, non potest. Religiosos autem ad religionem sibi non probatam, et profanos, quos Deus arcet a sacris, ad cultum Dei publicum cogere æque alienum est et impium. Psal. l. 16, 17. *improbo autem dicit Deus, quid tua ut enarres mea decreta, et assumas fœdus meum in ore tuo —?* Prov. xv. 8. et xxi. 27. *sacrificium improborum abominationi est: quanto magis, cum scelerate offert illud?*

'Populi officia erga magistratum docentur. Exod. xxii. 28. *magistratus ne execrator, et principi in populo tuo ne maledicito.* 2 Sam. xxi. 17. *jurarunt homines Davidis ei, dicendo, non es proditurus ultra nobiscum in prelium, ut non extinguas lucernam Israelis.* Prov. xxiv. 21, 22. *reverere Jehovam, fili mi, et regem —.* et xxix. 26. *multi quærunt faciem dominantis: verum a Jehova est jus uniuscujusque.* Eccles. viii. 1, &c. *præstitutum meum, præstitutum regis observa, sed pro ratione juramenti Dei —.* Matt. xxii. 21. *reddite quæ sunt Cæsaris Cæsari, et quæ sunt Dei Deo.* Rom. xiii. 1, &c. *omnis anima potestatibus supereminentibus subjecta esto —.* 1 Tim. ii. 1, 2. *adhortor igitur primum omnium, ut fiant deprecationes — pro omnibus hominibus; pro regibus et omnibus in eminentia constitutis.* Tit. iii. 1. *ipsis suggere, ut,*

esse subjiciant principatibus ac potestatibus, ut obtemperent, ut ad omne opus bonum sint parati. 1 Pet. ii. 13, &c. *subjecti estote cuivis humanæ ordinationi propter Dominum.*

'Etiam erga injustos. Matt. xvii. 26, 27. *liberi sunt filii; sed ne simus offendiculo, profectus* —. Act. xiii. 3, &c. *pontifici Dei maximo convitiaris? — nesciebam, fratres: scriptum est enim* —. Nisi in rebus illicitis. Exod. i. 17. *sed timuerunt obstetrices illæ Deum, neque fecerunt quemadmodum edixerat iis rex Ægypti.* et ii. 2. *absondit eum tribus mensibus.* Jos. i. 17. *tantummodo sit Jehova Deus tuus tecum* —. 1 Sam. xiv. 45, &c. *sic redemerunt populus Jonathanem, ut non moreretur.* et xx. 1, &c. *qui dixit ei, absit, non morieris* —. et xxii. 17. *noluerunt servi regis* —. 2 Chron. xxi. 10. *tunc defecit Libna, quia dereliquerat Jehovam* —. et xxvi. 18. *obstiterunt Uzziæ regi* —. Esth. iii. 2, 3, 4. *sed Mordecai non flectebat* —. Dan. iii. 16. *ut respondeamus tibi, non sumus soliciti de hoc negotio.* et v. 18. *sive non, notum sit tibi, rex, deos tuos nos non esse culturos.* et cap. vi. 11. *Daniel autem quum cognovisset exaratum esse scriptum illud, ingressus* —. Act. iv. 19. *an justum est in conspectu Dei vobis potius obedire quam Deo, judicate.* Heb. xi. 23. *per fidem Moses occultatus est tres menses a parentibus suis, et non metuerunt edictum regis.*

'Opposita sunt rebellio. Num. xvi. 1, &c. *assumpsit autem homines Corach* —. 2 Sam. xx. 1, &c. *ibi casu aderat vir nequam nomine Seba* —.

'Et obedientia in rebus illicitis. 1 Sam. xxii. 18. *divertens ergo Doeg* —.

'Hic quod nonnulli magistratibus non tantum piis, sed etiam tyrannis prava imperantibus parendum esse affirmant, id nulla divina auctoritate confirmatur. Locus enim iste 1 Pet. ii. 13. de quavis humana ordinatione, de quavis specie intelligitur, earum quæ legitimæ sunt, ut ex v. 14. manifestissimum est: quod autem ex v. 18. de servis affertur, ad officium nihil attinet liberorum populorum, qui longe alio jure censendi sunt atque servi vel emtitii vel mercede conducti. De Israelitis porro Pharaoni obtemperantibus, quis scit, sponte an inviti, recte an secus id fecerint? quandoquidem nullibi jussos aut ab id laudatos accepimus. Postremo Danielis captivi exemplum non minus alienum est; quid enim potuit facere captivus? Certe Psal. lx. 6. *dedisti timentibus te vexillum, quo utantur propter veritatem potentissime.* Verum in rebus licitis etiam tyrannis parere, vel potius tempori cedere, pacis publicæ et incolumitatis etiam propriæ causa, sapientis esse haud inficias ierim,' &c.

With this chapter the book closes, we think, abruptly. It is probable that some parts still remain to be discovered, — at all events, it is likely that there was originally an epistle at the conclusion as solemn as that with which it opens.

We have thus, as carefully as our limits would admit, analyzed this remarkable work. On its doctrines we have hardly given any opinion, deeming it more agreeable to our readers to exhibit those of Milton than to drag them through

all the debated points of all the controversies which have agitated the Christian world. To sum up the whole, we may compendiously say, that Milton was in doctrine an Arian, in discipline an Independent. His scheme of predestination is what has been, perhaps improperly, called moderate Calvinism. His doctrine of the sacraments, and some other important particulars, anti-Roman Catholic. He agrees with the Baptists in the peculiar tenet which give them their name, and he is not far, in some particulars, from the Humanitarians. In the questions of polygamy and divorce he is almost peculiar. In his own days those who agreed with him in the latter particular bore the nickname of Miltonists: — we know not that any agreed with him in the former. The fierceness of his early political opinions appears to have abated. The book throughout bears marks of intense knowlege of the Scriptures, and profound and mature consideration of every question of theology. It is defaced by an anxiety to shew scholastic accuracy of refinement, by occasional quibbling and special pleading, and a dogmatic resolution of all questions which come before him, as if *ex cathedrâ*, with little regard for the opinions of those who had before treated on the subject. It is in vain to say in defence of this, that he relied on the Scriptures alone, for such, of course, would be the pretence, if not the practice, of others also. And throughout he uses his own way of putting the objections of antagonists, a method more agreeable to an arguer for victory than to an inquirer after truth. Yet we are sure that he *did* seek the truth: but his confident and proud disposition, grounded, no doubt, on an unavoidable knowlege of his own great powers and unrivalled genius, has here, as in many other instances, led him to mistake the path by which it was to be found, and the temper in which it was to be sought. On the whole, as a system of theology, the work before us has some merits; — as an auxiliary to understanding his poems, it is indispensable to all critical readers of our illustrious epic.

Mr. Sumner has executed the translation very respectably, and his notes display great knowlege of his author.

Art. VII. *The Works of Anna Lætitia Barbauld.* With a Memoir by Lucy Aikin. 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 4*s.* Boards. Longman and Co. 1825.

In our days, when right notions are prevalent, and the benefits of rational education have become, or are becoming, obvious to all, — when the mechanics have their institutions, — when it is, moreover, proposed that London shall have its univer-

university, — it is not a difficult, nor need it be an elaborate, task, to do justice to the memory of Mrs. Barbauld. Prolific as this age has been in individuals who have conferred advantage and excited admiration, we know of none who, in her line, deserves to rank higher than the lady we have just named. Endowed with a mind masculine in its powers of application, unbounded in its grasp, — and no less fitted to be the communicant than the recipient of knowlege, — she devoted, through an unusually long life, every faculty of her soul to the noblest, the most hallowed purposes. Whether we look at her as a poetess, inculcating moral lessons in harmonious strains, — as an essayist, seldom beneath, and not unfrequently equal to our most classical writers, — as a theologian, the powerful and consistent supporter of its tolerant and reasonable side, — or as a politician denouncing despotism, and advocating a wise and philosophic freedom, — we confess we know not in which character to admire her most. Viewing her in her less public relations, — as a teacher, we see her systematic and successful, — as a wife, affectionate and faithful, — as a friend and correspondent, warm, instructive, and amusing. A pattern for her coevals, and a benefactress of the rising generation, — in her own beautiful words:

> 'Obscure, in sober dignity retired,
> She more deserved than sought to be admired;
> The household virtues o'er her honoured head
> Their simple grace and modest lustre shed;
> Chaste her attire, her feet unused to roam,
> She loved the sacred threshold of her home;
> Yet true to glory, fanned the generous flame,
> Bade lovers, brothers, sons, aspire to fame;
> In the young bosom, cherished virtue's seed,
> The secret spring of many a godlike deed.'
>
> *Characters*, vol. i. p. 50.

The memoir is written in an easy, elegant, and unassuming manner, and will add something to Miss Aikin's well-earned fame. We learn that Mrs. Barbauld was born at the village of Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, on June 20th, 1743, and it is well known was the eldest child and only daughter of Dr. Aikin. Contrary to received opinion in these matters, her infancy gave promise of genius, — her education was entirely domestic, — she was early introduced to good company, — and her mind was cultivated and her principles formed, partly by the instructions of judicious parents, and partly by the society of the celebrated Dr. Doddridge. Fearless of the prejudice which in the middle of the last century existed (and, in some measure, still exists) against imparting

to females any portion of classical erudition, Miss A., with the assistance of her father, enabled herself to read the Latin authors, nor ceased from her scholastic studies till she had gained some knowlege of the Greek. The want of suitable companions in the village of Kibworth compelled her to a life of seclusion; but before this sedentary existence could have injured her spirits, her father became classical tutor in a dissenting academy at Warrington, in Lancashire. This event occurred in 1758, when Miss Aikin was in her fifteenth year; and the fifteen succeeding years passed by her at Warrington (it is supposed by her biographer) comprehended the happiest, as well as the most brilliant portion of her existence. At Warrington Miss A. formed friendships with Drs. Priestley and Enfield, and their families, — friendships not less useful than lasting. In 1771 her brother, after several years of absence, returned to Warrington, and by his persuasion and assistance her poems were selected, revised, and arranged for publication. The work was eminently successful, and was followed, in the same year, by a small volume, intitled "Miscellaneous Pieces, in Prose, by J. and A. L. Aikin." In May, 1774, Miss Aikin honored with her hand the Reverend Rochemont Barbauld. Previous to their union, and while the prospects of the young couple were still full of uncertainty, a proposal was made to Miss A. to establish, under the auspices of some distinguished persons, what might almost have been called a College for young ladies. Miss A.'s remarks are too much distinguished by sterling sense and nice discrimination, to allow of our passing them without quotation. She begins by deprecating the idea of teaching ladies in a regular and systematic manner the various branches of science, and says that such a kind of literary academy would be better calculated to form characters like the "*Precieuses*" of the "Femmes sçavantes" of Moliere, than good wives or agreeable companions. She then carries on the subject with the following candid and perspicuous remarks:

'Young gentlemen, who are to display their knowledge to the world, should have every motive of emulation, should be formed into regular classes, should read and dispute together, should have all the honours and, if one may so say, the pomp of learning set before them, to call up their ardour: — it is their business, and they should apply to it as such. But young ladies, who ought only to have such a general tincture of knowledge as to make them agreeable companions to a man of sense, and to enable them to find rational entertainment for a solitary hour, should gain these accomplishments in a more quiet and unobserved manner: — subject to a regulation like that of the ancient Spartans, the thefts of knowledge in our sex are only connived at while

while carefully concealed, and if displayed, punished with disgrace. The best way for women to acquire knowledge is from conversation with a father, a brother, or friend, in the way of family intercourse and easy conversation, and by such a course of reading as they may recommend. If you add to these an attendance upon those masters which are usually provided in schools, and perhaps such a set of lectures as Mr. Ferguson's, which it is not uncommon for ladies to attend, I think a woman will be in a way to acquire all the learning that can be of use to those who are not to teach or engage in any learned profession. Perhaps you may think, that having myself stepped out of the bounds of female reserve in becoming an author, it is with an ill grace I offer these sentiments: but though this circumstance may destroy the grace, it does not the justice of the remark; and I am full well convinced that to have a too great fondness for books is little favourable to the happiness of a woman, especially one not in affluent circumstances. My situation has been peculiar, and would be no rule for others.'

Miss A. then contends for the necessity of languages, grammar, &c. being learnt from about nine to fourteen, and illustrates her position with some plausible reasoning:

'I should have little hopes of cultivating a love of knowledge in a young lady of fifteen, who came to me ignorant and untaught; and if she *has* laid a foundation, she will be able to pursue her studies without a master, or with such a one only as Rousseau gives his *Sophie*. It is too late then to *begin* to learn. The empire of the passions is coming on; a new world opens to the youthful eye; those attachments begin to be formed which influence the happiness of future life;—the care of a mother, and that alone, can give suitable attention to this important period. At this period they have many things to learn which books and systems never taught. The grace and ease of polished society, with the established modes of behaviour to every different class of people; the detail of domestic economy, to which they must be gradually introduced; the duties, the proprieties of behaviour which they must practise in their own family, in the families where they visit, to their friends, to their acquaintance:—lastly, their behaviour to the other half of their species, with whom before they were hardly acquainted, and who then begin to court their notice; the choice of proper acquaintance of that sex, the art to converse with them with a happy mixture of easy politeness and graceful reserve, and to wear off by degrees something of the girlish bashfulness without injuring virgin delicacy. These are the accomplishments which a young woman has to learn from fourteen or fifteen till she is married, or fit to be so; and surely these are not to be learned in a school. They must be learned partly at home, and partly by visits in genteel families: they cannot be taught where a number are together; they cannot be taught without the most intimate knowledge of a young lady's

temper, connections, and views in life; nor without an authority and influence established upon all the former part of her life.'

Towards the conclusion, while declining to entertain the proposal of her friends, she affords us a curious, and, evidently, an unaffected estimate of some traits in her own character:

'My next reason is, that I am not at all qualified for the task. I have seen a good deal of the manner of educating boys, and know pretty well what is expected in the care of them; but in a girls' boarding-school I should be quite a novice: I never was at one myself, have not even the advantage of younger sisters, which might have given me some notion of the management of girls; indeed, for the early part of my life I conversed little with my own sex. In the village where I was, there were none to converse with; and this, I am very sensible, has given me an awkwardness in many common things, which would make me most peculiarly unfit for the education of my own sex. But suppose I were tolerably qualified to instruct those of my own rank; — consider, that *these* must be of a class far superior to those I have lived amongst and conversed with. Young ladies of that rank ought to have their education superintended by a woman perfectly well bred, from whose manner they may catch that ease and gracefulness which can only be learned from the best company; and she should be able to direct them, and judge of their progress in every genteel accomplishment. I could not judge of their music, their dancing; and if I pretended to correct their air, they might be tempted to smile at my own; for I know myself remarkably deficient in gracefulness of person, in my air and manner, and in the easy graces of conversation. Indeed, whatever the kind partiality of my friends may think of me, there are few things I know well enough to teach them with any satisfaction, and many I never could learn myself. These deficiencies would soon be remarked when I was introduced to people of fashion; and were it possible that, notwithstanding, I should meet with encouragement, I could never prosecute with any pleasure an undertaking to which I should know myself so unequal: I am sensible the common boarding-schools are upon a very bad plan, and believe I could project a better, but I could not execute it.'

Soon after this occurrence, Mr. Barbauld accepted the charge of a dissenting congregation at Palgrave, near Diss, and immediately before his marriage announced his intention of opening a boarding-school at the neighbouring village of Palgrave, in Suffolk. The literary fame of Mrs. Barbauld, and her active support of Mr. B., speedily ensured the success of this establishment; and some interesting details are given, in the Memoir, of her manner of superintending the studies of the pupils. In 1775, Mrs. Barbauld committed to the press a small

small volume, intitled "Devotional Pieces, compiled from the Psalms of David, with Thoughts on the Devotional Taste, and on Sects and Establishments." The union of Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld proving unfruitful, they adopted a son out of the family of Dr. Aikin, and for this child were composed those "Early Lessons" which have justly gained for Mrs. B. the reverence and love of both parents and children. They now began to enjoy the fruits of their honorable labor; and Miss Aikin informs us that 'the solicitations of parents, anxious to obtain for their sons what they considered as the best tuition,

'Now induced her to receive, as her own peculiar pupils, several little boys, to whom she condescended to teach the first rudiments of literature. Thomas Denman, Esq., now a distinguished member of the legal profession and of the House of Commons, was committed to her care before he had accomplished his fourth year. Sir William Gell, the zealous explorer of the plain of Troy, was another of her almost infant scholars; and it was for the benefit of this younger class that her "Hymns in Prose for Children" were written, in which it was her peculiar object (to use her own words in the preface) "to impress devotional feelings as early as possible on the infant mind,"—"to impress them, by connecting religion with a variety of sensible objects, with all that he sees, all he hears, all that affects his young mind with wonder or delight; and thus, by deep, strong, and permanent associations, to lay the best foundation for practical devotion in future life."

'None of her works is a fairer monument than this, of the elevation of her soul and the brightness of her genius. While discarding the aid of verse, she everywhere bursts forth into poetry;—while stooping to the comprehension of infancy, she has produced a precious manual of devotion, founded on the contemplation of nature, fitted to delight the taste and warm the piety of the most accomplished minds and finest spirits.

'Meantime Palgrave school was progressively increasing in numbers and reputation, and several sons of noble families were sent to share in its advantages; of whom may be named, the late amiable and lamented Basil Lord Daer (a favourite pupil), and three of his brothers, including the last Earl of Selkirk; two sons of Lord Templetown, Lord More, Lord Aghrim, and the Honourable Augustus Phipps: these, who were parlour-boarders, enjoyed most of the benefit of the conversation and occasional instructions of Mrs. Barbauld; and all, it is believed, quitted the school with sentiments towards her of high respect and attachment.'

Mr. and Mrs. B., finding their health and spirits much impaired by the fatiguing business of tuition, determined upon

quitting Palgrave, and allowing themselves an interval of complete relaxation. Pursuing this resolution, in the autumn of 1785, they embarked for Calais; and after extending their travels as far as Geneva, returned to winter in the south of France. In the spring they again bent their course northwards, and after a leisurely survey of Paris, returned to England in the month of June, 1786. Were it not for the vivid descriptions and acute observation which fill the epistolary communications of Mrs. Barbauld during this period *, we should regret that she did not present the public with the result of her travels in another and more important form.

In 1790, the rejection of a bill for the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts called forth her address to the opposers of this measure. Miss Aikin styles this address 'eloquent and indignant;' and did we know of any stronger or more expressive terms, we should not hesitate in applying them to a production at once powerfully argumentative and playfully satirical, — a production, the republication of which at this period — when intolerance is making desperate efforts to regain its antient power — cannot but be serviceable to the cause which its author had ever most at heart. In 1791 she produced her "Poetical Epistle to Mr. Wilberforce," on the rejection of the bill for abolishing the slave-trade. The following year she gratified the public with her Remarks on Mr. Gilbert Wakefield's "Inquiry into the Expediency and Propriety of public or social Worship;" and her "Sins of the Government, Sins of the Nation; or, a Discourse for the Fast," appeared in 1793. She also supplied some valuable contributions to Dr. Aikin's popular book for children, "Evenings at Home," the first volume of which appeared in 1792. Her next works were critical essays, the first prefixed to an ornamented edition of "Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination," the other to a similar one of the "Odes of Collins." In 1804 Mrs. B. offered to the public "A Selection from the Spectator, Tatler, Guardian, and Freeholder, with a Preliminary Essay," to which she gave her name. During the same year Mrs. B. undertook the task of examining and making a selection from the letters of Richardson the novelist and his correspondents. Miss Aikin here remarks,

'It must be confessed that, on the whole, these letters were less deserving of public attention than she had probably expected to find them; and very good judges have valued more than all the remaining contents of the six duodecimo volumes which they

* See the correspondence in vol. ii., and particularly the letter to Dr. Aikin, p. 28. *et seq.*

occupy

occupy, the elegant and interesting life of Richardson, and the finished reviewal of his works prefixed by the editor.'

On the 11th of November, 1808, Mrs. Barbauld became a widow. An affecting dirge recorded her feelings on this occasion; and she also communicated to the "Monthly Repository of Theology and General Literature" a memoir of Mr. Barbauld. Seeking relief from dejection in literary occupation, Mrs. B. consented to edit a collection of the British novelists, which issued from the press in 1810. An introductory essay and biographical and critical notices increased the value and attraction of this work. In the following year appeared her agreeable compilation called "The Female Speaker."

'Having thus,' says Miss Aikin, 'braced her mind, as it were, to the tone of original composition, she produced that beautiful offspring of her genius, "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven," — the longest, and perhaps the most highly finished, of all her poems. The crisis at which this piece was produced, and concerning which it treats, was confessedly one of the most distressful within the memory of the present generation, and the author's own state of spirits deepened the gloom. She, like Cassandra, was the prophetess of woe: at the time, she was heard perhaps with less incredulity, but the event has happily discredited her vaticination in every point. That the solemn warning which she here attempted to hold forth to national pride and confidence, should cause her lines to be received by the public with less applause than their intrinsic merit might well have claimed, was perhaps in some degree to be expected; that it would expose its author — its venerable and female author — to contumely and insult, could only have been anticipated by those thoroughly acquainted with the instincts of the hired assassin of reputation shooting from his coward ambush. Can any one read the touching apostrophe, —

'Yet O my country, name beloved, revered! —

the proud and affectionate enumeration of the names which encircle the brow of Britain with the halo of immortal glory; of the spots consecrated by the footsteps of genius and virtue, where the future pilgrim from the West would kneel with beating heart; the splendid description of London with all its "pomp and circumstance" of greatness, — the complacent allusion to "angel charities," and "the book of life" held out "to distant lands," — and doubt for a moment that this strain was dictated by the heart of a true patriot, a heart which feared because it fondly loved?

'This was the last of Mrs. Barbauld's separate publications. Who, indeed, that knew and loved her, could have wished her to expose again that honoured head to the scorns of the unmanly, the malignant, and the base? Her fancy was still in all its brightness;

ness; her spirits might have been cheered and her energy revived, by the cordial and respectful greetings, the thanks and plaudits, with which it was once the generous and graceful practice of contemporary criticism to welcome the re-appearance of a well-deserving veteran in the field of letters. As it was, though still visited by

> —— '" the thoughts that voluntary move
> Harmonious numbers,"

she for the most part confined to a few friends all participation in the strains which they inspired. She even laid aside the intention which she had entertained of preparing a new edition of her poems, long out of print, and often inquired for in vain;—well knowing that a day must come when the sting of Envy would be blunted, and her *memory* would have its fame.'

We now approach the concluding scene of this estimable woman's life:

'A gentle and scarcely perceptible decline was now sloping for herself the passage to the tomb: she felt and hailed its progress as a release from languor and infirmity,—a passport to another and a higher state of being. Her friends, however, flattered themselves that they might continue to enjoy her yet a little longer; and she had consented to remove under the roof of her adopted son, that his affectionate attentions and those of his family might be the solace of every remaining hour. But Providence had ordained it otherwise:—she quitted, indeed, her own house, but whilst on a visit at the neighbouring one of her sister-in-law, Mrs. Aikin, the constant and beloved friend of nearly her whole life, her bodily powers gave way almost suddenly; and after lingering a few days, on the morning of March the 9th, 1825, she expired without a struggle, in the eighty-second year of her age.

'To claim for this distinguished woman the praise of purity and elevation of mind may well appear superfluous. Her education and connections, the course of her life, the whole tenour of her writings, bear abundant testimony to this part of her character. It is a higher, or at least a rarer, commendation to add, that no one ever better loved "a sister's praise," even that of such sisters as might have been peculiarly regarded in the light of rivals. She was acquainted with almost all the principal female writers of her time; and there was not one of the number whom she failed frequently to mention in terms of admiration, esteem, or affection, whether in conversation, in letters to her friends, or in print. To humbler aspirants in the career of letters, who often applied to her for advice or assistance, she was invariably courteous, and, in many instances, essentially serviceable. The sight of youth and beauty was peculiarly gratifying to her fancy and her feelings; and children and young persons, especially females, were accordingly large sharers in her benevolence: she loved their society, and would often invite them to pass weeks or months in

her house, when she spared no pains to amuse and instruct them; and she seldom failed, after they had quitted her, to recall herself from time to time to their recollection, by affectionate and playful letters, or welcome presents.

'In the conjugal relation, her conduct was guided by the highest principles of love and duty. As a sister, the uninterrupted flow of her affection, manifested by numberless tokens of love, — not alone to her brother, but to every member of his family, — will ever be recalled by them with emotions of tenderness, respect, and gratitude. She passed through a long life without having dropped, it is believed, a single friendship, and without having drawn upon herself a single enmity which could properly be called personal.'

Almost all the poems which follow this memoir, we may presume, are old acquaintance, and, we trust, favorites of our readers. Miss Aikin does not specify which, or how many, of these effusions are to be considered as printed for the first time. We suspect their number to be small, but shall quote two pieces which are entirely new to us.

'*An Inventory of the Furniture in Dr. Priestley's Study.*

'A map of every country known,
With not a foot of land his own.
A list of folks that kicked a dust
On this poor globe, from Ptol. the First;
He hopes, — indeed it is but fair, —
Some day to get a corner there.
A group of all the British kings,
Fair emblem! on a packthread swings.
The Fathers, ranged in goodly row,
A decent, venerable show,
Writ a great while ago, they tell us,
And many an inch o'ertop their fellows.
A Juvenal to hunt for mottos;
And Ovid's tales of nymphs and grottos.
The meek-robed lawyers, all in white;
Pure as the lamb, — at least, to sight.
A shelf of bottles, jar and phial,
By which the rogues he can defy all, —
All filled with lightning keen and genuine,
And many a little imp he'll pen you in;
Which, like Le Sage's sprite, let out,
Among the neighbours makes a rout;
Brings down the lightning on their houses,
And kills their geese, and frights their spouses.
A rare thermometer, by which
He settles, to the nicest pitch,
The just degrees of heat, to raise
Sermons, or politics, or plays.

Papers

Papers and books, a strange mixed olio,
From shilling touch to pompous folio;
Answer, remark, reply, rejoinder,
Fresh from the mint, all stamped and coined here;
Like new-made glass, set by to cool,
Before it bears the workman's tool.
A blotted proof-sheet, wet from Bowling.
— "How can a man his anger hold in?" —
Forgotten rhymes, and college-themes,
Worm-eaten plans, and embryo schemes; —
A mass of heterogeneous matter,
A chaos dark, nor land nor water; —
New books, like new-born infants, stand,
Waiting the printer's clothing hand; —
Others, a motley ragged brood,
Their limbs unfashioned all, and rude,
Like Cadmus' half-formed men appear;
One rears a helm, one lifts a spear,
And feet were lopped and fingers torn
Before their fellow-limbs were born;
A leg began to kick and sprawl
Before the head was seen at all,
Which quiet as a mushroom lay
Till crumbling hillocks gave it way;
And all, like controversial writing,
Were born with teeth, and sprung up fighting.
' " But what is this," I hear you cry,
" Which saucily provokes my eye?"
A thing unknown, without a name,
Born of the air and doomed to flame.' —

' *On the deserted Village.*

' In vain fair Auburn weeps her desert plains,
She moves our envy who so well complains;
In vain has proud oppression laid her low,
So sweet a garland on her faded brow.
Now, Auburn, now absolve impartial fate,
Which, if it made thee wretched, makes thee great: —
So, unobserved, some humble plant may bloom,
Till crushed it fills the air with sweet perfume;
So, had thy swains in ease and plenty slept,
Thy poet had not sung, nor Britain wept.
Nor let Britannia mourn her drooping bay,
Unhonoured genius, and her swift decay;
O patron of the poor! it cannot be,
While one — one poet yet remains like thee!
Nor can the Muse desert our favoured isle,
Till thou desert the Muse and scorn her smile.'

Miss Aikin informs us, in her memoir, 'that Goldsmith, whose envy is well known, bore involuntary testimony to the

the merit of these lines, by exhibiting no sentiment but mortification on hearing them read with applause in a London circle.'

In the second volume of this work we find a selection from the private correspondence of Mrs. Barbauld. Before quoting such passages as seem of superior interest, we shall extract from the memoir Miss Aikin's explanatory remarks respecting this department of her labors.

'It only remains to speak of her familiar letters. These were certainly never intended by herself to meet the public eye. She kept no copies of them; and it is solely by the indulgence of her correspondents or their representatives, — an indulgence for which she here desires to offer her grateful acknowledgements, — that the editor has been enabled to give them to the world. She flatters herself that their publication will not be considered as a trespass either against the living or the dead: some of them, particularly a considerable proportion of those addressed to Dr. Aikin, seemed to claim insertion as biographical records; and those written during her residence in France, in the years 1785 and 1786, appeared no less curious and valuable at the present day for the matter they contain, than entertaining and agreeable from the vivacity with which they are written. But it was impossible not to be influenced also by the desire of thus communicating to those admirers of Mrs. Barbauld's genius who did not enjoy the advantage of her personal acquaintance, a just idea of the pointed and elegant remark, the sportive and lambent wit, the affectionate spirit of sympathy, and the courteous expression of esteem and benevolence, which united to form at once the graces of her epistolary style, and the inexpressible charm of her conversation.'

As these letters will not allow of regular analysis, we shall quote under their distinguishing heads those remarks which are most characteristic of the turn of the writer's genius.

Feminine affections:

'Women are naturally inclined not only to love, but to all the soft and gentle affections; all the tender attentions and kind sympathies of nature. When, therefore, one of our sex shows any particular complacency towards one of yours, it may be resolved into friendship; into a temper naturally caressing, and those endearing intercourses of life which to a woman are become habitual. But when man, haughty, independent man, becomes sensible to all the delicacies of sentiment, and softens his voice and address to the tone of *les manières douces*, it is much to be suspected a stronger power than friendship has worked the change. *You* are hardly social creatures till your minds are humanized and subdued by that passion which alone can tame you to "all the soft civilities of life." Your heart requires a stronger fire to melt it than ours does: the chaste and gentle rays of friendship, like starbeams, may play upon it without effect; — it will only yield to gross

gross material fire. There is a pretty flight for you! In short, women I think may be led on by sentiment to passion; but men must be subdued by passion before they can taste sentiment.'

Poetical description:

'I have seen some rich descriptions of West Indian flowers and plants, — just, I dare say, but unpleasing merely because their names were uncouth, and forms not known generally enough to be put into verse. It is not, I own, much to the credit of poets, — but it is true, — that we do not seem disposed to take their word for any thing, and never willingly receive *information* from them.'

"Percy," and "The School for Scandal:"

'Miss More is, I assure you, now very much the ton, and, moreover, has got six or seven hundred pounds by her play: I wish I could produce one every two winters; we would not keep school. I cannot say, however, that I cried altogether so much at Percy as I laughed at The School for Scandal, which is one of the wittiest plays I remember to have seen; and I am sorry to add, one of the most immoral and licentious; — in principle I mean, for in language it is very decent.'

Dating from London, Jan. 2. 1784, Mrs. B. says on the subject of balloons, which, by-the-bye, were not then such hackneyed affairs as their incessant exhibition has now rendered them:

'Well, my dear brother, here we are in this busy town, nothing in which (the sight of friends excepted) has given us so much pleasure as the balloon which is now exhibiting in the Pantheon. It is sixteen feet one way, and seventeen another; and when full (which it is not at present) will carry eighty-six pounds. When set loose from the weight which keeps it to the ground, it mounts to the top of that magnificent dome with such an easy motion as put me in mind of Milton's line, "Rose like an exhalation." We hope to see it rise in the open air before we leave town.'

In the same letter it is stated, that 'the enthusiasm for Mrs. Siddons seems something abated this winter. As the last season was spent in unbounded admiration, this, I suppose, will be employed in canvassing her faults, and the third settle her in a proper degree of reputation.' Dramatic patrons are confessedly the most capricious of mortals, and it is not to be supposed that even Mrs. Siddons should escape unaffected by their proverbial waywardness.

Automatons:

'There is a curious automaton which plays at chess. His countenance, they say, is very grave and full of thought, and you coun-

can hardly help imagining he meditates upon every move. He is wound up, however, at every two or three moves. The same man has made another figure, which speaks: but as his native tongue is French, he stays at home at present to learn English. The voice is like that of a young child.'

In a letter from Paris, dated June 7. 1786, Mrs. B. exclaims, 'By the way, I have found out the reason why the French have so little poetry: it is because every body makes verses.' We fancy that a similar propensity to versifying nearer home has not tended to the encouragement of the *genuine* spirit of poetry. Mrs. B. gets very playfully warm upon the subject of Dr. Fordyce's insinuation against woman's faith in friendship:

'It is not true, what Dr. Fordyce insinuates, that women's friendships are not sincere; I am sure it is not: I remember when I read it I had a good mind to have burnt the book for that unkind passage. I hope the Doctor will give us our revenge, as he has begun his sermons to young men: they were advertised in the papers,—was it not a piece of parade unbecoming a preacher? It would be difficult to determine whether the age is growing better or worse; for I think our plays are growing like sermons, and our sermons like plays.'

Mrs. Barbauld was herself *one* proof, (and we fancy that there are few of our readers who could not adduce many others,) that female friendship (in the best sense of the word) *is* to be found, and *may* be depended upon. In a letter to Miss E. Belsham, p. 61., we meet with a very pretty little allegory:

'We are preparing to celebrate the birthday of—a prince, shall I say? why not? a king if you please, since he has more power than any monarch in the universe, and we all expect blessings from him of more value than the Indies: perhaps, indeed, we may expect too much from him, for it is natural to hope for every thing under the auspices of a new king; and however we may have been disappointed by his predecessors, we fondly flatter ourselves that the young sovereign will crown all our hopes, and put us in possession of all our wishes. Blessings, invaluable ones, he certainly has in his disposal; but if we have wasted the bounties of his predecessors, would it not become us to mingle a tear to their memories with the joy which his accession inspires? May the present reign, however, be happy to you and me, and all of us, long I dare not add, except in good actions, because, young as the prince is, it is no presumption to say that his days are numbered; the astronomers have already cast his nativity, nor is it in the power of all the sons of Adam to prolong beyond the appointed term, though but for an hour, the life of—the New Year.'

Joanna

Joanna Baillie and her tragedy of De Montfort.

'I have received, however, great pleasure lately from the representation of De Montfort, a tragedy which you probably read a year and a half ago, in a volume entitled "A Series of Plays on the Passions." I admired it then, but little dreamed I was indebted for my entertainment to a young lady of Hampstead whom I visited, and who came to Dr. Barbauld's meeting all the while with as innocent a face as if she had never written a line. The play is admirably acted by Mrs. Siddons and Kemble, and is finely written, with great purity of sentiment, beauty of diction, strength and originality of character; but it is open to criticism. I cannot believe such a hatred natural. The affection between the brother and sister is most beautifully touched, and, as far as I know, quite new. The play is somewhat too good for our present taste.'

The Pedigree and Adventures of Leisure:

'She was born somewhere amongst the Chaldean shepherds, where she became a favourite of Urania; and having been instructed in her sublime philosophy, taught men to observe the course of the stars, and to mark the slow revolution of seasons. The next we hear of her is in the rural mountains and valleys of Arcadia. In this delightful abode her charms made a conquest of the god Pan, who would often sit whole days by her side, tuning his pipe of unequal reeds. By him she had two beautiful children, Love and Poetry, the darlings of the shepherds, who received them in their arms, and brought them up amidst the murmur of bees, the falls of water, the lowing of cattle, and the various rural and peaceful sounds with which that region abounded. When the Romans spread the din of arms over the globe, Leisure was frightened from her soft retreats, and from the cold Scythian to the tawny Numidian could scarcely find a corner of the world to shelter her head in. When the fierce Goth and Vandal approached, matters were still worse, and Leisure took refuge in a convent on the winding banks of the Seine, where she employed herself in making anagrams and cutting paper. Her retirement, however, did not pass without censure, for it is said she had an intrigue with the superior of the convent, and that the offspring of this amour was a daughter named Ennui.

'Mademoiselle Ennui was wafted over to England in a north-east wind, and settled herself with some of the best families in the kingdom. Indeed the mother seldom makes any long residence in a place without being intruded on by the daughter, who steals in and seats herself silently by her side.'

Drs. Price and Priestley, and Mirabeau:

'I last Sunday attended with melancholy satisfaction the funeral sermon of good Dr. Price, preached by Dr. Priestley, who, as he told us, had been thirty years his acquaintance, and twenty years his intimate friend. He well delineated the character he so well knew. I had just been reading an *eloge* of Mirabeau, and I could not help in my own mind comparing both the men and the tribute

paid to their memories. The one died when a reputation raised suddenly, by extraordinary emergencies, was at its height, and very possibly might have ebbed again had he lived longer: the other enjoyed an esteem, the fruit of a course of labours uniformly directed through a long life to the advancement of knowledge and virtue, a reputation slowly raised, without and independent of popular talents. The panegyrist of the one was obliged to sink his private life, and to cover with the splendid mantle of public merit the crimes and failings of the man: — the private character of the other was able to bear the severest scrutiny; neither slander, nor envy, nor party-prejudice, ever pretended to find a spot in it. The one was followed even by those who did not trust him: the other was confided in and trusted even by those who reprobated his principles. In pronouncing the *eloge* on Mirabeau, the author scarcely dares to insinuate a vague and uncertain hope that his spirit may hover somewhere in the void space of immensity, be rejoined to the first principles of nature; and attempts to soothe his shade with a cold and barren immortality in the remembrance of posterity. Dr. Priestley parts with his intimate friend with all the cheerfulness which an assured hope of meeting him soon again could give, and at once dries the tear he excites.'

Scotland:

'I have been much pleased with Scotland. I do not know whether you ever extended your tour so far: if you have not seen it, let me beg that you will; for I do not think that in any equal part of England so many interesting objects are to be met with as occur in what is called the little tour; from Edinburgh to Stirling, Perth and Blair, along the pleasant windings of the Forth and Tay; then by the lakes, ending with Loch Lomond, the last and greatest, and so to Glasgow; then to the Falls of the Clyde, and back by Dumfries; which last, however, we did not do; for we returned to Edinburgh. Scotland is a country strongly marked with character. Its rocks, its woods, its water, its castles, its towns, are all picturesque, generally grand. Some of the views are wild and savage, but none of them insipid, if you except the bleak, flat, extended moor. The entrance into the Highlands by Dunkeld is striking; it is a kind of gate. I thought it would be a good place for hanging up an inscription similar to that of Dante, "*Per me si va* ——".'

Mrs. Montague and her Letters:

'Day after day passes, and I do not know what I do with my time; my mind has no energy, nor power of application. I can tell you, however, what I have done with some hours of it, which have been agreeably employed in reading Mrs. Montague's Letters. I think her nephew has made a very agreeable present to the public; and I was greatly edified to see them printed in modest octavo, with Mrs. Montague's sweet face (for it is a very pretty face) at the head. They certainly show a very extraordinary mind, full of wit, and also of deep thought and sound judgement.

She seems to have liked not a little to divert herself with the odd and the ludicrous, and shows herself in the earlier letters passionately fond of balls and races and London company; this was natural enough at eighteen. Perhaps you may not so easily pardon her for having early settled her mind, as she evidently had, not to marry except for an establishment. This seems to show a want of some of those fine feelings that one expects in youth: but when it is considered that she was the daughter of a country gentleman with a large family, and no fortune to expect, and her connexions all in high life, one is disposed to pardon her, especially as I dare say she would never have married a fool or a profligate. I heard her say, — what I suppose very few can say, — that she never was in love in her life. Many of the letters are in fact essays; and I think had she turned her thoughts to write in that way, she would have excelled Johnson.'

Further on, in a letter to Mrs. Fletcher, dated Sept. 1818, this subject is again alluded to:

'I am now reading the third and fourth volumes of Mrs. Montague's Letters. To me, who have lived through all the time she writes of, they are interesting, — independent of the wit and talent, — as recalling a number of persons and events once present to my mind: they are also, I think, very entertaining, though, as letters, somewhat studied. With all her advantages she seems not to have been happy. She married not Mr. Montague from affection. It is evident she looked upon him as a wise and kind friend, but nothing more; — a little *too* wise sometimes, when he kept her in the country longer than she liked. To a person so married, nothing will fill the mind and give a permanent interest to life, but children. She lost her child; and notwithstanding all that nature and all that fortune had given, and high cultivation, and chosen society, and public esteem, she speaks of life as a thing to be got through, rather than to be enjoyed.'

Want of space compels us to pass over many interesting notices of *then* important events, chiefly of a literary nature. Her opinion of Charles Lamb's specimens of old plays is expressed in brief but favorable terms. A caution to Mrs. Taylor, against allowing *mind* to wear out *body*, or, as Leigh Hunt phrases it, not "seeing fair play between them," is so lively, and, at the same time, so just, that we must give it for the benefit of any sedentary liver who may happen to open our Review:

'Mind is often very hard upon his humble yoke-fellow, sometimes speaking contemptuously of her, as being of a low, mean family, in comparison with himself; often abridging her food or natural rest for his whims. Many a head-ache has he given her when, but for him, she would be quietly resting in her bed. Sometimes he fancies that she hangs as a dead weight upon him, and impedes all his motions; yet it is well known, that though

though he gives himself such airs of superiority, he can in fact do nothing without her; and since, however they came together, they are united for better for worse, it is for his interest as well hers, that she should be nursed and cherished, and taken care of.'

As a more continuous specimen of Mrs. B.'s epistolary style than any we have yet selected, we quote the following, dated Stoke Newington, Dec. 1813:

'——If you ask what *I* am doing — nothing. Pope, I think, somewhere says, "The last years of life, like tickets left in the wheel, rise in value." The thought is beautiful, but false; they are of very little value, — they are generally past either in struggling with pains and infirmities, or in a dreamy kind of existence: no new veins of thought are opened; no young affections springing up; the ship has taken in its lading, whatever it may be, whether precious stones or lumber, and lies idly flapping its sails and waiting for the wind that must drive it upon the wide ocean.

'Have you seen Lord Byron's new poem, The Bride of Abydos? and have you read Madame de Stael's Germany? You will find in the latter many fine ideas, beautiful sentiments, and entertaining remarks on manners and countries: but in her account of Kant and the other German philosophers, she has got, I fancy, a little out of her depth. She herself is, or affects to be, very devotional; but her religion seems to be almost wholly a matter of imagination, — the *beau ideal* impressed upon us at our birth, along with a taste for beauty, for music, &c. As far as I understand her account of the German school, there seems to be in many of them a design to reinstate the doctrine of innate ideas, which the cold philosophy, as they would call it, of Locke discarded. They would like Beattie and Hutcheson better than Paley or Priestley. I do not like Lord Byron's poem quite so well as his last; and I cannot see any advantage in calling a nightingale *bulbul*, or a rose *gul*, except to disconcert plain English readers.'

We should be happy to enrich our excerpta from these interesting volumes, with Mrs. B.'s remarks on Goldoni's plays, p. 153., and on Ramsay's History of the American Revolution, p. 157., but that we feel the necessity of omitting these in order to make room for *her* testimony on a much disputed, and not unimportant, matter, — the character of Dr. Johnson.

'We are reading in idle moments, or rather dipping into, a very different work, Boswell's long-expected Life of Johnson. It is like going to Ranelagh; you meet all your acquaintance: but it is a base and a mean thing to bring thus every idle word into judgement — the judgement of the public. Johnson, I think, was far from a great character: he was continually sinning against his conscience, and then afraid of going to hell for it. A Christian and a man of the town, a philosopher and a bigot, acknowledging life to be miserable, and making it more miserable through fear of death; professing great distaste to the coun-

try, and neglecting the urbanity of towns; a Jacobite, and pensioned; acknowledged to be a giant in literature, and yet we do not trace him, as we do Locke, or Rousseau, or Voltaire, in his influence on the opinions of the times. We cannot say Johnson first opened this vein of thought, led the way to this discovery or this turn of thinking. In his style he is original, and there we can track his imitators. In short, he seems to me to be one of those who have shone in the *belles lettres*, rather than, what he is held out by many to be, an original and deep genius in investigation.'

We gather from the above what Mrs. Barbauld must have thought of Capt. Medwin's Conversations of Byron; and in a letter to Mrs. Estlin, from Stoke-Newington, dated Nov. 23. 1824, we have her opinion of the noble bard himself: after mentioning some little Greek boys, who, she says, are protected by Mr. Bowring, she asks, 'By the way, are you not sorry Lord Byron is dead, just when he was going to be a hero? *He has filled a leaf in the book of fame, but it is a very blotted leaf.*'

In some of her latter epistles, Mrs. Barbauld speaks with much unaffected pathos of her own perception of the failing state of her bodily and mental powers. To *us* she appears to have been *intellectually* young and healthy to the last. "Age could not wither, nor custom stale her infinite variety." She lived on, making glorious but bloodless conquests, and, much as she had written, she had the proud and repaying consciousness, that there was not

"One line which, dying, she could wish to blot."

To be the affectionate, faithful, and impartial biographer of *such* a being was a task reserved for the kindred spirit of Lucy Aikin, and she has performed it as only herself could have done, and as even Mrs. Barbauld might have wished.

ART. VIII. *Narrative of a Journey into Khorasān* in the Years 1821 and 1822. Including some Account of the Countries to the North-east of Persia; with Remarks upon the National Character, Government, and Resources of that Kingdom. By James B. Fraser, Author of a Tour in the Himālā Mountains. 4to. Longman and Co. 1825.

FEW of the persons by whom information has been communicated concerning Persia can strictly be said to have travelled *in* that country: they were either passengers *through* it, whose range of inquiry was confined to the line of their route; or they were attached to embassies, and resident chiefly at the capital. As every stranger who visits that

kingdom is considered to be the guest of its sovereign, and journeying under his *protection*, the mere passenger, even if free from that impatience of delay which torments most travellers, would have no opportunities for observation or intercourse but such as were permitted; while the diplomatic agent, even if his view extended beyond the sphere of an ostentatious court, would be restrained by a sense of duty from publishing any unfavorable representations concerning a state in amity with his own government. In Mr. Fraser we recognize a traveller of another stamp: he entered Persia with all the advantages which a British subject could reasonably desire, yet exempt from the restraints which a British functionary must impose upon himself.

His narrative may be regarded as consisting of two parts: the one including his voyage from Bombay to the Persian gulf, and his journey from the port of Bushire to Tehrān; the other describing his excursion into Khorasān as far eastward as Mushed its capital, and thence to Astrabad on the shore of the Caspian sea. The first division deviates very little from the route of former travellers, but it is not for that reason less interesting, since Mr. Fraser has treated it with reference to their labors, avoiding the subjects on which they have furnished abundant information, and directing his attention to others in relation to which certain peculiar advantages enabled him to supply what they had omitted. He sailed from Bombay on the 14th of May, 1821, in company with Dr. Andrew Jukes, who had been very deservedly appointed envoy from the government of that presidency to the court of Persia. After visiting Muscat and Ormuz, they reached Bushire on the 4th of August, and remained there about three weeks, principally occupied in preparations for their journey to the capital. About the end of that period the epidemic began its ravages, and extended into the interior of the province, to the great alarm of the people. On the 14th of September the mission left Bushire, but its progress being retarded by the distressed state of the country, Mr. Fraser went forward to Sheerauz where he had the pleasure of finding a party of his countrymen, among whom was Mr. Rich, late British resident at Bagdad. They were in great consternation at the spread of the epidemic. It had already numbered among its victims the mother of the Prince-Governor, Hoossain Allee Meerza, who, shocked at this catastrophe, had hastily fled from his palace, followed by the ministers and chiefs. Mr. Rich was seized with the disorder one day after dinner, and expired before ten the next morning, to the great grief of the

friends around him. On the day of his funeral Dr. Jukes arrived; and the mission renewed its progress on the 26th of October. A week afterwards, on the approach to Ispahan, Dr. Jukes was taken ill, and on the 10th of November he died of the cholera in that city. Mr. Fraser in consequence assumed the functions of envoy, until his arrival at Tehrān on the 29th of November, when he transferred them into the hands of Mr. Willock, the *chargé d'affaires* of his Britannic Majesty.

During his residence at Tehrān, Mr. Fraser was introduced to some of the principal personages of the court. The friends whom he consulted on his intended journey into Khorasān, strongly advised him not to mention it to the King, who was extremely jealous of permitting any European to explore the country eastward of the usual line of route, from Sheerauz to Tehrān. Fortunately for Mr. Fraser's purpose, an event occurred which freed him from the embarrassing honor of an audience. On the day after his arrival, the court received intelligence of the death of Mahomed Allee Meerza, Governor of Kermanshah; and to deplore the loss of this his worthiest son, the King passed ten days in seclusion, after which he quitted the capital on a hunting expedition. Having thus been spared the necessity of soliciting a permission which if granted might have been incumbered with troublesome conditions, Mr. Fraser lost no time in maturing his plans. He was provided with credentials from the British *chargé d'affaires* to be exhibited, in case of emergency, to the public functionaries; and with introductory letters from Futteh Allee Khan, the poet-laureate, to his son-in-law, Meerza Moossa, wuzzeer to the Prince-Governor of Khorasān, at Mushed. He assumed the Persian dress, and made purchases of merchandize and medicines to enable him to personate either a merchant or a physician, as convenience or policy might require.

Attended by a young Persian of good family as travelling companion, and by a retinue of five servants, he quitted Tehrān on the 19th of December, and entered on his journey to Mushed, by the route of Semnoon, Damghān, Shahrood, Meyomeid, Mehr, and Nishapore. It proved to be a journey of great hardship and anxiety, occasionally cheered by genuine hospitality, but often saddened by the delusive semblance of that virtue, and rendered irksome by the mistrust and suspicion which the disguise of the traveller was intended to obviate. The state of the province fully accounted for the King's unwillingness that it should be seen by a stranger. Semnoon, formerly a considerable town, was languishing

under the oppression of its Governor, Zulfecar Khan, whom the general voice of the people denounced as a cruel and unprincipled tyrant. Damghān was suffering still more severely, and seemed a mere mass of ruins through which a solitary individual might now and then be seen to pass. At Shahrood the party encountered a severe disappointment in finding that the *cafilah*, or caravan, which they hoped to join, was too far on its way to be overtaken; and the rumours respecting the depredations of the roving Toorkomauns in the country they were about to traverse rendered it prudent to wait for another. This delay enabled Mr. Fraser to collect some curious particulars respecting those pastoral and warlike tribes, and concerning the slave-trade carried on by them at Khyvah, where they sell the captives whom they have plundered. He had also leisure to make an excursion to Bostam, for the purpose of examining its antiquities. The expected caravan at length arrived.

Mr. Fraser joined it, and arrived on the 2d of February at Mushed, where a complication of disappointments and vexations awaited him. Received as the guest of the wuzzeer, Meerza Moossa, he was treated with formal hospitality through the agency of negligent servants. By the men of rank with whom he associated, he was pestered with interminable discussions on points of faith; the people suspected him as a Feringhee or *Frank* in disguise, and their fanatical antipathies were heightened when it was known that he had been permitted to visit the mausoleum and shrine of their patron-saint Imaum Reza. Their belief that he was skilled in medicine caused him to be consulted by crowds of invalids on all manner of diseases, real and imaginary. At length, an explanation with the wuzzeer procured for him more respectful treatment, and an introduction to the Prince: but these marks of favor were insufficient to avert from him the strong current of public prejudice. Meantime, promises which had been made for facilitating his farther progress were not fulfilled: the reports of the state of the country were such, that the longer he remained, the more impracticable seemed his purposed journey to Samarcand: the diminution of his funds rendered it expedient to dispose of the property which he had bought, for presents or for sale: but this could not be effected without great loss among the cunning traders of Mushed; and to crown all, it was manifest that if he persisted in his determination to proceed eastward, his Persian servants would abandon him. He determined therefore to return, not by the way he came, but by the route of Astrabad, and thence along the banks of the Caspian sea and the

adjacent provinces, either to Tehrân or Tabreez. He was confirmed in this resolution by the arrival of intelligence that a caravan had been cut to pieces, on the very line of his intended march to Bokhara, and at the very time when he had calculated that he should be on the road.

On the 11th of March he quitted the inhospitable walls of Mushed, rejoicing once more to breathe the air of an open country, freshened by the returning spring. Having traversed the much dreaded plain of Armootullee, and crossed the river Goorgaun, he experienced an hospitable reception from Khalla Khan, the chief of a friendly horde of Gocklan Toorkomauns, and thus gained an opportunity of observing the domestic habits of that singular people. Arriving at Finderisk he prosecuted his journey without impediment to Astrabad, at which place the traveller for the present concludes his narration.

We have considered the work as admitting of a division into two parts: we may now observe that each part has a twofold character, since the diary of the author's progress is, at appropriate and seasonable intervals, illustrated with general views of the state of the country, the nature and resources of the government, and the character and condition of the people.

Of the face of the country the following description is happily adapted to the comprehension of an English reader, and it agrees with the more diffuse but less vivid representations of former writers:

'In picturing to the imagination the aspect of a Persian landscape, or indeed of a landscape in any of the contiguous countries to the north and east of it, the mind must endeavour to divest itself of every image that gives beauty or interest to an European scene; — there are no beautiful or majestic woods, no verdant plains or grassy mountains, no winding rivers or babbling streams, no castles or gentlemen's seats, no sweet retired cottages, with their white walls glimmering through foliage; nothing, in short, that speaks of peace, security, or comfort; every thing, on the contrary, declares that man dreads his fellows, that he lives but for himself and for the day, neither caring nor providing for posterity; that he is uncultivated, abject, and debased.

'When the traveller, after toiling over the rocky mountains that separate the plains, looks down, from the pass he has won with toil and difficulty, upon the country below, his eye wanders unchecked and unrested over an uniform brown expanse, losing itself in distance, or bounded by blue mountains resembling those he has laboured to cross: should cultivation exist within his ken, it can hardly be distinguished from the plain on which it is sprinkled, except in the months of spring; is there a town or village upon this plain, all that can be seen of either is a line or spot upon its surface, chiefly remarkable by the gardens that usually surround them,

them, and not otherwise to be distinguished from the ruins, which are generally in far greater abundance than the abodes of men. Such is the scene which, day after day, and march after march, presents itself to the traveller in Persia.' (Pp. 163, 164.)

As exceptions to this description Mr. Fraser distinguishes the provinces of Mazunderan and Gheelan, on the banks of the Caspian, and also the district of Astrabad and Goorgaun: these, he adds, are as beautiful as wood, water, and mountain, in their most varied forms, can make them: the forests are magnificent, and for the greatest part of the year the verdure is luxuriant.

In its diminished population Persia exhibits another symptom of decrepitude. Mr. Fraser distributes the bulk of the people into four distinct classes: 1st, those who are attached to the various courts, and live in service with great men, including the military, and the various functionaries; 2dly, the inhabitants of towns, including merchants, shop-keepers, and artisans; 3dly, those engaged in agriculture; and, 4thly, the wandering tribes or *Eels.*

'That the first-mentioned class should be found void of virtue or principle is by no means to be wondered at. The character of the government to which they are attached, despotic, insolent, and treacherous, naturally forms that of its servants. The nobles and superior officers of the court, subjected absolutely to the caprice of a tyrant who can endure neither opposition nor disappointment, though they may continue cringing and abject to him, become in their turn cruel, haughty, and imperious to their inferiors; and these again are delighted when they can exercise the same petty tyranny upon such as may be unhappily subjected to their power. The greatest noble in Persia is never for a moment secure either in his person or property; if a fit of rage, jealousy, or avarice, of which he is the object, happens to seize his sovereign, a word, a look from the despot, subjects him to the cruellest insults; he may be beat, maimed, disgraced, like the lowest groom; his person insulted in a way degrading to humanity, his wives and daughters delivered to the lust of muleteers, and the little family-honour a Persian can possess, may be scattered to the winds without the unhappy sufferer having the least hope of remedy; without even the event creating the least sensation: it is the Shah's pleasure; and if *he* be firm on his seat the lives and properties of his subjects are less than the dust beneath his feet.' (P. 171.)

The Eels, subject to none but patriarchal authority, are little affected by the despotism of the sovereign or his satellites; rude, independent, and courageous, they would form good materials for soldiers, were they not very impatient of discipline.

The

The portraiture given of the King, and the characteristic anecdotes and sketches by which it is elucidated, will be read with interest.

'The King's personal character exactly describes that of his government: the policy, he observes, is narrow, short-sighted, and contemptible. He views Persia not as his country which he should love, protect, and improve; but as a property of which he has a lease, uncertain in its duration, and of which it behoves him to make the most he can while in his power. The throne having come into the possession of his family by conquest, he treats the whole country, (except perhaps the seat of his own tribe in Mazunderan,) like a conquered nation; and his only concern is how to extort from it the greatest possible amount of money. So long as he thinks he succeeds in this, he cares little about laws, regulations, police, &c. He leaves these for the most part to the governors he appoints, and it is not until the revenue fails, or till the cry of distress becomes too great to be suppressed, that the state of a province is ever enquired into. The great object being to collect as much, and to expend as little as possible, the principle is carried to a length which often defeats itself. There are many ways in which a small sum of money, judiciously applied, might produce a large additional revenue; but this would imply a far greater spirit of speculation and forecast than exists in Persia. Should a mine be discovered, or a canal be required to fertilise a district, the King will do nothing: individuals must run the risk, or the matter must lie dormant. And thus many rich veins of metals are left unworked, many tracts that might be cultivated remain waste, because no individual dares to do what the King will not undertake or encourage. There are no roads nor bridges made by government, no public establishments, caravanserais, or medressas (colleges) built. Should the King desire to render his name popular, or well regarded, on any particular occasion, he *gives orders* that a certain sum shall be sent to such a mosque or shrine, or he *directs* such a caravanserai or medressa to be repaired; but the expense seldom falls ultimately on himself; repairs, in particular, are for the most part effected by the joint labour of the district; for which the labourers seldom receive much pay. Upon the same principle, all the old palaces and royal gardens in various parts of the kingdom are suffered to fall to decay, for want of allowance for their maintenance and repair. Nothing of this sort is allowed, except in those instances where his Majesty makes an occasional visit, and even then nothing beyond a superficial patching is ever performed.' (Pp. 199, 200.)

After adducing reasons to shew the impossibility of successfully invading India by the route of Persia, Mr. Fraser points out another route, which appears to offer obstacles not utterly insurmountable, and to which less attention has usually been paid.

In

'In the geographical notices regarding Khawreem and Mawer-a-ul-Nehr, (contained in the Appendix,) I have observed that the distance between the bay of Mangushluc on the Caspian sea, and Khyvah, the present capital of Khawreem, is only ten days' journey of a caravan; and in another part of those notices it is shown that the river *Amoo* or *Oxus* (only one day's journey with water-carriage from Khyvah) is navigable for boats the whole way from Balkh to Ourgunge, and as it flows through a level country the channel is not likely to be much interrupted by rapids, or dangers of any kind. From Balkh, and from Khoondooz, (a town about two days' march from the river higher up,) there is a road to Caubul, which I have reason to believe is by no means very difficult.' (P. 238.)

After remarking the great anxiety evinced by the Russians to establish a secure footing at Manghushluc, and to entertain relations with Khyvah and Bokhara, he observes, that those who have considered the policy of that state can scarcely doubt the existence of an intention to prosecute some such enterprize as is here indicated.

'The facilities it possesses are doubtless great; — with Astracan for a grand depôt, and the Caspian behind them, they could easily establish a force at Manghushluc, which is not more than two or three days' sail from their own shore. The conquest of Khyvah and all Khawrezm I do not think would be a matter of much difficulty if their attention were once seriously turned that way, and thus the navigation of the Oxus would be in their power. Wood is to be found for the purpose of constructing boats upon the banks of that river, or it would not be difficult to transport boats framed and ready for putting together, from Astracan.' (Pp. 238, 239.)

In the general survey of Khorasán, with which he commences the second division of his work, the author introduces an account of the Toorkomauns; in which the following passage is one of the most striking:

'The customs and manners of these tribes are all similar. They live in portable houses, and change their station frequently, as the pastures around become scarce; seldom remaining more than five or six days in one place. They encamp in parties of from thirty to an hundred, or even as far as two hundred families, each party having its *Reish Suffeed*, or elder, to whom considerable respect is paid, whose advice is taken in all matters affecting the interests of the community, and who adjusts all petty disputes. But they have no governors, chiefs, or nobles among them; and if any one should attempt to arrogate superior consideration to himself, or openly aim at power or authority, it would be the signal for his destruction. Thus, although a sense of interest induces them to unite for the sake of plunder, the very construction of their society precludes the possibility of their ever

ever combining into any very formidable shape. Such an event can only occur when some individual, super-eminently endowed with talents and courage, like a Chengiz or a Timour, arises to force into union substances naturally repellant; and it is to this disunion that Persia owes the comparative security she enjoys at present in this quarter. The nature of their government, if such a term can be properly applied to so unorganized a condition of society, approaches to the patriarchal; although the *teers* or subdivisions into separate families be very numerous and small, and do not, I believe, in the least admit of any foreign interference or claim to superiority of one over the other.

'Even in the minor occurrences of life this spirit of equality and simplicity prevails. There is but little distinction of rank at any time observed; and even the deference paid to the claims of age and relationship among the other nations of the East are here much less regarded. The greatest as well as the least enter a tent with the words of peace, and offering their hand perhaps to those whom they know, in token of amity, sit down without regard to place or person, or any of those ceremonies and etiquettes so scrupulously adhered to by the rules of Persian politeness; and they sit and loll, or stretch themselves out, quite at their ease, and evidently without being sensible of violating any received rule of good manners.' (Pp. 262, 263.)

The prisoners taken in their predatory expeditions are either sent to Khyvah for sale, or purchased by travelling merchants for the inhabitants of that place and of Bokhara, where the treatment they meet with is so humane, that the poorer captives, who cannot afford to pay the ransom demanded, generally enjoy more security of life and limb than they could expect on returning to their native homes in Persia.

Our limits do not afford space for any specimens of the author's personal narrative; and we regret this the more, because his details respecting the domestic manners and usages of the Persians, which are known to have undergone little change in the lapse of centuries, are at once picturesque and dramatic. They form no inanimate commentary on a tale of the olden time, which every body has of late been reading. In some of his interviews with princes, governors, and khans, this traveller reminds us of Sir Kenneth of the Dormant Leopard among the nobles of Araby in the tent of Salah-ed-deen; and there is an easy fearlessness in his remarks on persons as well as things, which corresponds with one of the leading traits in that fictitious character.

We must not omit to notice the important corrections made in the geography of Persia; of which some idea may be

be formed on reference to the map accompanying the volume, where it will be found, on comparing it with others, that Tehrān has been moved thirty miles more to the eastward; Semnoon and Damghān still farther; while the positions of Nishapore and Mushed have been altered nearly two and three degrees respectively in longitude; and that of Mushed in latitude a whole degree. — A table of latitudes and longitudes, fixed from the author's own observations, is given in the Appendix, which contains an abundance of geographical information relative to Persia, collected from authentic sources.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE,

FOR JULY, 1825.

POETRY.

Art. 9. *Miscellaneous Poems.* By Robert Power. 2 Vols. Post 8vo. 14*s*. Boards. Simpkin and Marshall. 1824.

This is an elegant chaplet of little poetical flowers to adorn Mary, and Fanny, and Ianthe, and Anna, and the rest of those exquisite beauties who make up the seraglio of a modern poet. Occasionally, however, the author "moralizes his song" with other themes than "faithful loves." The following are two stanzas from a poem intitled 'Reflections on the Sea-shore.'

'With gay enchantment, like a fairy dream,
Along the coast the glittering scene extends —
Sweet smiles o'er tower and fort the solar beam —
Afar the golden tissue spreads, and blends
The soft and bold in one harmonious gleam.
Now sorrow flies — her boding vision ends —
And on the brow of grief reflected seems,
The lucid smile that thro' the morning streams.

'Nature divine! magnificence of earth!
Most fair and beauteous world, whose sovereign power
O'er every passion (though of savage birth)
Can stem the torrents that tempestuous lower —
But most of sorrow, when the golden worth
Of thousands cannot buy one little hour
Of peace; nor yet an eastern monarch sway,
With all his gems the sunshine of a day.'

We must be excused for passing over very many pleasing specimens of easy-flowing versification, as well as of elegant and spirited flights of fancy. The following extract, from an Anacreontic evinces, we think, great poetical capacity:

'I send

I send thee, love, a blushing rose,—
In heavenly fragrance sweet it blows;
And I have search'd the blooming bower,
To send my love a thornless flower:—
Oh, useless toil! oh, luckless morn!
On every rose I found a thorn.
And shall I send this rose, said I,
To blush beneath my Mary's eye?
For oft, 'tis said, that love discloses
Lurking thorns, like briary roses;
And these, that every stem invest,
May pierce her bosom, wound its rest;
And she may think its pang may prove
The herald of inconstant love.
As thus I stood, in doubtful fear,
While yet the rose was blushing near,
The place a balmy fragrance fill'd,
And softer zephyrs round me thrill'd;
Waved to their breath the conscious flowers,
And deeper crimson flush'd the bowers,
Warn'd by the rose's blushing vest,
And by my anxious throbbing breast,
I knew some form or spirit fair,
With step divine, was haunting there.
She came, she came! and every breeze
Wafted Æolian melodies:
She came, the queen of every bower,
To vindicate her sweetest flower.
A beauteous troop of winged boys
Her ever-changing vest employs;
Who, as the roses breathe and die,
With living blooms its folds supply.
She spoke, and every passing air
Was warm'd with honey'd fragrance there.
As thus she spoke, soft music found
Its sweetest spell in every sound:—
"Forbear, impassion'd youth! forbear
To chide the thorns my roses wear;
For he who loves must learn to prove
The rose is but the type of love.
The brilliant lapse of fleeting youth,
Tho' dear to love, and dear to truth,
Is doom'd to sorrows, doom'd to fears,
Weeps like the rose in morning's tears,
When o'er the hand that culls the flower
Falls its bright gems in dewy shower.
He knows no joy who feels no sorrows—
Love half its sweets from weeping borrows.
In rapture's eye the lucid tear
Will flow from joy, and gem its sphere:

'Tis

'Tis the warm sigh that rends the breast,
Sweet'ning its dearest hour of rest.
Lives there a heart that did not prove
A tear, or sigh, or grief, in love?
Go, hapless youth! thou ne'er shalt find
The hopes that thrill a feeling mind:
Ah, maid unblest! no heart for thee
Shall beat with kindred sympathy!
For when to love thro' grief you rove,
Its pangs have pow'r to sweeten love:
And he who scorns the painful woe,
Which lovers know, and fondly know,
Shall never taste those joys at last
That dearly pay for troubles past;
As he shall ne'er possess the rose,
Who flies the thorn that round it grows."

In this lighter department of poesy it is that the author is most at his ease. He has contrived to hitch into a note, in his second volume, a translation of Anacreon's Ode to the Dove, beginning Ερασμια πτηνα, which has been often attempted, but never, as we have found, with more felicity than by Mr. P. It is, however, somewhat paraphrastically *Englished*; and probably the utter impossibility of translating with tolerable delicacy the message carried by the dove to Bathyllus rendered the omission of the passage inevitable.

We are sorry to be confined from adding this and many other pieces with which we have felt highly pleased; and, on taking leave of Mr. P. for this time, we cheerfully recommend to the admirers of soft and sweet numbers the volumes before us, which bespeak a mind familiar with the purest models of the gayer and lighter kinds of poesy.

EDUCATION.

Art. 10. *A Practical German Grammar*; or, a new and easy Method of acquiring the German Language. By John Rowbotham. 12mo. pp. 360. 6*s*. 6*d*. Boards. Baldwin and Co. 1824.

All grammars must have much in common, now that so many have been written for all languages. Wendeborn and Render, among others, have already laid down the principal rules of the German language; the former at more and the latter at less extent than Mr. Rowbotham. A native of Germany is most likely to compose with precision his German examples; and a native of England will probably bring out more pointedly those dissimilarities of the two languages, which are apt to embarrass the young English student. Hence we feel inclined to exhort the learner to begin with a short grammar, neglecting at first the exceptions and anomalies, and endeavoring to catch the leading analogies: afterward, when his progress is considerable, he may study a comprehensive grammar of detail.

The

The present Grammar is adapted for the use of a schoolmaster rather than for that of a scholar who solitarily attempts the study of German. It contains a great deal of praxis, and a large collection of examples and exercises, in which the nouns and verbs are quoted in the nominative and infinitive, and which the pupil is to translate into their oblique cases and moods: but the correct form of the sentence is not recorded; so that, without a teacher skilled in the language, the reader would be unable to correct his own composition.

Some of the examples are incorrect; for instance, p. 273., *Das ist mein, nicht dein, freund,* ought to have been translated, That is mine, not thine, friend, but is here translated, 'That is mine, not thy friend.' And, again, at p. 389., *Lassen sie uns Deutsch sprechen,* ought to have been translated, Allow us to speak German, but is here translated, 'Let us speak German,' as if the text had been *Sprechen wir Deutsch.* — If a new edition of this Grammar should ever be prepared, we advise the author to employ a native of Germany to revise the German quotations, several of which require emendation.

Art. 11. *A Philological Grammar of the English Language;* in a Series of Lessons. Containing many original and important Observations on the Nature and Construction of Language; on the comparative Merits of more than One Hundred Treatises on English Grammar; on the various new and popular Modes of Teaching; and on the Necessity of examining the Principles of Grammars and Grammarians. By Thomas Martin. 12mo. pp. 400. Rivingtons, &c. 1824.

This Grammar is full of exertions to depreciate the labors of former writers on the subject. At pp. 10, 11, 12., almost every grammatical writer is attacked; Grant is by implication called absurd; and Murray is said to carry absurdity still farther. At p. 25., Lewis's Grammar is said to be 'a disgrace to the author, a nuisance to the public, and a discredit to the age and nation.'

To give some idea of Mr. Martin's innovations, we copy his fourth lesson:

'A digraph consists of two vowel characters, written together, and requiring to be uttered by a single effort of the voice.

'A digraph may be the representative either of a simple or of a compound sound.

'When two pure vowel sounds are inseparably connected, the union is denominated a diphthong.

'A digraph which represents two sounds is commonly called a *proper* diphthong.

'A digraph whose constitutent vowels coalesce in a single sound is usually termed an *improper* diphthong.

'Every improper diphthong agrees in sound with at least one of the fifteen varieties of vowels, and some of them are of several varieties.

'The English language contains twenty-six digraphs: five of these represent proper diphthongs, eight improper diphthongs, and the remaining thirteen are of both kinds.'

This

This word *digraph* is improperly used; it is as applicable to two consonants written together, as to two vowels; and the same is true of the term *trigraph*, which occurs in the next page. At p. 42 the word *monophong* is proposed instead of the word vowel; and a tiquiantage for theology, hurts on us every where. At p. 54, we meet with *lingua-dental* consonants, and at p. 60, of *palatal* obstructions: but the most curious of the author's theories is his doctrine of the significance of single consonants.

'Any thing connected with the language of Scripture must be interesting to all enquirers after truth; we cannot, therefore, have recourse to a more proper mode of proving the reality of the different consonant significations, and of determining the meanings of words by their constituent characters, than that of comparing their assigned properties with the names of the most conspicuous individuals whose actions are recorded in the Bible.

'ADAM. *D* signifies that he was a noted character, and *M* that he was the father of many, or that many things are related of him.

'[The word *gate*, as explained in REES's Cyclopedia, comes within the meaning of *D*, but we must not confine it within such narrow bounds as to limit it to any precise object.]

'NOAH. *N*, the reduction of the human race; *H*, his laborious undertaking.

'ABRAHAM. *Br* implies plurality in various ways; *H*, his power and his numerous offspring; and *M*, his greatness. "Thy name shall be Abra*HAm*; for a father of many nations have I made thee, &c." Gen. xvii.

'ISRAEL. *S*, his obedience; *R*, his strength, exemplified in his wrestling; (Gen. xxxii. 28.) *L* may relate to his life, his family, his riches, or his numerous adventures, but more particularly to the origin of this name.

'MOSES. *M*, his greatness; *S repeated*, his meekness of disposition, and great forbearance. [The Hebrew *Mem*, in a limited acceptation, signifies *water*: a remarkable coincidence as it regards the birth of Moses.]

'JOSHUA. *J*, his valour; *Sh*, long continued. [See the additional *J* and *H* to this name.—Numb. chap. xiii.]

'DAVID. *D*, *V*, and *D repeated*, all relate to his dignity, and the openness with which it was displayed.

'JOHN. *J*, his prudence and propriety; *H*, his influence; *N final*, though the greatest of the prophets, he was no more than a messenger, and accounted himself nobody.

'JESUS. *J*, perfect in wisdom; *S repeated*, and an extraordinary example of humility and condescension.

'CHRIST. *Chr*, his important mission; *St*, his omnipotence.

'MESSIAH, *M*, his greatness; *Ss*, as in JESUS; *H*, his miracles, &c.

'IMMANUEL. *M*, his greatness, as the Son of GOD; *N*, his littleness, as the son of man; *L*, his immortality.'

It cannot be necessary to proceed with an analysis of such cabalistical whims, which appear to us to have been derived from the grammar of a sort of lunatic, named Charles Wiseman, who,

in 1764, published polyglot tables of comparative nomenclature, designed to prepare an universal language.

Mr. Martin's is the reverse of condensed: but it may supply some new collocations of analogous examples. P. 129. *word* is said to signify *express identity:* but we do not understand this definition. On Bell's, Pestalozzi's, and Gaultier's systems, much criticism is ventured: but the highest merit that we can discover in Mr. Martin is his most comprehensive consultation of his predecessors, of which the catalogue extends from p. 265. to p. 279. He seems to have perused, however, only to disapprove, and may incur from his own readers a vindictive retaliation.

Art. 12. *An Analytical Dictionary of the English Language*, in which the Words are explained in the Order of their natural Affinity, independent of Alphabetical Arrangement; and the Signification of each is traced from its Etymology, the present Meaning being accounted for, when it differs from its former Acceptation: the Whole exhibiting, in one continued Narrative, the Origin, History, and modern Usage of the existing Vocabulary of the English Tongue; to which are added, an Introduction, containing a new Grammar of the Language, and an Alphabetical Index for the Ease of Consultation. By David Booth. Part II. 4to. 7*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Hunter.

As we noticed at great length, and with detailed analysis, the first part of this Dictionary; and as a similar character applies to this continuation, it may suffice to refer our readers back to the former article on the subject, in our hundredth volume, p. 22.

We still think that the plan is somewhat too encyclopedic. Etymology is one thing, and synonymy is another; and that extensive sort of definition, which enters into the natural history of the objects mentioned, is a third: yet this Dictionary often attempts all the three departments.

We will make one extract from the article *breeches*, which perhaps ought to have been spelled *breechers*, and which signifies any article of dress that covers the *breech*. The Latin *bracca* is not the root of the Celtic *brogues*, but is derived from it.

'The place of separation between a Bough of a tree and its trunk, or between one Bough and another, is, in Scotland, called a BREEK, that is, the Break of the tree; and the same idea is preserved in the denomination of the junction of the human body to its lower limbs. The hinder part of this union,—that part on which we sit—is called the BREECH; and the front part, or hollow of that joint, between the Body, and either thigh, where the latter *grows* out of the former, is the GROIN. There are, therefore, two Groins, the right and the left. The adjective INGUINAL, belonging to the Groin, is from the Latin *inguen*. The garment which covers these parts of a Man is called in Latin *Bracca*, in Saxon *Bræc*, in Scotch BREEKS, and in English BREECHES. This, in our times and country, is a close garment, surrounding the thighs, separately, and uniting at top, so as to cover, both before and behind, the whole of the junction, including the thighs, knees, and part of the body; and the word is, therefore, one of those dual plurals that have no singular.

TROUSE,

TROUSE, or TROUSERS, are long Breeches extending to the ancles. [See HOSE.]

'Breeches, being wholly a masculine dress, has given rise to the phrase of "the Wife wears the *breeches*," which informs us that she rules over her husband, and the same feeling of incongruity induced the revisers of the English translation of the Bible to change the word *breeches*, in the third Chapter of Genesis, into APRONS. An Apron, however, is only a partial covering, being a loose piece of Cloth or of Leather, hung over the belly and front of the thighs, by either sex, for the purpose of keeping clean, or preserving from injury, the more permanent dress which it covers. The word may be from the Saxon *aforan*, before; in the same manner that our nursery-maids now call a child's bib a PINAFORE. The Danish Apron is a *Forklæde*. APRONED and BREECHED are in the Dictionaries to denote being clothed respectively with those articles; and the same sort of participial adjectives may, if we will, be extended to all the other parts of dress.

'The scriptural renderings, above mentioned, show the difficulty of translating from an ancient tongue. The furniture, dress, &c. of the early ages are continued matters of dispute among Antiquarians; and it is not to be doubted, that customs and manners were then very different from what they now are. What sort of femoral habiliments was indicated by the Hebrew *chegoroth* has been a subject of controversy; but it is generally believed, that the Jews, in the days of Moses, as well as the Greeks and Romans of after times, wore garments similar to the Kilts of the Scotch mountaineers. The KILT of the Highlander is a petticoat which extends little more than half down the thighs, leaving the knees wholly bare. The name is Erse, from *celt*, clothes; or *ceilam*, to conceal. The PHILLABEG, or FILLABEG, is another name for the same piece of dress. It is the Lowland pronunciation of *Filleadh-beg*, (*filleadh*, a cloth, and *beg*, small,) which, literally translated, means SMALLCLOTHES; a name lately introduced, for Breeches, by simpering affectation. Breech, in the sense of the binder part, is applied occasionally to quadrupeds; and Engineers speak of the *Breech* of a piece of ordnance.

'From the Latin *brachium*, in its direct usage, we have To EMBRACE, literally to surround with the *arms*; or, as the Germans say, *umarmen*, and the French *embrasser*, from *bras*, their name for the arm. An EMBRACE is a mark of affection. A HUG is a close embrace, To HUG, or, as it were, to *hook*, a person into one's bosom. BRACELETS, which were formerly used as defensive armour for the warrior, are now merely ornaments for the wrists of the fair.

'To BRACE, is to put or tie together, as if two things were held or pressed between the hands, so as to become one. In a consequent sense, it is to strengthen. Certain Birds and other animals are reckoned in pairs; and are especially so conjoined when sent to market. We speak of a BRACE of Partridges, Moorfowl, Ducks, Hares, &c. because they are so tied together when sold for the table. Printers use a BRACE (⏞) to

conjoin two or more lines, and BRACKETS ([ ]) to include a word or sentence which it is wished to distinguish from the body of the page. A BREAK is with them a dash, or line (——), and denotes that the sentence is interrupted or *broken*, by the introduction of extraneous or unexpected matter. A Drum has its parchment head BRACED, or UNBRACED, by means of drawing together, or slackening, its cords or BRACERS; and the Invalid is alike deluded and solaced by a Metaphor, when he is made to hope that his nerves will be *Braced* by a change of atmosphere, or by the *tonic* medicines that are prescribed by his physician.'

The words are arranged by order of matter rather than alphabetically; and yet some sort of attention seems to have been paid to the order of the letters at every fresh starting-place.—The work is more entertaining than we could expect from a verbal dictionary, and displays great variety of information in the writer. He has undertaken a long task, and we trust that he will lack neither encouragement nor perseverance.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Art. 13. *Testimonies in favor of Salt as a Manure,* and a Condiment for Horse, Cow, and Sheep. With Testimonies of its vast Importance in the Arts, in Manufactures, and in the Fisheries; accompanied by Testimonies in favor of Agriculture. By the Rev. B. Dacre, A.L.S. 8vo. pp. 288. Manchester. 1825.

"*Collegisse juvat*" is not a bad motto for this collection of savoury scraps. When the ingenious Mr. Parkes published his pamphlet on the inestimable value and various uses of salt*, we really supposed that he had exhausted its praises: but the industry of Mr. Dacre has shewn our mistake. He has collected from north, east, south, and west, from the antients and from the moderns, from sacred writers and profane, from poets and philosophers, such a multiplicity of testimonies in favor of the virtues of salt, that we might think it is not only the *summum bonum* but the *solum bonum* of animal and vegetable life. This publication is also very opportunely edited. Mr. Parkes's pamphlet appeared when the duties on salt were so enormously heavy, that it would have been as well to recommend farmers to drink claret and champagne as to scatter salt over their fields: but, happily, all these duties are at length removed; and if the gentlemen of the plough do not make two ears of corn grow now where one only grew before, they cannot lay the blame on government.

There are not perhaps three pages of original matter in this book: but Mr. Dacre professes only to give the testimonials of other people; and as it would be too much to exact from him a responsibility for their accuracy, it may be right to caution them against frequent exaggerations and occasional inconsistencies. We find one gentleman stating that salt answers best as a manure for green crops, especially turnips and clover; and he adds, "it

* See Monthly Review, vol. xciv. p. 444.

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is not of much benefit to barley or wheat if sown, but in compost it proves very advantageous." Another gentleman says within half-a-score pages, that he has "twice used it on a barley tilth, sowing the salt immediately after the barley. The event was perfectly satisfactory: the verdure of the spring exceeded any thing of the kind I ever saw; and the ripened appearance was whiter by many shades than I ever beheld." Among such conflicting testimonies how is a poor farmer to know what to do? This latter gentleman adds, that salt is noxious both to weeds and vermin; and according to him it must possess a very discriminating tact indeed.

Very great care, also, must be taken in the use of salt; for, like most other things, it is a food or a poison according to the quantity administered. A lump of salt will totally destroy the grass on which it is suffered to lie. So large a discretionary range is left between the highest and the lowest quantities in the following directions that perhaps they are not very useful: but, being better than none, we transcribe them:

'*Directions for the Use of Salt, communicated by Cuthbert W. Johnson, Chemist.*

'"As it may afford assistance to the agriculturist, I have drawn up the following table of directions, as the nearest rules for adoption, under our present imperfect state of information.

'"In consequence of the valuable experiments made by Mr. Sinclair, which claim particular attention, and from some recent experiments made by my brother, it is recommended to the agriculturist, to notice the superior advantages which appear to result from mixing the salt in the soil, previous to the seed being sown.

'"For fallows, 15 to 40 bushels, according to soil and state of land.

'"For wheat and rye 5 to 20 bushels per acre, put on after the seed has been harrowed in, the earlier the better, but may be done until March.

'"For barley, oats, peas, and beans, 5 to 16 bushels per acre; for these crops it has been found beneficial, in the west of England, to put it on after the seed has been harrowed in; but in counties less frequented by rain, it would be more advantageous to put it on in January or February.

'"For turnips and all green crops, 5 to 15 bushels per acre, put on in January or February, as it cannot be too well mixed with the soil, and will meet the insects in their weakest state.

'"For meadows or other grass land, 10 to 15 bushels per acre, in the autumn, and ought not to be delayed later than November, but may be put on without injury until February.

'"For potatoes, 10 to 20 bushels per acre, to be put on in January or February, if no other manure be used; but if a light dressing of manure should be intended, at the time of planting, then to spread a part of the quantity of salt mentioned, after the plants have been covered in.

'"For hops, 15 to 20 bushels per acre, in November or December.

'"N. B.

' " N.B. All the above directions are for the first year's manuring with salt; afterwards, it is stated by Mr. Hollinshead and others, that an annual application of a much less quantity will always keep the land in a state of the greatest fertility." '*

Mr. Curwen's experience is known to be very great, and he has communicated the result of it in various publications. The quantities of salt which he recommends to be given to live stock are specific, and may be advantageously quoted:

	April, 1818.	December, 1819.	
	oz.	oz.	
Horses.....	4 increased to	6 per day.	given at twice.
Milch Cows...	4	4 per day.	
Feeding Oxen	4 increased to	6 per day.	
Yearlings.....	2 increased to	3 per day.	
Calves.....	1	1 per day.	
Sheep.....	2 increased to	4 per week.	

if feeding on dry pastures; but when feeding on turnips or coles, salt should be given without stint.

' " In the spring," says Mr. Curwen, " my flock was attacked with an inflammatory disorder, I gave them considerably of salt, some took five ounces a day; the disorder was speedily stopped by it. Salt removes the taste of the turnips from milk and butter. It prevents the grease; I have given a pound a day, with advantage, to horses that have been excessively greased. It is pleasant to say, that numerous trials by my neighbours in Cumberland wholly corroborate my statements, of the usefulness of salt in feeding stock."

' " Before a free use of salt on a modified duty was granted to the agriculturist, sheep could not be kept on strong wet retentive soils without great risk of loss; salt has been found to preserve them on such pastures perfectly sound, and flocks may now be kept with perfect safety on lands, that heretofore it was by no means prudent to hazard them. The benefit of salt in feeding all kinds of stock, and its value as an alterative medicine, is established on the concurrent testimony of numbers beyond all possibility of doubt."

' *Obs.* Mr. Curwen this day, February 20. 1822, informed us, " that before he commenced giving his cattle salt, his farrier's bill for medicine averaged 58*l.* per annum, and that, since the use of salt, he has never paid in any one year five shillings. C. W. J.'

The horticulturist will find some very useful hints on the use of salt in a communication of Mr. Johnson; and the cottager will thank Mr. Huish for his directions how to preserve bees in health and during the winter by providing them with salt in a diluted form, mixed with treacle and water. It should not be given to them in its dry crystallized state, (for bees have not the power of feeding on it till it is dissolved or very finely pulverized,) but in a weak solution of four or five ounces to a gallon of spring water.

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* Mr. Cuthbert Johnson published an Essay on the Agricultural Uses of Salt two or three years ago.

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In this state it is a preservative against dysentery; the malady which is the most frequent and dangerous to these very interesting and valuable animals.

Art. 14. *Hints to Churchwardens,* with a few Illustrations relative to the Repair and Improvement of Parish Churches, with Twelve Plates. 8vo. pp. 30. Price 10*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Rodwell and Martin. 1825.

This is a delicate and very keen satire on the frequent deformities in church-architecture which disgrace in the present age the taste of our country. Invested with the important degree of churchwarden, the lowest loon, by virtue of his office, assumes to himself the power of directing alterations and *improvements in the old church.* Let him but be on good terms with the village carpenter, bricklayer, and painter, and you shall soon see the architectural wonders which which will be effected to perpetuate the names of

Tim Goose, } Churchwardens.
Simon Lob, }

Men who would pay unconditional deference to the superior skill of a locksmith, appeal, without hesitation, to their own judgment in the most difficult matters of taste. Nor is the itch for making themselves thus conspicuous confined to country parish officers. Even in London we see such things as the new steeple of St. Anne, Soho. We admire the dexterity with which the author has aimed his blow, and hope it will succeed in deterring, for the future, ignorant petty officers from profaning our holy temples.

The style used is much in the manner of the grave irony of Swift when he advises servants to do every thing they ought sedulously to avoid doing: but it is still more in the spirit of a certain satire on "The Committee of Taste," which was published some years ago, intitled "Midas;" and it also brings to mind that "Anticipation of the Exhibition of the Royal Academy" which bore the signature and medallion of "Roger O'Shannaghan, Esquire, Grandson and Nephew of the great Martinus Scriblerus," who, "partly through modesty and partly to avoid envy, suffers the profit and praise of his works to be reaped by others; and for whom the pleasure of reflecting that he hath done well is sufficient reward." On the present 'Hints' coming into our hands we began to suspect that the long life which the said Martinus professes to have spent in the service of the public is not yet at an end. 'As in all professions, as well as zealous undertakings,' says the author in his preface, 'there is a difference of excellence; in the following plans or illustrations, I have endeavoured to select a few, out of the many, very many, splendid, curious, and convenient ideas, which have emanated from those churchwardens, who have attained perfection as planners and architects;' which 'selections' are headed each as follows:

'How to affix a Porch to an old Church.

'How to add a Vestry to an old Church.

'How to ornament the Top or Battlements of a Tower belonging to an ancient Church.

'How

'How to repair Quatre-feuille Windows.

'How to adapt a new Church to an old Tower with most Taste and Effect.

'Sundry curious Plans for attaching new Vestries to old Churches, with ornamental Designs for Chimneys.

'A Design for a new Chancel Window, and End applicable to an old Church.

'How to block up a Chancel Window.

'How to ornament a Chancel and Altar-piece.

'How to place Monuments in the Aisles of Churches.

'How to replace a Saxon Font by a modern one.

'How to substitute a new, grand, and commodious Pulpit in place of an ancient, mean, and inconvenient One.

'How to place a Pulpit in a suitable and commodious Situation.

'How to place the Royal Arms in a conspicuous Situation.

'How to fix a Stove in an eligible and convenient Situation.

'How to carry the Pipe of a Stove on the Outside of a Chancel with the best Effect.'

The following is the instruction conveyed under the third head: but the merit of the work cannot be estimated without a sight of the designs, some of which are very facetious:

'Place on each battlement vases, candlesticks, and pine-apples, alternately, and the effect will be striking. Vases have many votaries amongst those worthy members of society the churchwardens. Candlesticks are of ancient origin, and represent, from the highest authority, the light of the churches: but as in most churches weather-cocks are used, and the weather-cock is become so common, I would here recommend the admirers of novelty and improvement to adopt a pair of snuffers, which might also be considered as a useful emblem for re-invigorating the lights from the candlesticks. The pine-apple ornament having in so many churches been judiciously substituted for the Gothic, cannot fail to please. Some such ornament should also be placed at the top of the church, and at the chancel end. But as this publication does not wish to restrict any churchwarden of real taste, and as the ornaments here recommended are in a common way made of stone, if any one would wish to distinguish his year of office, perhaps he would do it brilliantly by painting them all bright red.'

As the aquatinta illustrations are poor and not expensive productions; and as the work is not over burdened with typographical matter, we think the author might have afforded his 'Hints' at a rather lower price. The practical results to which it designs to lead are, however, such as may stamp the book with incalculable value: we, therefore, recommend it as a purchase worthy of being made by every parish to be laid up in the vestry for the benefit of successive churchwardens; and if the 'Hints' are taken as they ought to be, the half-guineas will be well laid out.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW,

For AUGUST, 1825.

ART. I. *Historical and Literary Tour of a Foreigner in England and Scotland.* 2 Vols. 8vo. 1*l.* 8*s.* Boards. Saunders and Otley. 1825.

DE LOLME justly remarked, in his admirable work on our constitution, that a stranger beholding at once the various parts of that fabric is struck with a kind of admiration, which daily use prevents Englishmen from feeling, and that it is necessary to be thus strongly affected by objects, in order to reach the general principle which regulates them. He compares us in this respect to the recluse inhabitant of a palace, who, from his constant residence within, is incapable of attaining a complete idea of the elevation and effect of the whole structure; or to a man who, having always had a beautiful scene extended before his eyes, is prone, from unvarying habit, to look upon it with indifference. At the first glance one is induced to think, that this observation would apply to our literature and arts, as well as to our constitution, and that a foreigner of critical taste, bringing his mind to bear newly upon them, might be more successful in pointing out their real merits and defects, than we could be, who are accustomed to them almost from our infancy. But a little consideration shews that, so far at least as literature is concerned, this is a mistake. It is not difficult for a Frenchman, like Montesquieu, or a Swiss, like De Lolme, to understand and admire those principles which are the ingredients of our constitution. The criterion of liberty is universal. Every man, of whatever climate he may be, is capable of appreciating the difference between oppression and freedom. The standard of excellence in the fine arts may, perhaps, also be said to be tolerably uniform amongst the civilized nations, because we have pretty generally adopted the models of Greece and Italy. But in literature, particularly in the poetical and dramatic departments of it, almost every country has a peculiar standard of its own. Voltaire was right, according to French rules, in proscribing the works of Shakspeare. We have, with equal justice, repaid the compliment by our contempt for the Hen-

riade, and our persevering indifference to the boasted attractions of Zaïre. Both nations are justifiable in their different judgments, because each is guided by prepossessions and principles of preference, which are not common to the other, and so they must remain until one uniform rule of taste shall be established in Europe, or, what is equally impossible, till the names of Shakspeare and Racine shall be forgotten.

It is true that, within the last twenty years, the French have shaken off some of their antient prejudices, and have approximated very considerably to our notions of poetry and romance. Their dramatic rules are still as inflexible as ever: but the poetry of Lord Byron, and the Waverley novels, have almost as many admirers among them as among ourselves. Nevertheless, it is scarcely possible for a Frenchman, of all other foreigners, to form a true estimate of our literature. It is exceedingly difficult for him to feel the beauties of our language; to gather around his mind those numberless associations which spring out of our scenery, our traditions, and our manners; or to be sufficiently interested by those subjects of national importance, which have the strongest power to rouse and agitate our feelings. The principal link of sympathy between the French and us, is that which Sir Walter Scott has created, — that of romance. Beyond this, the French have no feeling in common with us. Upon every other subject, when they come among us, they are liable to commit the most ludicrous mistakes. They class together poets, dramatists, and orators, of the most unequal shades of merit, and of dissimilar genius. Some of undoubted claims to distinction they wholly overlook, while they admire others, whose pre-eminence consists only in a clamorous tone of pretension.

Dr. Pichot, the author of the work before us, is not free from these national defects, though it must be confessed, that he brings a greater portion of enthusiasm, good faith, and sound judgment to the performance of his task, than we have met with in any other of his countrymen, who have treated of our literature. His production will undoubtedly correct many false ideas, which prevail in France concerning some of our poets, but it will also diffuse many erroneous notions as to the merits of others. It gives a very meagre account indeed of our pulpit, parliamentary, and forensic eloquence: it scarcely touches on our prose classics; and pays no more attention to our historical models than if Robertson, Hume, and Gibbon, had never existed. Our political, ethical, and scientific writers are passed over with the same *nonchalance*. Indeed, Dr. Pichot's acquaintance with our literature seems to be very much con-

confined to the poetry of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron, and the Waverley novels. He tells us that he has translated several of the works of these two distinguished authors into French; and from the attention which he seems to have paid to them, his observations on their peculiarities are deserving of respect. But he seems not to understand Thomas Moore, and indeed to have taken up a prejudice against him. Dr. Pichot does not scruple to frame an elaborate apology for Don Juan; and yet with the same pen he minutely reprehends the Anacreontic indiscretions of the Irish bard, and denies him the title that has long been conceded to him, of the first lyric poet of the age. Campbell is highly praised, not, perhaps, beyond his deserts. The Doctor must, however, have strangely misunderstood the "Pleasures of Hope" when he preferred to it "Gertrude of Wyoming." It is obvious, from the specimens which he gives of Wordsworth, that the whole of his observations on that mystic bard are made up from the Reviews, rather than from the original works. The same remark applies to his notices of Crabbe, Cowper, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, Rogers, and our other modern poets, with respect to whom he scarcely ventures a single observation of his own.

These are all material imperfections in a work professing to treat of the literature of England and Scotland, and which is avowedly framed on the model of Madame de Staël's "Germany." For Englishmen its value is very limited, because it tells us few things, which we have not been repeatedly told before. Yet it is not without interest for the people to whom it is addressed; and it will be of great assistance to those ardent minds of the Continent, which are every day more desirous of becoming acquainted with the intellect of this country. A work like this has been long a desideratum for their use: even to ourselves it would be a most useful acquisition, if it had been executed in a better style, and had really comprehended all the departments of our literature, which deserve to be celebrated.

We can easily understand that the author had sufficient reasons, for conveying his observations in the familiar form of letters: but why each of those letters should have been addressed to a different person, is a matter which we do not profess to comprehend. It is in fact very often an absurdity, if it be not intended as a piece of ridicule. For he writes upon a certain subject to one, continues it with another, and finishes it with a third, or perhaps a sixth friend, who cannot be supposed to know any thing of what had been said before. Several of the earlier letters are devoted to descriptions of the

country through which the author passed on his way to London. He has not failed to observe and admire those splendid mansions and parks, which meet the eye in every part of England, and form the most unrivalled features of its landscape.

'As to the climate of Great Britain, which has been so much abused, I can only say that I find it very agreeable. I not only admire the delightful serenity of the nights; but in the day-time, the sun, which is by no means so great a rarity as I expected it to be, produces the most beautiful effects of light and shadow on the numerous rises and falls of the ground, which is every where covered with the freshest verdure.

'"God made the country, and man made the town,"

says Cowper; and it appears to me, that in England, of all other nations, the country is most worthy of God. If it cannot always boast of grandeur, every little meadow has an air of grace and beauty, were it only on account of the green hedge by which it is surrounded. The roads in France call to mind the cities to which they lead; but in England roads belong more especially to the country. They are kept in as good condition as the walks or drives in a park; and people of fortune, who have parks and pleasure-grounds, never appear to be really at home, except in their own houses. In their country-residences, the English nobility and gentry are surrounded by all the luxuries and comforts of life. Here they forego the etiquette which they so scrupulously observe in town. With their fine horses and hounds they enjoy the healthful sports of the field; or in tranquil retirement resign themselves to the contemplation of the choicest productions of art, and the stores of their valuable libraries. It has been justly observed, that our nobility withdraw to the country to repair their fortunes, when broken up and dissipated by extravagance in Paris. The English aristocracy, on the other hand, live in the most profuse style in the country: when ruined, they rather hide themselves in London, or go and economize on the Continent.'

The author does not seem to be intimately conversant with our architecture; and he takes no notice of the vast progress which the country is now making in this useful and elegant art. To our sculpture he is more just; nor does he follow in the train of those French and English declaimers, who have inveighed against Lord Elgin for his pious spoliation of Athens. He indirectly yields the palm of supremacy, not only over his own countrymen, but even over Canova, to our Chantry. The question is discussed between the author and a friend of his, at the exhibition-rooms in Somerset-House; and it is handled in such an animated manner that we cannot forbear transcribing the whole conversation.

'"You

' " You will, I know," said he, " feel a difficulty in acknowledging the full merit of Chantry, because you come from France impressed with the idea that England is incapable of producing either a great sculptor or a great painter. Yesterday, at my sister's, you declared that we were eternally excluded from the temple of the fine arts; and yet you confess that our northern atmosphere has in all ages been favourable to poetic genius. Now let me explain to you the system of our English prejudice. We assert that your sculptors did not deserve the rich treasures which conquest first gave you, and then took from you." I here interrupted Sir William, and proudly mentioned the names of ——. Sir William interrupted me in his turn. " Mention no names," continued he. " Like a true Englishman, I will stick to my opinions. I intend to criticise your artists collectively; do not lead me into personalities. France has profited but little by the admirable models of which Bonaparte's ambition deprived the rest of Europe. The vanity and pride of the upstart dynasty certainly favoured sculpture. Yet in spite of that thirst of glory which, in France, might be said to be the malady of the age, have you produced any monument which deserves to be transmitted to posterity? The French seem incapable of understanding the repose and grandeur of the antique statues: they are only capable of representing grace and elegance. Instead of the dignity of a well formed woman, they copy the demure gravity of their tragic queens; and their goddesses and nymphs are merely opera-dancers.

' " Before Chantry appeared, our English sculptors, I must confess, too much neglected nature: they fell into the error of supposing that ideal beauty consisted in absurd personifications and obscure allegories. That which is not in nature cannot belong to art. Ideal beauty is merely the happy selection of all that is most perfect in nature, the only model which art should endeavour to imitate. Our poetry, our philosophy, and our actions, are the expressions of our national character, and are stamped with its energy, boldness, and originality. Before Chantry's time, sculpture refused to speak our language.

' " The character of Canova's works appears to me neither very natural nor very original. Like our Flaxman, he is merely an imitator. He has chosen for his models Greek beauty and Greek nature. He sees beauty and nature only with the eyes of those who have preceded him. Yet he has but in a few instances successfully seized the severe and majestic character of the masterpieces of antiquity; and it is only within these few years that he has excelled in the graceful and tender style, which is really his forte. His early productions are all theatrical and affected. His female figures are like coquettes who have studied how to set forth their personal charms to the best advantage. Canova was spoiled by following the precepts of the French school. Your great naturalist Buffon says that *patience is genius*. Patience and diligence certainly constitute the genius of Canova. We, however, prefer inspiration. Canova lives too much among demi-gods,

and not enough among men. It would appear that the ambition of the Pope's sculptor is to restore the lost statues of ancient Greece to their pedestals, instead of viewing nature and revealed religion with the eyes of Raphael."

'"But," said I to Sir William, "you have in England the statue of Bonaparte's mother, which is highly praised for dignity. You have also the colossal statue of the son ——."

'"The statue of Madame Mère," resumed Sir William, "may be regarded as an exception to the general style of Canova. As to the statue of the god Mars, it is merely an athletic figure. You know Bonaparte himself said, when he saw it finished, 'Does Canova think I fight battles with my fists?' Exquisite grace is the distinguishing characteristic of Canova's sculpture. However, if you have seen his Hebe you must be convinced of the truth of the observation, that the Pagan mythology, which is founded on the senses, is far remote from the chaste representations of Christian modesty, for which we are indebted to the pencil of Raphael. Canova's Hebe is light and airy as a sylph; but the expression of the countenance seems almost to denote that she has tasted the intoxicating nectar. — Chantry has not endeavoured to revive Greek sculpture. His art is a pure emanation of English genius. His style is perfectly original, and bears no more resemblance to that of the ancients than the romantic dramas of Shakspeare are like the dramas of Euripides; or the chivalric heroes of Sir Walter Scott are like the heroes of paganism.

'"In his representations of manly strength and feminine beauty, Chantry takes living nature for his model; and the powerful emotions which his works excite are the most grateful tribute to his excellence. There is nothing constrained or theatrical in the attitudes of his statues; and the graceful simplicity of his draperies is always conspicuous. His busts of distinguished men are animated by the fire of genius and intelligence, and as it were encircled with the glory of immortality. Thorwaldsen, like Chantry, studies living nature; but he does not view it with a poet's eye. He possesses neither the power of invention nor the vigorous, dignified, and natural style which distinguish the English sculptor.

'"Thorwaldsen ventured to place himself in competition with Canova, by the production of a groupe of the three Graces, which, however, served only to mark the distance that separates him from his rival. In his statue of the daughter of the Duke of Bedford, he also risked a comparison with Chantry, which proved by no means favourable to him. The statue of Lady Louisa Russell, another of the Duke's daughters, is one of the happiest productions of our English Phidias. The young lady is represented standing on tip-toe, and pressing a dove to her bosom. Nothing can exceed the graceful simplicity of this figure."

'"I hope," said I to Sir William, "to have the pleasure of conducting you over our Paris museums. There, while viewing the works of our great French masters, I may perchance be inspired as you are by the talents of your countrymen; and perhaps

haps I may be enabled to prove to you that the country which gave birth to a Coustou, a Puget, and a Bouchardon, may also produce a Chantry. Without adverting to our living artists, I may mention the name of Chaudet, who died in 1813, and who, though he found the French school degenerated, soon freed himself from the trammels of the artificial style, and the insipid and affected ornaments for which you condemn us. I should like to shew you his statue of Belisarius."

'Here we dropped our discussion, and went up stairs to take a view of the paintings.'

Why does Dr. Pichot avoid mentioning also the statue of the young Duc de Bourdeaux, which we saw in the gallery of the Louvre two years ago? It was then fresh from the chisel of the artist, and seemed only to want a portion of inward fire to make it breathe. There was nothing of effort or false grace about it. It was a model of symmetry, and yet a Bourbon in every lineament. Is the author's facility in surrendering the pre-eminence of Canova the effect of national spleen against that immortal sculptor? 'Canova,' he says in another place, 'at the period of our reverses, was one of the servile instruments of the conquerors who stripped us of our treasures of art.' Canova well knew, as this author ought to have also remembered, that those 'treasures' were deemed by Buonaparte the legal objects of his plunder, when he was a conqueror. If conquest gave him the right to them, even according to his own doctrines conquest also could take it away. Besides, Canova was an Italian, and is to be commended for his zeal in causing the trophies of his country to be restored.

'Flaxman for his classic groupes, Bacon for his angelic females, and Westmacott for his grace and harmony of contour, receive their due meed of praise. The author speaks rather too lightly of the Achilles of the latter in the Park. It reflects no honour on the artist or the nation.

The history of our school of painting is rapidly sketched. Holbein flourished under Henry VIII., but no progress was made among us in the art till the time of Charles I., who naturalized Vandyke, encouraged Reubens, and purchased the celebrated cartoons of Raphael. Painting, together with its kindred arts, was proscribed with the Stuarts, and restored with them, but not without being accompanied by a re-action, which produced licentiousness in every pursuit. Then it was that the rich and fantastic pencil of Sir Peter Lely, immortalized those court-beauties who figure in the witty and graceful pages of Grammont. The art was necessarily much neglected during

the Revolution; nor was it better attended to during the uneasy reigns of William, Anne, and her successor. The first, however, produced Sir Godfrey Kneller, and the latter Hogarth, who was soon followed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, the acknowleged founder of the English school of painting, and the father of the Academy. Gainsborough, Wilson, and West, bring us down to Sir Thomas Lawrence, on whom, as well as on his distinguished contemporaries, the author gives his opinions at length. Take as a specimen his character of the President:

'Had his genius taken another direction, would Sir Thomas Lawrence have become a great historical painter? His friends assure us that he would. All that can be said is, that he is the richest artist in Europe, and the most original of all portrait-painters. Sir J. Reynolds perhaps considered the historic style in a secondary point of view, as far as regarded himself, but he has left behind him some works of imagination which are still admired, and even more frequently cited than his portraits in the history of his talent. In his *Count Ugolino*, the son who is embracing the knees of his father is certainly a very poetical invention; and who would fail to admire his *Holy Family*? Sir Thomas Lawrence has reserved all his imagination for his portraits. I should like to see some of them suddenly placed before a groupe of our artists. I am sure their astonishment would equal that of Count Manfred, in the Castle of Otranto, on seeing his grandfather's portrait walk out of the frame. But surprize would soon give way to criticism, in spite of the warm admiration excited by the first impression. Who, indeed, can help admiring the skill which Lawrence displays in creating a real atmosphere for his back-grounds, which are sometimes obscured in cloudy vapour, and sometimes, as it were, animated by a ray from the sun itself! Amidst this aërial space, living countenances, like the portraits of Titian and Vandyke, are smiling with animated gaiety, or wrapt in calm meditation. Lawrence is more happy in his attitudes than correct in his drawing, and so harmoniously do the hue of his figures and texture of his draperies blend with the shades of his sky, verdure, or any other accessory object in the picture, that one would be almost tempted to suppose he had invented for his sitters a colouring adapted to his own particular style. It must be extremely difficult to combine so much poetry of feeling with such truth of expression. Yet, if I were an artist, I should certainly find something to object to in the tints of that very atmosphere in which Lawrence's portraits seem to move. I should condemn the vague, undecided execution, and the somewhat affected expression of his heads. Indeed I have not properly defined the nature of my admiration, if it seems any thing more than the surprise excited by a complete novelty of style. Yet I have seen some French and Italian artists led away, like me, by the first impulse of astonishment. Moreover, I even doubt whether

ther Sir Thomas has not, like Reynolds, sacrificed too much to effect, and whether his fresh and brilliant colours will not fade as rapidly as those of his master.'

The distinction which Dr. Pichot draws between Wilkie and Teniers is animated and just:

'Wilkie's style must not be confounded with the imitation of the Flemish school in general, nor even with that of Teniers; though the title of the *Scotch Teniers* has occasionally been applied to Wilkie. He is not fond of exercising his pencil on the burlesque orgies of the tavern, the gross scenes of the guard-house, or the filthy and tattered garb of beggary. There is always a touch of caricature in the pictures of the Flemish masters. The heroes of the Dutch school produce a laugh, because they are buffoons; Wilkie's characters only excite a smile, because they are true to nature. Wilkie's domestic scenes deserve to be as popular as the history of the Vicar of Wakefield. His interiors compared with historical pictures are what Goldsmith's novel is to the pompous recitals of the epic muse. Teniers, who was endowed with great facility of talent, produced a vast number of works; but if Wilkie has produced less, it is because he is select in his choice, while Teniers never shrunk from any subject whatever. Wilkie's pictures are at once remarkable for simplicity and correct drawing; but perhaps, owing to this very correctness, we do not always find the freedom of touch and freshness of colour which distinguish the pictures of Teniers. The latter frequently brings out only one striking trait of the countenance; but Wilkie expresses every little gesture of his figures. The works of the latter have been so multiplied by engravings, that it would be superfluous to describe here the moral and dramatic pictures of *The Reading of The Will*, *The Village Politicians*, *The Rent Day*, &c. It is difficult to say whether these highly original productions are most worthy of admiration for their general effect, or the exquisite finish of their details. Every time we look at one of Wilkie's pictures we discover some object which we had not seen, or had not sufficiently observed before, but which is nevertheless perfectly in its place. Even when all his figures are animated by the same sentiment, what variety of expression does he display! — There are some sensations which Wilkie has succeeded in pourtraying, and which perhaps no other painter would so much as attempt; as, for example, sneezing, and the mingled feeling of pain and alarm, unaccompanied by grimace, which is evinced by the child in the *Cut Finger*. It is curious to visit Wilkie's painting room, when he is arranging his materials for a new picture. He procures a box of a size corresponding with that of the picture he is about to commence, and he places within it chairs, tables, and every minute article of furniture, according to the rank of the characters he intends introducing into his picture. He then arranges in this miniature apartment a groupe of little manikins, and closes the door, having contrived an aperture through which his eye commands a full view of the interior.'

This

This is a contrivance to which it is said many eminent artists have occasionally resorted.

The view which Dr. Pichot gives of English society, betrays a very limited acquaintance with it. His observations on our constitution are superficial; and, indeed, if they had partaken of a graver character, we doubt if they would have been entitled to much attention, after his frank acknowlegement that Bentham's theories are more interesting to him than Blackstone's Commentaries! His sketch of Lord Erskine is loose and unsatisfactory. He is just to Sir James Mackintosh; and of Mr. Scarlett, as a speaker, he happily says, that the learned counsel 'often begins a sentence better than he ends it.' Mr. Brougham is thus described:

'I cannot always recognise the spirit of genuine philanthropy in the churlish liberalism which characterises the political speeches of Mr. Brougham. This ungraceful orator possesses as much, or perhaps more, knowlege than Sir Samuel Romilly or Sir James Mackintosh, but he wants their taste and purity of style. His manner sometimes smacks of the tavern, even on the most solemn occasions. He is vehement and energetic: his irony is bitter, and his invective severe, even to excess. When he defends a bad cause, (and it would appear that he has a peculiar predilection for such,) the boldness of his manner before the Judges borders on menace. This, it is true, may be merely the confidence of superiority, but in the sanctuary of the laws it has an air of insolence. When he interrogates a witness whose evidence embarrasses him, he often disdains the artful precautions of his profession. He fixes his eye on him with an appalling look of contempt: there is gall in the very tone of his voice; and when he succeeds in confounding the object of his attack, his malignant smile injures the effect of his triumph. His speeches in the House of Commons produce similar impressions. The effect of his most eloquent addresses is marred by bad taste and coarseness.'

We trust that our French neighbours will not suppose, that this is any thing like an accurate portrait of one of the most extraordinary men of our times. The statesman never existed, whose liberalism was less 'churlish' than that of Mr. Brougham, for it extends to every human object that can come within the grasp of his mighty mind. To say of him, that as a lawyer he seems to have a predilection for bad causes is a mere *sottise*. It must, doubtless, be Mr. Brougham's ambition, as it is that of all honorable minds, to defend, to the best of his ability, every client who solicits his protection. Perverse, indeed, must the aspirations of that advocate be, who, in order to display the triumphs of oratory over justice, would wish his clients to be uniformly in the wrong. Dr. Pichot, accustomed to the tame servility of

of the French bar, may be forgiven for mistaking Mr. Brougham's manly boldness for 'insolence;' and when he says that the effect of the learned gentleman's 'most eloquent addresses is marred by bad taste and coarseness' it is manifest that he has written on a subject with which he is utterly unacquainted.

The second volume is occupied chiefly with an analysis of the works of our principal poets, and with critical observations upon them. It is not without interest even to an English reader: but as we have already summed up our impressions with respect to this part of the work we shall here content ourselves with extracting the lively description which the author gives of the commencement of his acquaintance with the poetry of Lord Byron:

'In 1815, for the first time, I heard the name of Byron pronounced; for the first time I read some of those brilliant descriptions of modern Greece, and of those emphatic appeals to the Hellenists, who then seemed deaf to the accents of his eloquent voice. It was in the climate of the south of France, where there is certainly something of oriental in the pure and balmy atmosphere; something, moreover, of the aspect of the Greek soil in the pompous ruins of antique architecture, its subverted cippes, its columns serving for land-marks, its most sacred vestiges converted to the vilest uses; and, finally, in its temples, which, like the Maison Carrée de Nismes, and the portico of the ancient theatre at Arles, vie with the temple of Theseus, and the marbles of the Parthenon.

'It was an epoch of political re-action; when nothing was to be seen around but exaggeration and anarchy. Where was the Frenchman, young or old, unshaken by the general commotion? For my part, I readily confess, that the exalted poetry of Byron filled me with unaffected transport, because it was singularly in harmony with the atmosphere of disorder and passion in which I lived. Those accents of frightful energy, those images of sometimes exaggerated pomp, those repinings expressed with a tone of menace, those characters thirsting for all kinds of extremes, seemed no more than natural to my thoughts. Now that the tranquillity of the political world, and the weight of a few additional years have rendered me more *impartial*, that poetry still to my view does not seem forced, because exaggeration has not only become the general character of our epoch, but principally because, as I have just now said, it is the true expression of the impassioned soul of Byron. In the emphasis of such a man, there is neither pretence nor rhetoric. While explaining the motives of my enthusiasm, I believe I have not explained them for myself alone. Atala and René were calculated to excite me at the conclusion of the great republican fermentation, as the Giaour, Harold, Conrad, and Lara, excited me after the last shock of the revolution and the counter-revolution in 1815.

'By

'By a singular coincidence, the individual who communicated to me the first writings of Lord Byron was a mulatto physician *de la Trinité*, who, for a considerable time, had attended the school at Montpellier, after having taken his degree at Edinburgh. He was gifted with one of those strong organisations, one of those physiognomies to which the verses of the poet apply:

'"Child of the sun; soul of fire."

'Feeling himself doubly isolated by his origin and features, he experienced on a first introduction a degree of embarrassment. But as a frank deportment re-assured him, and he was invited to some discussion in the light of an equal, his temperament displayed itself: he talked like a superior, and the assumption did not misbecome him. He reminded me of Othello forgetting his African complexion, and feeling himself worthy to command at Venice, and to love Desdemona. He was more inclined to borrow his allusions from the somewhat oriental poetry of Byron than any other, and one quotation led him to spout the greater part of a poem. When he quoted

'"The cold in clime are cold in blood," &c. (*Giaour.*)

it might readily be perceived that he also concealed "a soul of fire" in his bosom. If, in these poetical intercommunications, we were not alone, he grew impatient at being understood by no one but me; he wrote down the verses which he had declaimed, and I, with the lucky or unlucky facility of which I have never lost the habit, translated them with a pen as rapid as his own. These shreds of translation, strung together afterwards, have been published and reprinted five times; such a charm and energy does Byron retain beneath the veil of a version which imperfectly transmits the brilliant images of his poetry.'

In the course of his tour the author proceeds to Scotland, where he becomes a Jacobite, if, indeed, the Waverley novels had not made him one long before. His notices of the literary coteries of Edinburgh are amusing. He visits Sir Walter Scott, by whom he is very kindly received; and he has recorded some of the conversations which passed between himself, the Baronet, Lady Scott, and Mr. Crabbe, who happened to be with the family at the time. Is there not some indelicacy in thus reporting to the public ear the *badinage* of a breakfast-table?

Several of the minor details of the work are grossly incorrect. For instance, the author says that 'there are in London upwards of ten thousand legal practitioners, including barristers, solicitors, attornies.' The legal practitioners in England altogether do not exceed half that number. This is only one of many other errors which might be

be pointed out. We should observe, however, that we have not seen the French edition of this work. The translation is indifferent, and, in many passages, obscure and even ungrammatical.

ART. II. *Lays of the Minnesingers or German Troubadours of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries:* illustrated by Specimens of the cotemporary Lyric Poetry of Provence and other Parts of Europe: with Historical and Critical Notices, and Engravings from the MS. of the Minnesingers in the King's Library at Paris, and from other Sources. 8vo. pp. 321. 14*s*. Boards. Longman and Co. 1825.

THERE are some doubts concerning the authenticity of most of the poems, which are here ascribed to German Troubadours. They form part of a collection for which, it is said, we are indebted to the taste and zeal of Rudiger Von Manesse, a senator of Zurich, who lived in the early part of the fourteenth century. His house was the resort of the learned, and his patronage of the muses is celebrated by Hadloub, one of the last of the Minnesingers *, who describes, in a ballad, the manner in which this collection was made. Rudiger, it is said, kept an album, in which he and his sons transcribed every German poem which they could obtain, either from tradition, or the lips of the bards themselves. It appears that one of those bards, Henry of Veldig, was a Low German, and that others were from districts in which the Suabian dialect was not used. Yet it is in that dialect that all these poems are composed. The Manesse family, it is suggested by the editor, 'were of course likely to use the dialect of their own province.' Indeed! The 'Lays,' then, it is admitted, underwent some modifications in their hands. If they proceeded so far as to alter the original dialects, is it not probable that they retrenched, amplified, and perhaps fabricated? It would seem, also, that they made, or admitted into their collection, translations from the Troubadours of Provence. The subjects, sentiments, and allusions, are exactly similar to those which form the burden of Provençal poetry; and although they are imputed in the MS. to German minstrels, yet of several of those persons nothing whatever is known, and their names may be as fictitious as the verses which they are said to have produced. There is no internal or extrinsic evidence to the contrary. Again, it is a remarkable circumstance that, although nearly two centuries

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* Anglice, *Love-singers.*

elapsed

elapsed between the earliest and the latest Minnesingers, there is no difference discoverable in the MS. as to their language and measure. This is by no means the case with the French Troubadours. The editor seems not unconscious of the difficulties which he has to get over; and he can scarcely suppose that he solves them when he says,

'It seems *very probable*, however, that the same pieces circulated in *various* dialects, and that they owe their permanent character to the *whim* of the collector, as many of the authors (particularly the one who stands in the highest rank — Wolfram of Eschenbach) *were unable even to write*. To this cause it is perhaps to be attributed, too, that all the pieces in the Manesse MS. bear the same apparent age and perfection of language, although the work of poets at least *a century and a half distant* in point of time, and natives of provinces where *various dialects were spoken*.'

The MS. was written and illuminated in the style of the middle ages. Bodmer published a selection from it at Zurich, in 1748. The poems which are inserted in the volume before us, want variety; and it is to be regretted, that a greater number of specimens are not given, capable of bestowing light on the history of the times to which they are said to belong.

Subject to these observations, this work is nevertheless possessed of considerable claims on our attention. To the specimens is prefixed a dissertation, which is long and heavy, though it evinces some acquaintance with the romantic minstrelsy of Provence, Catalonia, Castille, and Italy. We shall come at once to the fourth section, which treats of the principal object of the volume, the poetry of the Teutonic minstrels.

It required the wisdom of so powerful a monarch as Charlemagne to draw from obscurity the treasures which formed the literature of his German subjects. He gave stability to the language, by endeavoring to fix its grammar, and by bringing it into general use. But to give it all the consequence which it afterwards assumed, was a work of time and difficulty, arising from the passion which all the authors of that period had, for publishing their thoughts in Latin. Louis le Debonnaire piously banished from his court, the unholy subjects in which his people delighted; and by way of a substitute for the profane indulgence of which his morality had deprived them, he commanded a poetic version of the New Testament to be made, which was followed by a collection of scriptural tales, written in the language of the country. Under the Suabian emperors the Minnesingers rose to eminence. Frederic, surnamed the Red Beard, was himself a passionate admirer of the songs of the Provençaux, by whose taste he hoped to improve the rougher

rougher style of his countrymen. He was popular and successful; and tradition has assigned him an employment (if such it may be called) worthy of his taste and habits, that of residing in a cavern of the Hartz, slumbering tranquilly upon his marble throne, and only awakening to reward some wandering brother of the lyre, whom chance, or curiosity, may conduct to his abode. The following epigram, said, by some, to be the composition of this Prince, by some to have been written for him, and by others ascribed to Frederic II., is given, as a curious commentary upon the times. We have made some alterations in the translation, for the sake of rendering it intelligible:

" *Plas my cavallier Francés,*
E la donna Catallana,
E l'onrar del Gynoés,
E la cour de Kastellana,
Lo cantar Provensallés,
E la dansa Trevizana,
E lo corps Aragonés,
E la perla Julliana,
Los mans e cara d'Anglés,
E lo donzel de Thuscana."

' I like a " cavalier Francés,"
And a Catalonian lady,
The courtesy of the Genoese,
And true Castilian dignity;
The Provence songs my ears do please;
I like the dance called Trevisan,
The graceful form of the Arragoneze,
And the pearl of the Julian,
An English hand and face, to see,
And a page of Tuscany.'

Succeeding princes followed the track of Charlemagne and Frederic; and even the ruin of the house of Suabia did not entirely extinguish the spirit of minstrelsy. It existed till the fourteenth century, when the pedantic establishment of the " Song Schools" destroyed the play of fancy. These schools were nothing more or less than corporations, in which poetry was reduced to a trade, and, as such, was followed by the lowest orders of the people. Its ruin was inevitable; and its history is therefore a blank from the time of the Minnesingers down to the eighteenth century. The editor quotes the " Song of the Nibelungen," and a beautiful romance of Henry of Ofterdingen, called " Laurin, the Dwarf King; or, the little Garden of Roses," the account of which we give in his own words:

' Similt,

'Similt, the heroine of the poem, sallies forth with Dietlieb her brother to revel in the festive jollity of spring under the linden-tree in the forest. In the midst of their gaiety she is carried off by the little king, who avails himself of the aid of his tarn-cap, which has the power of rendering its wearer invisible, and bears off his prize to his retreat:

'He bore her to his cave,
Where he ruled in royalty,
O'er hill and valley wide,
With his little chivalry.

Dietlieb and his knights pursue; and in their inquiries after the pigmy king, are informed of his exploits and power: they learn especially that his great pride is in a magnificent garden of roses, round which is drawn the protection of a silken line, and that any luckless wight who trespasses on his parterre rues the consequences of his aggression. The tale is repeated to Dietrich (Theoderic) of Bern (Verona) and Wittich his friend, and they immediately determine to brave the little monarch, by rifling his roses. On their arrival at the spot, however, Dietrich is ravished with the beauty of the scene: not so Wittich, who commences the work of destruction; the pride of the garden soon lies prostrate, and the heroes repose on the earth musing on their doughty exploit, when on a sudden the monarch appears: —

'Behold there came a little king
In warlike manner dight,
A king he was o'er many a land,
And Laurin was he hight.'—

'His courser bounded like a fawn,
With golden trappings gay,
And costly gems, too, sparkled round,
Bright glittering as the day.'—

'Around his waist a girdle fair
He wore of magic might,
The power of twelve the stoutest men
It gave him for the fight.'—

'And on his crown, and on the helm,
Birds sing their merry lay,
The nightingale and lark did chaunt
Their melodies so gay.'

* * * * *

'A savage combat ensues; and when the King is obliged to yield to the superior force of Dietrich, he has recourse to the friendly tarn-cap, which removes him from fight, and enables him to strike with greater effect. Of this resource, however, accident deprives him, and at length a reconciliation is effected between the contending parties. The champions are then hospitably welcomed by the monarch, at his palace in the forest, which is described in some very pretty poetry.'

The

The editor remarks, that the female sex is treated by the German and Provençal Troubadours in a very different manner:

'The former appearing usually to restrain their mode of expressing their attachments within much more natural and reasonable bounds, and to content themselves with assigning to woman a superior rank in the scale of society, without bowing so lowly down to her temporal and spiritual authority, or erecting such an extravagant scale of dominion as it pleased the minstrels of Provence to assign to her.'

And in consequence of this moderation, 'the German poetry is more chaste, tender, and delicate, the Troubadours much oftener requiring the pruning hand of the selector for modern eyes, whenever they emerge from their cold and fanciful conceits.'

On the other hand, he allows the more classic taste of the Provençaux, and the sedate and plaintive style in which their lyric pieces are written, in opposition to the wild and energetic manner of the Germans.

We now come to the selections from the works of the Minnesingers. The first of these, which is distinguished for its joyous spirit, and begins,

'May, sweet May, again is come,'

our readers may remember to have seen in the Number of this Review for December last.

Then follow selections from "Henry of Rispach, or, The virtuous Clerk," from the celebrated Wolfram of Eschenbach, (though nothing worthy of his name is given,) from the Emperor Henry, and others. The most delightful poet of the band is, perhaps, Dietmar of Ast.* He lived in the thirteenth century, and the following stanzas are of his composition:

'By the heath stood a lady
All lonely and fair,
As she watch'd for her lover
A falcon flew near.
"Happy falcon!" she cried,
"Who can fly where he list,
And can choose in the forest
The tree he loves best!
'"Thus, too, had I chosen
One knight for mine own,
Him my eye had selected,
Him priz'd I alone.

* See also in the Number for December the lines commencing

'There sat upon the linden-tree,'

said to have been written by this bard.

But other fair ladies
Have envied my joy;
And why? for I sought not
Their bliss to destroy.

' " As to thee, lovely Summer!
Returns the birds' strain,
As on yonder green linden
The leaves spring again,
So constant doth grief
At my eyes overflow,
And wilt not thou, dearest,
Return to me now?

' " Yes, come my own hero,
All others desert!
When first my eye saw thee,
How graceful thou wert;
How fair was thy presence,
How graceful, how bright;
Then think of me only,
My own chosen knight!" '

Winceslaus, King of Bohemia; Otto, Margrave of Brandenburg, and the Count of Toggenburg, furnish each a little poem to the volume. We cannot pass unnoticed the following graceful stanzas attributed to Steinmar, of whose history nothing is known:

' With the graceful corn upspringing,
With the birds around me singing,
With the leaf-crown'd forests waving,
Sweet May-dews the herbage laving,
With the flowers that round me bloom,
To my lady dear I'll come:
All things beautiful and bright,
Sweet in sound and fair to sight,
Nothing, nothing is too rare
For my beauteous lady fair;
Every thing I'll do and be,
So my lady solace me.

' She is one in whom I find
All things fair and bright combined;
When her beauteous form I see,
Kings themselves might envy me,
Joy with joy is gilded o'er,
Till the heart can hold no more.
She is bright as morning sun,
She my fairest, loveliest one;
For the honour of the fair
I will sing her beauty rare,
Every thing I'll do and be,
So my lady solace me.

' Solace

'Solace me, then, sweetest! — be
Such in heart as I to thee;
Ope thy beauteous lips of love,
Call me thine, and then above
Merrily, merrily I will sail
With the light clouds on the gale.
Dear one, deign my heart to bless,
Steer me on to happiness,
Thou, in whom my soul confideth,
Thou, whose love my spirit guideth;
Every thing I'll do and be,
So my lady solace me.'

The most curious piece in the whole collection is that which is ascribed to Henry, Duke of Breslau, who reigned from 1266 to 1269.

'POET.
'To thee, O *May*, I must complain,
O *Summer*, I complain to thee,
And thee, thou flower-bespangled *Plain*,
And *Meadow*, dazzling bright to see!
To thee, O *Greenwood*, thee, O *Sun*,
And thee, too, *Love!* my song shall be
Of all the pain my lady's scorn
Relentlessly inflicts on me.
Yet, would ye all with one consent
Lend me your aid, she might repent:
Then for kind heaven's sake hear, and give me back content!

'MAY, &c.
'"What is the wrong? stand forth and tell us what;
Unless just cause be shown, we hear thee not."

'POET.
'She lets my fancy feed on bliss;
But when, believing in her love,
I seek her passion's strength to prove,
She lets me perish, merciless:
Ah! woe is me, that e'er I knew
Her from whose love such misery doth ensue!

'MAY.
'"I, *May*, will strait my flowers command;
My roses bright, and lilies white,
No more for her their charms expand."

'SUMMER.
'"And I, bright *Summer*, will restrain
The birds' sweet throats; their tuneful notes
No more shall charm her ear again."

'PLAIN.
'"When on the *Plain* she doth appear,
My flow'rets gay shall fade away;
Thus crost, perchance to thee she'll turn again her ear."

'MEAD.
'"And I, the *Mead*, will help thee too;
Gazing on me, her fate shall be,
That my bright charms shall blind her view."

'WOOD.
'"And I, the *Greenwood*, break my bowers
When the fair maid flies to my shade,
Till she to thee her smile restores."

'SUN.
'"I *Sun*, will pierce her frozen heart,
Till from the blaze of my bright rays
Vainly she flies: — then learns a gentler part."

'LOVE.
'"I, *Love*, will banish instantly
Whatever dear and sweet I bear,
Till she in pity turn to thee."

'POET.
'Alas! must *all* her joys thus flee?
Nay, rather I would joyless die,
How great so'er my pain may be.

'LOVE.
'"Seek'st thou revenge?" saith *Love*, "then at my nod
The paths of joy shall close, so lately trod."

'POET.
'Nay then! Oh leave her not thus shorn of bliss;
Leave me to die forlorn, so hers be happiness.'

Then follow the 'Watch Songs,' a species of ballad, describing stolen interviews between lovers, while a sentinel is appointed to keep watch, and, on the approach of morning, to give the signal of parting. These songs of the Minnesingers are ornamented by some curious engravings of illuminations, which are prefixed to them in the Manesse MS., and they are followed by specimens of the works of the Provençal Troubadours by way of illustration. The first of these examples is written by the Countess de Die: she lived in the twelfth century, and was the *belle amie* of Rambaud d'Aurenga, another Troubadour of great celebrity. Here also is Pons de Capdueil, the most unhappy of Troubadours, and unfortunate of lovers; who, all his life attached to the wife of another, had the misery to survive her loss, and finished his days before the Holy Sepulchre. Here is Bernard de Ventadour, the lover of our Queen Elinor, wife of Henry II. Bertrand de Born, the haughty, restless, daring, "satirical knave," who now rousing men to blood and plunder, by the force of his numbers, and anon pouring forth words that wept, at the feet of his mistress, filled all Europe

Europe with his fame. Here, too, is the royal Alphonso of Arragon, Arnaud de Marveil, Pierre Vidal, the tradesman of Toulouse, of whom nobles were jealous, and who, following Richard of the Lion Heart to Palestine, was by turns his minstrel and the butt of his court. Many others there are, all remarkable, either for the singularity of their characters and fortunes, or the beautiful effusions of their genius and feelings. Passing these, we come to a history of the Trouveres, or writers of romances and tales. Among these stars of early literature, who has not heard of Thibaud, the monarch, crusader, poet, and friend of Raoul of Soissons, a Trouvere of almost equal celebrity? To the latter belongs the following little song:

'Ah! beauteous maid,
Of form so fair,
Pearl of the world
Belov'd and dear!
How does my eager spirit pine
But once to press those lips of thine;—
Yes, beauteous maid, &c.

'And if the theft
Thine ire awake,
A hundred fold
I'd give it back;—
Thou beauteous maid,
Of form so fair,
Pearl of the world,
Belov'd and dear.'

The following beautiful stanzas are attributed to Barbe de Verrue:

'The wise man sees his winter close
Like evening on a summer day;
Each age, he knows, its roses bears,
Its mournful moments and its gay.

'Thus would I dwell with pleasing thought
Upon my spring of youthful pride;
Yet, like the festive dancer, glad
To rest in peace at eventide.

'The gazing crowds proclaim'd me *fair*,
Ere, autumn-touch'd, my green leaves fell:
And now they smile, and call me *good*;—
Perhaps I like that name as well.

On beauty, bliss depends not; then
Why should I quarrel with old time
He marches on: how vain his power
With one whose *heart* is in its prime!

'Though now perhaps a *little* old,
Yet still I love with youth to bide;
Nor grieve I if the gay coquettes
Seduce the gallants from my side.

'And I can joy to see the nymphs
For fav'rite swains their chaplets twine,
In gardens trim, and bowers so green,
With flowerets sweet and eglantine.

'I love to see a pair defy
The noontide heat in yonder shade;
To hear the village-song of love
Sweet echoing through the woodland glade.

'I joy too (though the idle crew
Mock somewhat at my lengthen'd tale)
To see how lays of ancient loves
The listening circle round regale.

'They fancy time for *them* stands still
And pity *me* my hairs of gray,
And smile to hear how once their sires
To me could kneeling homage pay.

'And I, too, smile, to gaze upon
These butterflies in youth elate,
So heedless, sporting round the flame
Where thousand such have met their fate.'

Some particulars are given, at the end of the volume, of the establishment of the 'Song Schools,' which marked the decline of German poetry. A few of the popular German ballads are also translated with the same spirit and occasional elegance, which the reader cannot fail to have observed, in the specimens already presented to his notice.

ART. III. *A Critical Enquiry regarding the real Author of the Letters of Junius*, proving them to have been written by Lord Viscount Sackville. By George Coventry. 8vo. pp. 382. Woodfall. 1825.

THERE are no questions, that more strongly illustrate the intermixture of fallibility and of penetration in our reasoning faculty, than those which depend for their decision upon circumstantial evidence. Proof of that description is more apt than any other, to bear down those habits of distrust with which experience teaches us to receive such testimony, as is valuable only in proportion to the credibility of the witness. A few striking facts, when they seem to result from the same cause, or to lead to the same purpose, operate on the mind so instantaneously, that we feel conviction frequently without being able to justify, or explain, the reasons upon which it is founded.

founded. One or two minute circumstances, which, to our limited vision, appear to coincide, shall exercise a more powerful dominion over the intellect, than the most elaborate chain of argument, although, in point of truth, they might have been produced by combinations widely different from each other. We seldom allow ourselves to consider that it is the constant sport of nature to throw out analogies and resemblances. How often does she gratify her caprice, for instance, with those exact similitudes between one man and another, those amusing plagiarisms from herself, which have given birth to as much perplexity in the tragi-comedy of real life, as the Antipholises of Ephesus and of Syracuse in the mimic scene of the theatre!

Many are the problems which have led the reasoning power of man a long dance of error. Of these the French *Causes Célèbres* furnish us with several extraordinary instances. Witness also the Douglas cause, and the question of the guilt or innocence of Mary Queen of Scots, which, notwithstanding that Andrew Stewart and Whitaker expended upon it the full force of their acute intellects, will, perhaps, never be settled upon any basis stronger than that of plausible conjecture.

Since the appearance of the first of that series of powerful invectives, written under the signature of Junius, the question, "Who was the real author of those letters?" has excited intense curiosity. We always thought that, whoever he might have been, he and his family, to the latest of its generations, must have felt, and continue to feel, the utmost anxiety for the impenetrability of his concealment. As a public writer, he unquestionably served his country. In times pregnant with danger to the constitution he revived the antient intrepidity of the English character, and by his fiery eloquence taught the people how to estimate and guard their rights. He gave a tone to the public press, which, happily, it still preserves, of manly resistance to every measure calculated in the least degree, to affect the freedom of the actual commonwealth which flourishes under the shade of our monarchy. But as a private individual, Junius made himself a sacrifice to these objects. He must have had many things to answer for to his honor, and, perhaps, to his consistency. Among his friends and acquaintances he wore a mask, which enabled him to betray or attack them with matchless arms, if at any time they gave occasion for his resentment. His personal professions and conduct would perhaps have been frequently found in contradiction to those of Junius, an inconsistency which must have cost him many a severe pang, if

he was, as undoubtedly he appears to have been, a man of delicate feelings. But if, in the course of the irritations and inquiries to which the violence of Junius gave birth, the question, "Are you the author?" happened to have been put to the real person, and if, relying on the darkness of his disguise, he reconciled it to his honor to answer by a *lie*,—then who, we ask, would be Junius? Who would think that literary renown, even if it promised immortality, could wipe out the foul stain of falsehood, that must accompany that name, and be worn with it to the remotest ages?

Who then *was* Junius? We have read at different times the whole of the voluminous controversy upon this literary mystery, and we do not hesitate to say, that the greater number of the persons to whom his letters have been attributed, were incapable of writing even one of them. Perhaps an exception might be made in favor of Gibbon and Wilkes, but certainly neither of these was Junius. Sir Philip Francis disclaimed the imputation as a libel on his character. Mr. Coventry, in the work before us, endeavors to fix it on Lord George Sackville.

No one, he justly contends, has any pretension to the authorship of Junius, of whom the following testimonials cannot be produced:

'1. That he was an Englishman.

'2. That he was a man of rank, and of independent fortune.

'3. That he was a man of highly cultivated talents, and of superior education; that he had successfully studied the language, the law, the constitution, and the history of his native country; but that he was neither a lawyer nor a clergyman.

'4. That he either was, at the time of writing the Letters, or had previously been, in the army, is evident from *his practical knowledge of military affairs*.

'5. That he moved in the immediate circle of the court.

'6. That he was a member of the established church.

'7. That he was a member of the House of Commons.

'8. That from the early information Junius obtained on government affairs, it is evident he was connected with some persons in administration.

'9. That he was a firm friend to Sir Jeffery [afterwards Lord] Amherst.

'10. That he was a friend to Colonel Cunninghame.

'11. That he was an admirer of Mr. Grenville.

'12. That he was a strong advocate for the Stamp-Act in America.

'13. That he was in favour of repealing the duty on tea in America.

'14. That he was an advocate for triennial parliaments.

'15. That

'15. That he considered the impeachment of Lord Mansfield as indispensable.

'16. That from the manner in which he upholds rotten boroughs, it is highly probable they either constituted part of his property, or that he was in some way connected with them.

'17. That he considered a strict regard should be paid to the public expenditure, that the national debt might not be increased.

'18. That he was against disbanding the army, although a firm friend to the marching regiments; he was also in favour of impressing seamen.

'19. That he must have had an antipathy to Sir Fletcher Norton, the Speaker of the House of Commons, from the contempt with which he speaks of him.

'20. That he was necessarily a friend to his printer, Mr. Woodfall.

'21. That he must have resided almost wholly in London, from his correspondence with Mr. Woodfall, to whom he gives notice when he occasionally goes into the country. One of his letters being dated Pall-Mall, we may fairly presume his town-house was in that street.

'22. That from his remembrance of the Walpolean battles, his seeing the jesuitical books burnt in Paris, and his avowal of a long experience of the world, as well as from other circumstances mentioned in his correspondence with Mr. Wilkes, he could not be less than fifty years of age at the time of writing these Letters.

'23. That from the hints given to his printer, Mr. Woodfall, we may infer arrangements had been made for his coming into office; which though not accepted by him at the time, were sufficiently important to induce him to write no more.

'24. Finally, that so powerful an attack on the *private character* of persons of such high rank being inconsistent with the pen of political writers, in general, who condemn measures, and not character, we may reasonably conclude, that they proceeded from the pen of one who had received a severe wound from some of those individuals who formed part of the existing administration.'

Lord George Sackville is shewn to have possessed all these qualifications.

We have often heard that, in his lifetime, his Lordship was suspected of being Junius. Sir William Draper at first divided his suspicions between Lord George and Mr. Burke. Upon receiving an unequivocal denial from the latter, he transferred them wholly to Lord George. The motives which might have influenced a man of such high station, and great intellectual endowments as his Lordship, to occupy his pen for more than four years, in one continued strain of personal invective, may be traced to the unfortunate prosecution for his conduct at Minden. The parties who promoted that prosecution, were also accessary to his dismissal from office in 1766. Cumberland, indeed, in his Memoirs,

moirs, tells us, that not many days before his death, Lord Sackville told him, *by way of jest*, that he was among the suspected authors. "I did not want him to disavow it," he continues; "for there could be no occasion to disprove an impossibility." It is much to be lamented that, in those solemn moments which preceded that nobleman's dissolution, Cumberland did not ask him to disavow it. But it is a remarkable circumstance, that a dying man should voluntarily introduce a subject, which he had never before mentioned to his friend during a long and intimate acquaintance. As to the impossibility of his having been Junius, we are by no means disposed to agree with Cumberland.

Undoubtedly the court-martial held upon Lord George Sackville, preceded as it was by the most unmanly persecution, the sentence, and the severity of the public orders which confirmed it, would account for the bitter hatred which he bore against the King, in whose reign he suffered those disgraces; and an infirmity common to men of vehement feelings will account for his transferring to George the Third, some part of the rancour which he felt towards that monarch's grandfather. It is well known, also, that Lord Mansfield was the secret adviser of both, in all matters of state-accusation. Lord Mansfield is the subject of Junius's most unsparing hatred. The Duke of Grafton, who is pursued in the letters with the most implacable animosity, was the brother of Colonel Fitzroy, the strongest witness against Lord George on the court-martial.

One circumstance is somewhat important: — the strong anxiety expressed by that nobleman a few days before his death to see Lord Mansfield. In the interview which took place in the presence of Cumberland, he solicited Lord Mansfield's forgiveness, if ever, *in the fluctuations of politics, or the heats of party*, he had appeared in his eyes, at any moment of his life, unjust to his (Lord Mansfield's) great merits, or forgetful of his many favors.

As to the Duke of Bedford, who in one of the letters is hunted down with an almost savage rancour by Junius, the compliment must be paid to the head rather than the heart of Lord George Sackville, if he were, indeed, the author of it. For what had the Duke done to incur such merciless severity? He had accepted an appointment (the deputy-rangership of Phœnix-Park) from which Lord George had been prematurely dismissed, before his conduct in Germany had been fairly tried before a court-martial.

It is a very remarkable coincidence, that Junius does not spare one character, nor one family, who had any share in the

the disgrace of Lord George Sackville; and it is particularly worthy of notice, that nearly all the parties, upon whom he poured the phials of his indignation, were military characters, or in some way or other connected with the army. The severity of the sentence of the court-martial was aggravated tenfold by the confirmation of the King:

* "It is his Majesty's pleasure that the above sentence be given out in public orders, that officers, being convinced that neither high birth nor great employments can shelter offences of such a nature, and that seeing they are subject to censures much worse than death, to a man who has any sense of honour, they may avoid the fatal consequences arising from disobedience of orders."

Lord George, who conducted his own defence, and had, as he thought, completely refuted the charge, seemed to have been fully convinced, by this violent sentence, that there was a secret intrigue in the cabinet to destroy him. His name was erased from the list of privy counsellors, he was stripped of all his emoluments, and declared incapable of serving his Majesty in any military capacity whatsoever. Lord Barrington, of the War-Office, had written to him a letter, signifying his dismissal as lieutenant-general and colonel of dragoon guards. The places which he held were given to the very persons, who had afforded evidence against him on the court-martial. The Marquis of Granby was made Commander-in-Chief, and Master-General of the Ordnance; Colonel Fitzroy was appointed aide-de-camp to the King, and one of the grooms of the bed-chamber. Lord Barrington is conspicuous among the victims of Junius. The Marquis of Granby, who seems to have had no other enemy, is also one of the first objects of Junius's animadversions. The letter to that nobleman was frequently, at the time, attributed to Lord Geroge.

A most important circumstance in this controversy is the attack upon Lord Townshend. Junius imputes cowardice to him at the battle of Minden, from the mere fact of his shedding tears at the death of a soldier, who was killed near the spot where he stood. "No one," says Junius with bitter irony, "that I know of can suppose those tears shed from that depression of spirits, which the extremity of fear sometimes produces, and which finds some ease from an involuntary overflow at the eyes." Yet the courage of Lord Townshend was never before disputed. Some private offence must have been given; and the following fact deserves attention. Lord Townshend (who had once been on friendly terms with Lord George Sackville) had an ingenious turn for drawing; and having joined with the party by whom Lord

Lord George was disgraced, he caricatured him in the act of flying from Minden. If, therefore, Lord George Sackville wrote the letters signed Junius, his attack on Lord Townshend was a natural retaliation for the unfeeling triumph of the latter over a fallen friend. In another of his letters, Junius makes a direct allusion to Lord Townshend's taste for caricature, and ironically suggests several political characters as subjects for his pencil.

A strongly marked contempt for the Scotch pervades all the letters of Junius. In letter xli. he says, "I own I am not apt to confide in the professions of gentlemen of that country; and when they smile, I feel an involuntary motion to guard myself against mischief." Lord George detested Scotland. More than one half of the officers on his court-martial were of that nation. In 1759, a letter to Lord George Sackville, on his conduct at Minden, was printed at Edinburgh. In vigour of style and dexterity of invective, it hardly falls below Junius, and, indeed, seems to have been the model of his style. Lord George wrote a pamphlet in answer, and *employed Woodfall to print it.*

One of the tests laid down by our author is, that Junius was a man of rank and fortune. In a letter dated April 12. 1769, he says, "You, I think, Sir, may be satisfied that my *rank and fortune* place me above a common bribe." In his private notes to Woodfall, he constantly disclaims all pecuniary views, assures him of being reimbursed for the costs of his prosecution, and tells him that, "in point of money, he shall never suffer." In one of his miscellaneous letters, he points to the then state of things, as creating a necessity for a prudent man's selling out of the funds, in which he hints the "*greatest part of his property to have been invested.*" It is worthy of remark, that about that time Lord George sold property out of the funds, and became the purchaser of Bolebrook, an estate contiguous to that of Buckhurst, the family-property.

That Junius was a man of talent and education; that he had studied the law and constitution of his country, without being a practising lawyer, there can be little doubt. A great number of military phrases and illustrations are extracted from the letters, to show that Junius must have been in the army: this might seem to be minute reasoning, from which no conclusive inference can be derived, but we confess that we can hardly think so. Metaphors deduced from military operations, though common to all writers, are by none used in so much abundance, or with such marked propriety, as by Junius. Besides, many observations relative to the army,

and

and much of that anxiety about military promotions, which a military man only would feel, seem to have escaped from him in many of his letters. Sometimes he appeals for confirmation of his argument to *military men only*, as a matter exclusively within their knowlege. "*I shall leave it*," he says, in one of his letters, "*to military men, who have seen a service more active than the parade, to determine whether or no I speak the truth.*"

'Would a lawyer?' asks Mr. Coventry, 'would a clergyman? would any private gentleman? or any political writer, concern himself about a disturbance among a few officers at the Horse-Guards? No,—but Junius would:—his conduct at Minden had been severely censured by three officers belonging to this corps, which is confirmed by his allusion again to the subject, Nov. 15. 1769: "And leave it to them to determine, whether *I am moved by a personal* malevolence to three private gentlemen, or merely by a hope of perplexing the ministry."'

Junius appears to have been a liberal Christian. The speech of Lord Viscount Sackville on the clerical petition, laid before the House of Commons, 6th Feb. 1772, breathes the most enlightened sentiments of religious toleration, clothed in language not unworthy of Junius. It should seem, that Junius was a member of the House of Commons. Certain expressions, that occasionally escape him, could only have proceeded from some person *within* the House. To Sir William Blackstone he says, in allusion to Mr. Grenville's conduct, "He could not possibly *come* prepared to traduce your integrity to the House." "He *came* armed." In a letter, dated May, 1770, observing on a decision of the Speaker, he says, "*We* were not surprized at the decision." Sir Fletcher Norton, who was then the Speaker, was on all occasions vehemently opposed by Lord George Sackville. Many similar expressions are scattered over the letters.

Both Junius and Lord George Sackville were firm friends to Sir Jeffery Amherst and to Colonel Cunninghame. Junius was a warm admirer of Mr. Grenville; so was Lord George,—and both were strong advocates for the Stamp-Act of that minister. Junius was in favor of triennial parliaments: Lord George voted on Mr. Alderman Sawbridge's annual motions in support of them. Junius, in his letters, and Lord George, in the House, contended for the necessity of impeaching Lord Mansfield. Junius upholds rotten boroughs: Lord George sat in Parliament many years for his own borough of East Grinstead. Horace Walpole tells us that Lord George Sackville detested the Guards: "The Horse-Guards was an eye-sore to him every

every time he walked that way." Junius bestows several pages upon a mere squabble among their officers, and, as we have seen, half confesses that he had a personal pique against three of them. He preferred the marching regiments. "The pretorian bands," he says, in a passage of great energy, "enervated and debauched as they were, had still strength enough to awe the Roman populace; but when the distant legions took the alarm, they flew to Rome and gave away the empire." Junius was strongly against the disbanding of the army. He says to Wilkes, who strongly urged it, "If a wiser man than you held such language, I should be apt to doubt his sincerity." Lord George spoke with great animation to the same effect on the 9th December, 1772. Both Junius and Lord George were strongly disposed to befriend Woodfall. When Horne Tooke was brought before the House for a libel on the Speaker, and Woodfall for printing it, Lord George Sackville was the only member who addressed the House in behalf of the printer. Junius inadvertently dates one of his private letters to Woodfall from Pall-Mall. Lord George resided in that street for many years, and occupied the house lately inhabited by Mr. Angerstein. Mr. Coventry states, that, after the most diligent inquiry, he was unable to discover a copy of the pamphlet which Lord George wrote in answer to the letter from Edinburgh. It would have been desirable, if he had had an opportunity, of comparing the style of that production with the letters of Junius. There is certainly a strong resemblance, both in thought and diction, between those terse and pointed compositions, and several of the speeches which Lord George is reported to have delivered in the House of Commons. Of this the reader may be convinced if he will take the trouble to compare them. It was said of his Lordship, in one of the periodical publications of his day, that "he had the art of painting in words to a very eminent degree, and which afforded the finest ornaments in either poetry, history, or elocution." This description applies with equal force to Junius. There are two incidents, mentioned by Mr. Coventry, which deserve attention. On the 8th of November, 1771, Junius wrote a private note to Woodfall, conveying this caution: "Beware of David Garrick: he was sent to pump you, and went directly to *Richmond* to tell the King I should write no more." Two days after this, Junius addressed the following letter to "Mr. David Garrick:"

"*November* 10. 1771.

"I am very exactly informed of your impertinent inquiries, and of the information you so busily sent to Richmond, and with what

what triumph and exultation it was received. *I knew every particular of it the next day.* Now mark me, vagabond — keep to your pantomimes, or be assured you shall hear of it. Meddle no more, thou busy informer! It is in *my* power to make you curse the hour in which you dared to interfere with — Junius." '

How did Junius acquire this "information," and so speedily too? Lord George Sackville might possibly have obtained it: at that time he occupied a house which overlooked the King's old palace *, near Richmond Green: he might easily have observed the arrivals at the palace; and his friend, Colonel Amherst, who was then one of the King's aide-de-camps, might have inquired for him the motive of Garrick's visit to the King. These are doubtless all mere possibilities, and may perhaps be delusive. But let us come to the second incident, which is not a little extraordinary.

' A few days after Junius's violent letter to the Duke of Grafton, Mr. Woodfall received a most extraordinary letter from his correspondent, wherein he says, "*I really doubt whether I shall write any more under this signature.* I am weary of attacking a set of brutes whose writings are too dull to furnish me even with the materials of contention, and whose measures are too gross and direct to be the subject of argument, or to require illustration."

' "That Swinney is a wretched, but a dangerous fool. He had the impudence to go to Lord George Sackville, whom he had never spoken to, and to ask him whether or no he was the author of Junius: — take care of him." '

The inferences from this letter are cogent. How could *Junius* know that Swinney had called upon *Lord George Sackville?* that Swinney had never spoken to his Lordship before? Why should Junius think of altering his signature? If Swinney had committed a mistake in calling on the wrong person, ought not Junius to have rejoiced at it, instead of being angry with him? Why does Junius cautiously abstain from stating Lord George's answer to Swinney? If he had condescended to give him one, it must have been in the negative, and Junius, perhaps, did not like to leave upon record his own ignominy. At all events, it seems difficult to deny, that this letter is demonstrative of some connection between the two characters, or to doubt that it is just such a letter as Lord George Sackville would have written if he had been Junius.

The letter adds, "Whenever you have any thing to communicate to me, let the hint be thus: C at the usual place; and so direct to Mr. John Fretley, where it is absolutely

* It no longer exists: it was taken down several years ago.

impos-

impossible I should be known." It appears from this, that Junius changed his confidential direction in consequence of Swinney's call on Lord George Sackville. These are, we must admit, striking circumstances in favor of Mr. Coventry's conclusions.

ART. IV. *Remains of the late Reverend Charles Wolfe*, A. B., Curate of Donoughmore, Diocese of Armagh, with a brief Memoir of his Life. By the Reverend John A. Russell, M.A. 2 Vols. 12mo. 10s. Boards. Watson, Dublin; and Hamilton, London. 1825.

THE Reverend Charles Wolfe was an amiable man, a curate in the north of Ireland. He possessed some talents, which, as usual in small literary coteries, were considered by his friends as very remarkable. His existence, most probably, would never have been heard of in this country, but for a passage in Captain Medwin's Conversations with Lord Byron, in which the poet is represented as speaking in terms of high praise of an ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore. "I consider it," said his Lordship, "little inferior to the best which the present prolific age has brought forth," and he then read the lines with great animation. Neither Lord Byron or any of his friends, it appears, knew at that time by whom the ode was written. It was soon after successfully claimed for the author of these Remains, and the discussions to which it gave rise, drew his name from its obscurity.

This circumstance prompted the publication of all the loose papers which he left behind, of course with a memoir by some kind friend. The life of sedentary and retiring men of genius rarely supplies any thing for the biographer. Wolfe was borne in 1791; was bred at Winchester; entered Trinity-College, Dublin, in 1809; distinguished himself there by obtaining a scholarship, and other collegiate honors; graduated in 1814; became a country curate; exerted himself usefully and honorably in his sacred profession; and died of a consumption in February, 1823. The papers here collected consist of a volume of sermons, which are not in any respect remarkable above the usual run of such compositions, and never could have been intended for the public eye; some letters, useful to no one but the owner; a few mediocre prose pieces, and a dozen copies of verses, of which the lines on the death of Sir John Moore are by far the best. As the latter have been frequently printed with gross inaccuracy, we subjoin them in their authentic form:

'Not

'Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell-shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

'We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

'No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest—
With his martial cloak around him.

'Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

'We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

'Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

'But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

'Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carv'd not a line, and we rais'd not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory!'

It is impossible not to think of Horace:

"—— *Emendata videri,*
Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror;
Inter quæ verbum emicuit si forte decorum et
Si versus paulo concinnior unus et alter;
Injuste totum ducit venditque poema."

It is, however, hardly fair, nor, indeed, would it be worth while, to criticize, minutely, volumes published under such circumstances. We would rather direct our attention to whatever is really meritorious in the work.

The following song, written to the touching and beautiful Irish air of Gramachree, appears to us exquisitely tender.

Mr. Russell thinks it is impossible to read them without tears. Let the reader judge.

'If I had thought thou could'st have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou could'st mortal be;
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou should'st smile no more!

'And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak — thou dost not say,
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! — thou art dead!

'If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene —
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own,
But there I lay thee in thy grave —
And I am now alone!

'I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee;
Yet there was round thee such a dawn,
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!'

The following is of a sprightlier mood. It is in the difficult metre of the Lines on Sir John Moore, the management of which Mr. Wolfe appears to have perfectly possessed.

'Oh my love has an eye of the softest blue,
Yet it was not that that won me;
But a little bright drop from her soul was there,
'Tis that that has undone me.

'I might have pass'd that lovely cheek,
Nor, perchance, my heart have left me;
But the sensitive blush that came trembling there,
Of my heart it for ever bereft me.

'I might

'I might have forgotten that red, red lip —
Yet, how from the thought to sever? —
But there was a smile from the sunshine within,
And that smile I'll remember for ever.

'Think not 'tis nothing but lifeless clay, —
The elegant form that haunts me;
'Tis the gracefully delicate mind that moves
In every step, that enchants me.

'Let me not hear the Nightingale sing,
Though I once in its notes delighted; —
The feeling and mind that comes whispering forth,
Has left me no music beside it.

'Who could blame had I loved that face,
Ere my eye could twice explore her;
Yet, it is for the fairy intelligence there,
And her warm — warm heart I adore her.'

There is a great deal of good sense in Mr. Wolfe's remarks upon religious poetry.

'"**** The poems upon which you desire my opinion seem to be the production of a truly spiritual mind, a mind deeply exercised in experimental religion, which sees every object through a pure and holy medium, and turns every thing it contemplates into devotion. But their very excellence, in this respect, seems, in the present instance, to constitute their leading defect. Their object, if I understand it aright, is to make popular music a channel by which religious feeling may be diffused through society; and thus, at the same time, to redeem the national music from the profaneness and licentiousness to which it has been prostituted. As to the first object: the natural language of a spiritual man, which would remind one of the like spirit of much of his internal experience, would be not only uninteresting, but absolutely unintelligible to the generality of mankind. He speaks of hopes and fears, of pleasures and pains, which they could only comprehend by having previously felt them.

'"You remember that it is said of the 'new song that was sung before the throne' that no man could learn that song, save those that were redeemed from the earth; and, therefore, it often happens, that those who best understand that music, are more intelligible to heavenly than earthly beings: they are often better understood by angels than by men. The high degree of spirituality which they have attained often renders it not only painful but impossible to accommodate themselves to the ordinary feelings of mankind. They cannot stoop even though it be to conquer. To the world, their effusions are in an unknown language. In fact, they often take for granted the very work to be done: they presuppose that communion of feeling and unity of spirit between themselves and the world, which it is their primary ob-

ject to produce; and when they do not produce this effect, they may even do mischief; for the spontaneous language of a religious mind is (generally speaking) revolting to the great mass of society: they shrink from it, as they do from the Bible.

'"Just consider all the caution, the judgment, and the skill requisite in order to introduce religion profitably into general conversation, and then you may conceive what will be the fate of a song, to which a man has recourse for amusement, and which he expects will appeal to his feelings, when he finds it employed on a subject to which he has not learnt to attach any idea of pleasure, and which speaks to feelings he never experienced. It is on this account I conceive that a song intended to make religion popular should not be entirely of a religious cast, that it should take in as wide a range as any other song, should appeal to every passion and feeling of our nature not in itself sinful, should employ all the scenery, the imagery and circumstance of the songs of this world, while religion should be indirectly introduced, or delicately insinuated. I think we shall come to the same conclusion, if we consider the reformation of the national music as the primary object. The predominant feelings excited and expressed by our national airs, however exquisitely delightful, are manifestly human; and it is evident that in order to do them justice we must follow the prevailing tone. The strain and ground-work of the words can hardly be spiritual; but a gleam of religion might be, every now and then, tastefully admitted, with the happiest effect. But indeed it appears so difficult, that in the whole range of poetry there does not occur to me at present an instance in which it has been successfully executed. The only* piece which I now recollect as at all exemplifying my meaning is Cowper's 'Alexander Selkirk,' beginning, 'I am monarch of all I survey,' which I believe has never been set to music. It is not professedly religious; nay, the situation, the sentiments and the feelings are such as the commonest reader can, at once, conceive to be his own. It needs neither a spiritual man, nor a poet, nor a man of taste, or of education, to enter into immediate sympathy with him: it is not until the fourth stanza (after he has taken possession of his reader) that he introduces a religious sentiment, to which, however, he had been gradually ascending; and even then accompanies and recommends it with what may, perhaps, be called the romantic and picturesque of religion, — 'the sound of the church-going bell,' &c. He then appears to desert the subject altogether, and only returns to it (as it were) accidentally, but, with what beauty and effect in the last four lines.'

'* The author probably would have also instanced the beautiful Scotch ballad, "I'm wearing awa', John," if it had occurred to his memory. — *Ed.*'

In

In the course of the volume we are informed that Mr. Wolfe was a distinguished member of the Historical Society,—a debating club in Trinity-College, Dublin, which has been suppressed since his time. It was an institution of very questionable utility, as the style of poetry, eloquence and essay-composition, which was most successful in it, exhibited all the characters of the most vitiated taste. Mr. Wolfe had the honor of opening one of its sessions with a speech from the chair. Fragments of that oration are injudiciously inserted in this collection.

The 'Prayer to Sleep,' which, as Mr. Russell remarks, was erroneously attributed, in Blackwood's Magazine, to the author of the Lines on Sir John Moore, is really by Professor Wilson of Edinburgh, and is contained in the second volume of his poems, lately collected. It is odd that such a mistake should have been made.

ART. V. *An Inquiry into the present State of the Civil Law of England.* By John Miller, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. 8vo. pp. 533. 18*s*. Murray, Albemarle-Street; and Hunter, Bell-Yard. 1825.

GREAT and silent revolutions — revolutions in principle — distinguish the time in which we live. Our leading public men have been bred up amid the toils of a protracted war, abounding in difficulties which demanded all their energies, and habituated their minds to gigantic operations. Called upon to resolve, as a quick succession of emergencies would permit, few of them, fortunately for the country, have had time left to imbue themselves with the prejudices of former ages, or to train themselves to a servile admiration of those deformities which encumber the fabric of our constitution. When the excitement of the war subsided, minds thus formed naturally applied themselves to the examination of those principles of political economy, upon which the country had acted for centuries without any change. It was soon found that the intellect and enterprize of the community had outgrown many of those antiquated principles, and that new interests had arisen, which sought a wider sphere of action. Novel doctrines (the beneficial effects of which had been occasionally proved, during the anarchy which had so long vexed Europe,) were seen emerging from the confusion, like morning from the womb of night, and all that remained to be done was to acknowlege their utility, and to adapt them to our institutions.

In twelve years of peace we have seen the true principles of commerce analyzed, and brought into operation with so much vigor, that it is to be hoped they will not be overthrown, or again obscured. Impolitic taxation has been abolished or reduced, as far as the necessities of the state would allow. Industry, in almost every possible manner, has been released from trammels, and suffered to glide into its natural channel. By the more enlightened, strenuous exertions have been made to remove religious disabilities, in order that, by allaying that sectarian animosity, which divides one part of the empire from the other, the strength of the whole might be augmented.

At a time when so many liberal objects have been accomplished, and others are fast approaching to their completion, how happens it that the law stands alone in "barbaric pride," as if it were superior to the reforming hand of time? Why is it that law proceedings are still overrun with unintelligible jargon, attended with expence which often amounts to a denial of justice, and involved in machinery which is productive only of uncertainty and delay; whilst all other abuses are yielding by degrees to the influence of enlightened opinion?

When the difficulties and extent of the subject, and the adherence of the profession to precedent, are considered, we do not think that too much praise can be given to Mr. Miller for his important and most interesting work. It exhibits a comprehensive and fearless mind, applying to his task the most liberal and enlightened principles, superior to every influence of party, and guided solely by a view to the public good. He does not shrink from censuring individuals, when they appear to him to deserve it: but he generally prefers the more useful course, of bearing with all his ability against those systems, which interfere with the administration of justice.

His attention is first directed to the chief courts of common law and equity, and to such particulars in each of these jurisdictions as appear to be most remarkable in their constitution, procedure, or doctrines. He next points out some important amendments of which the civil law of England appears to be susceptible; and, lastly, he adverts to the means by which the general improvement of the administration of justice may most effectually be facilitated.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that England seems to be the only country, in antient or modern times, in which a com-

a complete separation has been effected between the courts of law and equity. This circumstance would of itself seem to imply a deviation, not for the better, from the general sense of mankind; and we see the results of it in the abuses which have grown up under the protection of our equitable jurisdiction. As if to remind us continually of the anomaly, we have a court of exchequer, which administers both law and equity; and though its decisions are not in high repute for their authority, yet it should be remembered that the Chancellor has the appointment of the Judges, and that by some accident it has happened, that the Chief Barons have seldom been raised to that rank for their experience in equitable proceedings.

In this tribunal, as well as in those of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, the number of the Judges, and the distribution of their time, require revision. As these courts are at present constituted, there is always an arrear of business in each, but particularly in the King's Bench, where it has swelled to an enormous extent, and has required the length of the terms to have been greatly protracted of late years, by temporary acts. There seems to be no reason why such inadequate divisions of the year should not be done away with altogether. Allowing two months for vacation, a court, composed of three Judges, should sit through the whole of the remaining ten months, and devote their attention exclusively to such matters of law as are now heard in term-time. We have no hesitation in affirming that for the same number of months two Judges ought to sit, each in a separate chamber, for the purpose of disposing of the *nisi prius* business of the King's Bench. Is it generally known, that the printed lists of this court exhibit, at this moment, upwards of six hundred jury-causes set down for trial in Westminster and London, and that these, according to the present system, must be all gone through before a single Judge? It is scarcely necessary to advert to the anxiety, expence, and inconvenience caused to the just suitor by the delay which this multiplicity of business produces. The arrangement which we have suggested would of course require an increase in the number of the Judges; and to such an increase the country does not seem disposed to make any objection. Commissioners might be appointed to fill up the circuits.

The number of Judges in equity ought also to be augmented, for the simple reason that equity-business accumulates. Why should not a Judge carry equity into the country, as law is

carried now? Whether the system of written evidence be kept up, or whether parole evidence be admitted in Chancery proceedings, it does appear that by such an arrangement, a great deal of annoyance would be saved to the suitors.

As Mr. Miller proposes, Judges ought to be selected from younger men than of late they have been. The same men would be more efficient during a long period of service, if appointed earlier in life. The world understands that it is not necessary to be as old as Methusalem in order to be as wise as Solomon.

The abuses of pleadings, both in law and equity, have long been a fruitful source of complaint. Mr. Miller belongs to the Chancery bar, and of course he cannot be expected to possess the same knowlege of proceedings at law as he does of those in equity. Accordingly, his notice of this subject rather consists in citing the opinions of others, than in offering any thing of his own.

We may state the proper object of special pleading to be the separation of fact from law: the practice of it is to increase expence, to produce delay, and to evade substantial justice through matters of form.

'"The only use I could ever conceive of pleading," says an author whom Mr. Miller quotes, "(besides the great gains they bring to the attornies, officers, and counsel,) is to reduce the matters in difference between the parties to a single question, and thereby give each of them notice of what is to be proved and defended at the trial; otherwise they might meet there as unequally matched as when a man challenges another, without naming the weapon, and then brings a pistol, and the other only a sword. But if either party be obliged to give reasonable notice in writing of any special matter intended to be given in evidence, or insisted on at the trial, I should think that method would make special pleading useless, and that the merits of the cause might by that method be as fairly and effectually tried as by the help of special pleading."'

We cannot but look at special pleading in the same light as this writer did. It appears to us that, by a few regulations framed in the spirit of this opinion, justice might be done much more speedily and effectually than by the present system. We would have the cause of complaint clearly stated by the plaintiff, with notice of any special matter to be given in evidence. The defendant should plead the general issue, and give a similar notice; or he should admit the fact, and deny the law. Precedents, as Mr. Miller suggests, for declaration and plea, or notice and answer, should be

be prescribed by an act; and when excepted to for form, they should be at once amended by the court, as proposed in Shepherd's "England's Balme." Judgment should be given in a reasonable time after the law or fact is decided.*

Mr. Miller dissects with great ability the present form of bills and answers in Chancery, and suggests several ameliorations in them. We wish that he had gone further, and devised some plan for getting rid of amended and re-amended bills, and the endless replications and rejoinders, which, under the present system, may be resorted to in order to postpone the decision of the cause. The necessity imposed on the suitors of employing the clerks of court in addition to their own solicitors, is so palpable an abuse, that we are astonished how the Chancellor can permit it to continue a single day.

Proceeding to the second division of his subject, the amendments of which the civil law of England seems to be susceptible, Mr. Miller offers several arguments against the doctrine of attainder and corruption of blood; and against the indissolubility of allegiance, and of marriage, which are well worth attention, as are also his eloquent and sensible strictures on many of the rules of equity. We go along with him to the full length of his arguments upon these important subjects. The necessity of the registration of deeds is also forcibly pointed out. Our common-law Judges have, by the latitude of their constructions, almost rendered null and void some excellent provisions for this purpose already made by the legislature.

In the concluding section of the work, which treats of the best means for improving the administration of justice, the

* A striking instance of the difference between common sense and the subtleties of pleading, occurred lately on the western circuit before Mr. Justice Littledale. A prisoner named John Williams was indicted for killing three sheep with *intent to steal their carcases.* The evidence was that *only the fat* of the sheep had been carried away by the prisoner, upon which the learned Judge observed, that there was a variance between the charge and the proof of it. The counsel for the prosecution admitted the variance, proposed to abandon the indictment, and to indict the prisoner anew. The Judge intimated that the prisoner in that case must escape, since he might plead to the second indictment that he had been acquitted on the first. The case went to the jury who found the prisoner *guilty!* The rules of pleading would therefore in this instance have frustrated the ends of public justice, if the common sense of the jury had not interposed to assist it.

question

question is considered, to how many, and what class, of persons, the duty of making the proposed improvements should be intrusted.

Mr. Miller's objections to the commission now existing to inquire into the practice of the Court of Chancery, and whether any, and what part, of the business, now subject to its jurisdiction, may be withdrawn from it, are well founded.

'Whatever the result may be, no plan is less likely to prove effective. In the first place, the commissioners are too numerous. The proper execution of a commission of this kind requires, that the attention and attendance of each commissioner should be uninterrupted. But to expect that sixteen or fourteen commissioners, each of whom has a variety of duties to fulfil, should regularly assemble together, is a most chimerical expectation. Half of them will be found to attend very rarely, or not at all; and of those that do, the one half will be found, either secretly or openly, to counteract the other. In the next place, it seems a mistake to couple judges and barristers together in such an enterprise. That a barrister should consult on equal terms, at three o'clock, with a Judge before whom he has been pleading at two, is almost impossible. There will be a feeling of inferiority on the one hand, and of superiority on the other, of which none of the parties are altogether able to divest themselves.'

The work is not, in general, remarkable for elegance of style. It wants compression, or, we should rather say, it has the positive faults of diffusiveness and loose arrangement, which mark the composition of lawyers in general. Mr. Miller's complaints are too much like those of a bill in Chancery; and this is a reason why, in our limits, we have been unable to do him justice by a sufficient number of extracts. On several points we think his opinions incorrect. For instance, he objects to allowing advocates to address the jury for prisoners accused of capital offences under high treason, which we hold to be a monstrous anomaly in a country where an action for 5*l.* is supported and defended by counsel. His reasons as to not allowing prisoners for debt the benefit of the rules, seem rather severe than just. His proposal to give Judges the power of 'depriving barristers' is dangerous, and strongly to be resisted. It would substitute servility for the present independence of the bar. If such a discretion had existed, does the author think that Mr. Brougham would not have been deprived at the Queen's trial?

Mr. Miller exposes, with great felicity, the absurdities which have been recently introduced into the House of Lords, in its character as the court of ultimate appeal from

the supreme courts of common law and equity. The appeals have augmented so much within the last thirty years, that the House is now under the necessity of attending to them from day to day, whereas, formerly, a day or two in the week was sufficient for the dispatch of this description of business. But as the number of peers necessary to constitute a house did not spontaneously attend, a standing order has been made to compel the appearance, in rotation, of three temporal peers, and one bishop, who are nominated by ballot! These "noble conscripts" are, of course, profoundly ignorant of the questions which are brought before them, and, indeed, they do not think it necessary to exhibit even a semblance of attention to the proceedings. They sit apart as far from the bar and the table as the dimensions of the house permit, and they consume the day, as well as they can, in private conversation! This seems absurd enough, but it does not end here. The attendance of each set of these compulsory judges is limited to one day, whence it follows that, as the proceedings in appeal-cases generally occupy many days, it is impossible that the same person should hear out both sides of the argument, unless he attend the House voluntarily, which is the last thing on earth a peer would, in such cases, think of doing. Next comes the appointment of the Deputy-Speaker, a new public officer, never before known to the constitution, whose station is undefined, and whose powers are strangely regulated. He, it seems, hears only the Scotch appeals. This is, unquestionably, an invidious distinction, if it be not even an infringement of the act of union, which gave the people of Scotland a right of appeal to the highest law authority in the empire. If the number of appeals required the attendance of the House every day, the Chancellor should not have abdicated the woolsack. That is his highest, and perhaps his most useful, station. He should have come to the root of the evil at once, and surrendered the Chancery to commissioners, or to two or three new equity Judges, without whose assistance it is in vain to expect that the arrears of the business of that Court can ever be got through.

It will have been seen from this analysis, that the subjects embraced in Mr. Miller's book are various, and all of very great importance. We trust that his suggestions will speedily receive the attention of the legislature, and that something like order, and utility, shall be restored to our laws and courts of justice, before their abuses call down upon them the detestation of the whole country.

ART.

ART. VI. *Babylon the Great*: a Dissection and Demonstration of Men and Things in the British Capital. By the Author of "The modern Athens." 2 Vols. Small 8vo. 18s. Knight. 1825.

THIS account of Babylon the Great is sketched by no unworthy hand. But it is evident, even from a slight inspection, that the first title is a misnomer, and the second rather too ambitious. For a great part of the work is a panegyric on one part of the periodical press, or an invective against the other; and the remainder consists of a review of the talents and moral qualities of the leading members of the two Houses of Parliament, a description of a storm at sea, remarks on John Bull, and something about the city. If we except the first chapter, the two volumes afford to a stranger almost as little of the details of this metropolis as Pope's Essay on Man.

The introductory chapter excites such high hopes of a truly philosophical work, that, clever as it is on the whole, we were, nevertheless, disappointed, when we came to the end:—so dangerous is it for an orator or an author to have too splendid an exordium.

'The literature of England, of Europe, of the world, at any place or for any time, contains not a page, a volume, or a book, so mighty in import, or so magnificent in explanation, as the single word LONDON. That is the talisman which opens the book of nature and of nations, and sets before the observer the men of all countries and all ages, in respect both of what they are and what they have done. Whatever is profound in science, sublime in song, exquisite in art, skilful in manufacture, daring in speculation, determined in freedom, rich in possession, comfortable in life, magnificent in style, or voluptuous in enjoyment, is to be found withing the precincts of that great Babylon; and there, too, are to be found every meanness, every vice, and every crime, by which human nature can be debased and degraded.

'Elsewhere one may contemplate a single feature or lineament of the great picture of man; but here they are all together and at once upon the canvass, singularly blended and even confounded together, but still strong, graphic, and perfect in all their peculiarities. The direct contemplation of this vast picture is, perhaps, too great a labour for any one man; and the details, if minutely given, would form a work from the perusal of which the most voracious reader would turn aside; and therefore a sketch, which shall exhibit the great features, physical and intellectual, must, with however light and hasty a pencil it is touched, be fraught with interest.

'London may be considered, not merely as the capital of England or the British empire, but as the metropolis of the world,—not

not merely as the seat of a government which extends its connexions and exercises its influence to the remotest points of the earth's surface — not merely as it contains the wealth and the machinery by which the freedom and the slavery of nations are bought and sold — not merely as the heart, by whose pulses the tides of intelligence, activity, and commerce, are made to circulate throughout every land — not merely as possessing a freedom of opinion, and a hardihood in the expression of that opinion, unknown to every other city — not merely as taking the lead in every informing science, and in every useful and embellishing art, — but as being foremost and without a rival in every means of aggrandisement and enjoyment, and also of neglect and misery — of every thing that can render life sweet and man happy, or that can render life bitter and man wretched.'

The second chapter is occupied with an account of the author's voyage (from Scotland we suppose). Besides being too long, it has little or nothing to do with Babylon the Great. Moreover, it tells us that the person, who is about to give an ample and accurate account of this metropolis of the world, with a Dissection and Demonstration of the Men and the Things which it contains, (subjects demanding, at least, some length of experience,) is, in fact, a comparative stranger. No sooner does he land, than he gives as broad, and we had almost said as dogmatical, an account of the society of London, — to which, it is evident, he has not been very widely introduced, — as if he had lived in that great mart of good living more than half a century.

There are many points, in which the good citizens will be ready to go hand in hand with him: but whether they will feel equally well pleased with his accusations, that they possess vulgar manners, and are in possession of scarcely one human sympathy, is more than we can determine. There are, nevertheless, many remarks in this and the succeeding chapter exceedingly true, amusing, and pointed: as for instance,

'Every where you meet with that perfect frankness and civility to which I have adverted, and which, as it is the result of frequent casual intercourse, makes that intercourse pleasing. But if you have come from a little society where external courtesy is the sign of cordiality of heart, you will be sadly out in Babylon. The Babylonian smile, and bow, and welcome, are the genuine smile, and bow, and welcome of the counter. They are levelled not at you, but at your purse. The man varnishes his speech for the same purpose that he varnishes his sign-board, and arranges his smiles just as he arranges the goods in his shop-window — for the purpose of attracting customers; and he who is so very fair with you in the purchase of what you require, and so polite when you are paying him for it, cares no more for you than the gown or

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the gallipot upon his shelves, and would look with all the complacency in the world upon you taking the air upon the little platform in front of Newgate.'

The fourth chapter contains some very sprightly remarks on the elements of that character, so much talked of by the world, and so much applauded by himself — JOHN BULL, and on the various modifications which have been made in the constitution of that character by the Irish, Welsh, and Scotch, who form so large a part of the London population. In spite of all these associations, however, John Bull, according to this author, is in no degree altered from his original character.

'The imprint upon John is as deeply stamped as upon a Greek medal; and wherever you find him, whether in London or Calcutta, whatever be his rank, and whether he commands or obeys, he never can be mistaken. Every where he is a blunt matter-of-fact sort of being, very honest, but cold, and repulsive withal. He has the solidity of a material substance all over; and you can never fail to observe that wherever he is, or with whoever he associates, John always considers himself the foremost man, — nor will he take an advice or a lesson from any body that previously gives him a hint that he needs it. Wherever he is, too, you can perceive that his own comfort — his own immediate personal comfort — is the grand object of all his exertions and all his wishes.'

The fifth chapter treats of the corporation; and the astonishment of the author at the grandeur of the Lord Mayor's personal appearance; the splendor of his coach, harness, and barge; his power as an annual king; the portly wisdom of the city peers; and the attractive eloquence of its house of commons.

The next chapter handles a very important, and a very delicate, subject, — *the Ladies of the Metropolis.* There is in it some point, and no small share of truth.

'To compensate for the want of those two grand sources of mental enjoyment,' (*regular and systematic gossipping and blue stockingism,*) 'Babylon spreads out for her daughters an ample display of more substantial, if less sublime and ethereal pleasure. If women be withdrawn from their criticism and philosophical display, — from the circle of their pursuits, — the Graces are sent to console them for the first, and Cupid helps them to bear the miseries of the second: they are very prone to enter into wedlock; and they hesitate not to confess, or at least to show, that all their education, all their habits, all their occupations, and all their amusements, have that for their grand and invariable object. If they belong to the humbler classes of society, they readily bear a part in the labours of the profession, and second their husbands in turning the chances of business to the best account. So perfectly, indeed,

indeed, in the under ranks, are the sexes identified in their employments and in their amusements, that, but for the difference of their dress, it would hardly be possible to distinguish the one from the other. When the rank is a little higher, there is just as complete a separation; and it very frequently happens that the lady of a superior Babylonian tradesman, or inferior Babylonian merchant, who lives "within four miles of the bridges," enjoys very little of her husband's society, and cares not much for him, so that she can keep up her own establishment, and enjoy her pleasures, uninterrupted and uncontrolled. Woman's a paradox in every place; and no where is she more a paradox than in Babylon the Great.'

The eight remaining chapters of the first volume are devoted entirely to the Parliament. And here the author appears more completely at home, than in any other part of his subject. It is impossible to peruse his sketches of men and parties, and his dissection of their relative merits and defects, without acknowleging his varied powers.

We shall confine ourselves to his sketches of Lords Liverpool, Grey, and Holland, in the House of Lords, and of Mr. Canning in the House of Commons.

Lord Liverpool is thus characterized:

'Lord Liverpool possesses a moderate and reasonable degree of original talents; and they have received a moderate share of cultivation, though that has been a cultivation in business-details rather than in original or theoretical principles. His judgment is respectable, although it has by no means the acute and searching profundity of that of Lord Eldon; and though upon the whole he be a clear logician, he is apt to fall into many blunders upon many subjects; and this evidently because many of the subjects with which he has to grapple involve combinations which are too intricate for his disentanglement, and principles which are too large for his grasp. In his appearance there is something extremely prepossessing; and no man can be more specious in his manner, or more mild in his expressions: nor do these agreeable qualities appear to be in the least assumed, — they are so easy and so habitual, that he must have received them from nature. His voice is loud and clear; and his language, though not of the most powerful or classical character, is notwithstanding good. Nor is there any great reason to quarrel with the structure of his speeches: they are rather loose, to be sure, and generally somewhat lengthy; but as both the looseness and the length have the appearance of being the result of a continual endeavour to make himself perfectly understood, they are never either tiresome or offensive. Lord Liverpool is an agreeable speaker, as well for the qualities that I have noticed, as for the air of perfect earnestness and good faith which are always playing about him. When he blunders, though there scarcely be any one in whom we regret the existence of a blunder so much, there is perhaps no man with whom we feel so little disposition to be offended. — Notwithstanding

ing the mildness of his manner, and the soft, persuasive, and diffusive flow of his words, Lord Liverpool is a man of sanguine temperament; and though his feelings have not the mass or the hardness of those of men of more stern and vigorous character, perhaps there is not in the whole House one whose feelings are keener, or who is so delicately sensible to that which runs counter to his opinion of the principles of right and wrong.'

Lord Grey, says the author, is very much the reverse of all this:

'One cannot help assenting to most of the doctrines which he delivers, and admiring the mode in which they are delivered; but really it would require more coaxing than the pride of Earl Grey could be expected to submit to, to make one very much in love with the man. With a better knowledge, perhaps, of the popular rights of Englishmen, more perfect judgment in their defence, and a more commanding, dignified, and forcible declaration of them, than any other man in either of the Houses, the whole bearing of Earl Grey, whether truly or not I take not upon me to determine, proclaims, and proclaims it in such a way as that no one can possibly mistake it, that he does not consider himself one of those people of whose rights he is, notwithstanding, so bold and so able a champion. Earl Grey is an elegant man in his person; and his usual dress is tight and trim, bordering upon priggism. When he sits still, there is a querulous and hectic air about him, which would induce one to believe that he feels sore both in body and mind; and when he first rose to speak, I felt a kind of mixed sensation that never came across me upon first observing any other public man. During the first sentence or two, it seemed as if the subject had been too great for his bodily strength, and too little for his mental feelings — as though he had risen to perform an act of duty to which his strength was unequal, and to do a deed of condescension by which his notion of himself was to be humbled. This expression, however, by degrees wore off; and he had not proceeded far, when his strength appeared more than commensurate to the task; and, if his mind had not descended to what seemed at first the level of the subject, he had soon contrived to elevate the subject to his own vantage ground. Never did I hear the parts of an argument chosen with better judgment, or put together with more fitness and force of logical concatenation. His voice, which had at first seemed the voice of a man ready to gasp or to faint through feebleness, caught a peculiar manliness of emphasis, which was in no way diminished by its slightly guttural tone. His language, though simple, and never strained after gaudy ornaments, seemed to me nevertheless to be a perfect model of elegance; while in his air and his gestures there was so much of genteel dignity, and polished loftiness, that I could soon see a reason for his being looked up to as a leader of a party, (since I must mention parties,) in the composition of which pride does not form the smallest ingredient.'

The portrait of LORD HOLLAND is happy:

'If Earl Grey seems the portraiture of the haughty Baron, who, with circumstances a little changed, might exist in any country, Lord Holland is the express image of John Bull himself, and could neither have been produced, nor could exist, out of England. Every thing about him is English. You would tell a secret to Liverpool with perfect confidence, and, touching your hat to Grey, as a highly respectable and respected personage, you would pass by on the other side; but the moment that you see Lord Holland, a very strong disposition comes across you to walk up to him, and shake him by the hand with as much cordiality as you would a twenty years' friend after a thirty years' absence. He is so perfectly plain, and even homely, though certainly without the least trace of vulgarity, in his dress, his person, and his manners, — there sits such a demonstration of good feelings, good intentions, good heart, and good cheer, every where about him, — and there are withal so many "wreathed smiles" about his mouth, and such a glee, and a desire to be happy and to make happy, in his eye, that, instead of meeting with him in the cold solemnity of the House of Lords, you would far rather that he and you should retire and crack a bottle and a joke together, after the business of the House were over.'

The oratorical portraits taken from the House of Commons are still more vividly sketched. The author, we think, very considerably under-rates Mr. Plunkett. His description of Mr. Brougham is labored and bombastical. That of Mr. Canning is in a much better style.

'Without having a single trace of pedantry, of foppery, or affectation about him, Mr. Canning has more of the real art of the orator than any man in the House. In the range of his powers, and in depth of knowledge, more especially on philosophical subjects, he is inferior to Brougham; but in all those qualities which are calculated to dazzle and to win an enlightened audience, he is decidedly superior. Canning's head is about the finest that you can meet with. It does not, to be sure, indicate that depth or that power which are indicated by some others; but there is so much symmetry and grace, so perfect a balancing of all its faculties, and so total an absence of every thing harsh, or mean, or vulgar, that if he were not a very able man, the anticipation is so great that his speeches would appear to be fables. But his manner, and, generally speaking, his matter, are every way worthy of the Stanary (so to speak) of his eloquence. His voice is not so tremendously loud when elevated, neither can it sink into the curious under-tone which seems peculiar to Brougham; but it is deep and musical, and accords with his open and manly expression; and though his action be somewhat more theatrical than it would be safe for inferior men to undertake, yet no man knows

better how to suit the action to the word. The language which Mr. Canning employs is exceedingly showy; and his style, though never tiresome, is very elaborate. One cannot pronounce that he is the most acute and close of logicians; but he is generally so clear, and always so specious, that one follows him with pleasure. But though he succeeds well in the establishment of his own positions, his forte obviously lies in sacking and demolishing those of his antagonists. He does this with a wit and a sprightliness which are truly Horatian; and when he lets loose the arrows of his wit against any personage, that personage must have previously got far into your esteem, if he do not, the while, appear an object of ridicule.'

In the second volume there is a very considerable falling off for a work so ambitious in title and design. It is chiefly occupied with details concerning the daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly press.

With respect to Babylonian education the author observes, that the great aim of the men in London is to be successful in business; and that of the women to be agreeable in manner and fascinating in person. The education of both sexes, therefore, bears most upon those particular points. The consequence, necessarily, must be, that education, to insure those results, must be light, shewy, and superficial.

'That which London demands,' says our author, 'is action: the bustle, the hurry, and the necessities of its society will not admit of that long, laborious, industrious, and retired preparation, which is the foundation of that eminence which it attracts. In such a place, human life is too valuable, and human time too precious, for being occupied about any thing that cannot be turned immediately to account; and therefore the system of education which prevails in and about London scarcely comes under the denomination of what may strictly be termed moral discipline, or mental culture.'

From all which the writer would infer, that London, however favorable it may be for the exercise, or reward, of talent, is not, and cannot, be favorable for its production. The concluding chapter of this volume gives some curious items of expence, arising out of a suit in Chancery, which would be really amusing, were not the general theme too serious to be made the subject of laughter. The author is said to be a Mr. Moody, a gentleman connected with the newspaper-press.

ART.

ART. VII. *The History of Chivalry*; or, Knighthood and its Times. By Charles Mills, Esq., Author of "The History of the Crusades." 2 Vols. 8vo. Longman and Co. 1825.

THIS was an appropriate undertaking for the able historian of the Crusades; and he has executed it with equal learning, fidelity, and elegance. The histories of the crusades and of chivalry are kindred subjects. They belong to one great epoch of the world, and one constitution of society: their peculiarities and consequences are to be sought in the same storehouse of chronicle and legend; and it appertained to the same historical diligence and to the same accomplished mind to describe their origin, progress, and fall, to observe their influence, and to estimate their value and results.

If the manners of chivalry were not always as pure as its precepts, we are still bound to remember the institution rather for its utility, which cannot be questioned, than for its abuses, which have been exaggerated. Upon the severest scrutiny, we shall find that the Christian chivalry of Europe was, at least, purer than any preceding condition of society; for it drew many of its principles of action from a divine source, of which classical antiquity could never boast. That it threw grace over the ruggedness of barbarism, tempered the ferocity of rude man, and dignified the loveliness of woman; — that it seconded the exhortations of religion, and insisted on the charities of life, the sternest moralist will be free to admit; and the chain of evidence is unbroken, which deduces the humanity, the polished courtesy, and the decent refinement of modern manners from the code of chivalric observances.

But, taken as a distinct subject of inquiry, chivalry is attended with many contradictions and difficulties. It existed rather as a principle in the manners, than as an intelligible episode in the history of the middle ages. It ran as a silken and devious thread through the coarser texture of society. It is not easy to separate its realities from its romance, still less to give it a decided historical character; and here it is that we think Mr. Mills has shown most tact and ability. Hitherto the subject had been too much abandoned to dry antiquarians, or used only for the mere meretricious purposes of fiction. But he has succeeded in presenting it in a tangible shape and substance; preserving the severe simplicity and form of history, and yet investing his inquiries with the grace and attraction which were proper to the theme. At the same time, we must complain that, in the enchantment of his fancy, he has sometimes forgotten his philosophy. His

veracity as an historian is unquestionable; his facts are undeniable and clear; but, in his comments upon them, he more frequently appears as the advocate than the judge of the cause.

The work opens with some remarks on the origin and first appearances of chivalry in Europe. The occupations and every-day life of knighthood, the education, the martial equipment, the military, religious, and social qualities of the *preux chevalier*, are considered in successive chapters; and then we are led to his gentler and more romantic attributes. We are next introduced to the splendid and dazzling scene of the joust and tournament; and, lastly, in a digression, we are presented with a highly interesting account of the religious and military orders of knighthood.

Having thus skilfully described all the circumstances and appurtenances of chivalry, our author resumes his historical office. His inquiries into the progress of chivalry are conducted successively through England, France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. In each of these countries the general train of chivalric events is narrated with fulness and care: the growth, meridian, and decline of the chivalric spirit are accurately traced; and the work concludes with a general estimate of its merits and its effects upon the frame of European society.

Such is an abstract of the plan which Mr. Mills has adopted. It is obviously the best and most judicious arrangement which he could have chosen; and he has evinced equal ingenuity in the use of his materials. In a theme which constantly borders upon the province of romance, he seems to have been laboriously careful to work rather by authentic illustration than didactic assertion. As may be supposed, the Chronicle of Sir John Froissart is his principal text-book. But he has been able to enrich its ample stores, and to verify its lively pictures, with numerous other authorities. The mere metrical romances of the middle ages he has used only as fair evidence of manners and feelings. It is amusing to perceive how completely he has saturated his diction with the sterling and genuine English of the olden time. In his pages we can almost fancy that we are poring again over the tomes of other days; and we frequently recognize the racy manner and detect the forcible epithets of Lord Berners' version of Froissart. This quaintness of chivalric phrase beseems the subject; and Mr. Mills has here safely imbued his style with a coloring which, any where else, might have borne too much the hue of antiquated conceit.

We

We are glad to observe, from the opening chapter, a disposition in Mr. Mills to relieve our Anglo-Saxon ancestors from the idle reproach with which it has lately become fashionable to degrade their national character, as if it had been altogether coarse and unimaginative, and destitute of a chivalric spirit. We think, however, he might have insisted, more decidedly and at large than he has done, upon the traces of chivalric customs, and the influence of chivalric principles in England, before the Norman conquest.

The next chapter, on the Education of the Knight, is a beautiful picture of chivalric manners, and introduces us at once into the interior of the baronial hall. Every feudal lord had his court, to which he drew the sons and daughters of the poorer knighthood of his domain; and his castle was also frequented by the children of men of equal rank with himself. For (such was the modesty and courtesy of chivalry) each knight had generally some brother in arms, whom he thought better fitted than himself to adorn his children with noble accomplishments. The knightly education generally commenced about the age of seven or eight years.

'The duties of the boy for the first seven years of his service were chiefly personal. If sometimes the harsh principles of feudal subordination gave rise to such service, it oftener proceeded from the friendly relations of life; and as in the latter case it was voluntary, there was no loss of honourable consideration in performing it. The dignity of obedience, that principle which blends the various shades of social life, and which had its origin in the patriarchal manners of early Europe, was now fostered in the castles of feudal nobility. The light-footed youth attended the lord and his lady in the hall, and followed them in all their exercises of war and pleasure; and it was considered unknightly for a cavalier to wound a page in battle. He also acquired the rudiments of those incongruous subjects, religion, love, and war, so strangely blended in chivalry; and generally the intellectual and moral education of the boy was given by the ladies of the court.

'From the lips of the ladies the gentle page learned both his catechism and the art of love, and as the religion of the day was full of symbols, and addressed to the senses, so the other feature of his devotion was not to be nourished by abstract contemplation alone. He was directed to regard some one lady of the court as the type of his heart's future mistress; she was the centre of all his hopes and wishes; to her he was obedient, faithful, and courteous.'

The military exercises of the page were not many, but they were not neglected. He was taught to leap over trenches, to wield the lance, to sustain the shield, to engage in mimic combat, and to imitate in his walk the measured tread of the

soldier. Thus passed the first few years of initiation; and then the candidate for chivalry adopted his next title, — that of armiger, scutifer, escuyer, or squire. But though these words denoted military attendance, yet his personal domestic service continued for some time. He prepared the refection in the morning, and then betook himself to his chivalric exercises. At dinner he, as well as the pages, furnished forth and attended at the table, and presented to his lord and his guests the water wherewith they washed their hands before and after the repast. The knight and the squire never sat at the same table, nor was the relation of father and son allowed to destroy the principle of chivalric subordination. Thus, in the days of Edward III., the young English squire carved "before his fader" at the table; and about the same time Froissart records that the sewers and cup-bearers of the Count de Foix were his sons.

'The squire cup-bearer was often as fine and spirited a character as his knight. Once, when Edward the Black Prince was sojourning in Bourdeaux, he entertained in his chamber many of his English lords. A squire brought wine into the room, and the Prince, after he had drank, sent the cup to Sir John Chandos, selecting him as the first in honour, because he was constable of Acquitain. The knight drank, and by his command the squire bore the cup to the Earl of Oxenford, a vain, weak man, who, unworthy of greatness, was ever seeking for those poor trifles which noble knights overlooked and scorned. Feeling his dignity offended that he had not been treated according to his rank, he refused the cup, and with mocking gesture desired the squire to carry it to his master, Sir John Chandos. "Why so?" replied the youth: "he hath drank already, therefore drink you, since he hath offered it to you. If you will not drink, by Saint George, I will cast the wine in your face." The Earl, judging from the stern and dogged manner of the squire that this was no idle threat, quietly set the cup to his mouth.

'After dinner the squires prepared the chess-tables or arranged the hall for minstrelsy and dancing. They participated in all these amusements; and herein the difference between the squire and the mere domestic servant was shown. In strictness of propriety the squire's dress ought to have been brown, or any of those dark colours which our ancestors used to call "*sad.*" But the gay spirit of youth was loth to observe this rule.

'"Embroudered was he, as it were a mede,
Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede."

'His dress was never of the fine texture, nor so highly ornamented as that of the knight. The squires often made the beds of their lords, and the service of the day was concluded by their presenting them with the vin du coucher.'

The

The most honorable squire — the senior in years of the youthful train — was he who was attached to the person of his lord, attended him to the field, and displayed his banner in the *mêlée.*

'But whatever were the class of duties to which the candidate for chivalry was attached, he never forgot that he was also the squire of dames. During his course of a valet he had been taught to play with love, and as years advanced, nature became his tutor. Since the knights were bound by oath to defend the feebler sex, so the principle was felt in all its force and spirit by him who aspired to chivalric honours. Hence proceeded the qualities of kindness, gentleness, and courtesy. The minstrels in the castle harped of love as well as of war, and from them (for all young men had not, like Sir Ipomydon, clerks for their tutors) the squire learnt to express his passion in verse. This was an important feature of chivalric education; for among the courtesies of love, the present of books from knights to ladies was not forgotten, and it more often happened than monkish austerity approved of, that a volume, bound in sacred guise, contained, not a series of hymns to the Virgin Mary, but a variety of amatory effusions to a terrestrial mistress. Love was mixed in the mind of the young squire with images of war, and he, therefore, thought that his mistress, like honour, could only be gained through difficulties and dangers; and from this feeling proceeded the romance of his passion. But while no obstacle, except the maiden's disinclination, was in his way, he sang, he danced, he played on musical instruments, and practised all the arts common to all ages and nations to win the fair. In Chaucer, we have a delightful picture of the manners of the squire: —

' " Singing he was or floyting all the day,
He was as fresh as is the month of May.
He could songs make, and well endite,
Just and eke dance, and well pourtraie and write;
So hote he loved, that by nighterdale (night-time)
He slept no more than doth the nightingale." '

Martial exercises were blended with his anxieties of love: the attack of the quintain with his lance, feats of strength and activity, and skill in horsemanship.

" Wel could he sit on horse and fair ride,"

is Chaucer's praise of his young squire. He went on military expeditions, too; for though but twenty years old, he had

—— " Sometime been in chevauchée,
In Flanders, in Artois, and in Picardy;"

and love was also the inspirer of his chivalry; for he

" Bore him well as of so little space,
In hope to stonden in his lady's grace."

Finally, religion had her share of honor in the mind of the squire; for it was the priest who blessed his sword, and it was at the altar that he received it.

Such was the education which prepared the aspirant in chivalry for the dearest object of his ambition, the honor of knighthood. The ceremonies of his inauguration into this dignity Mr. Mills has described much at length: first, the bath, the vigil of arms in a church, and the tonsure which figuratively marked the consecration of his martial servitude to God; next the priestly blessing poured upon his blade, and his own oaths to defend the church and assault the wicked, to guard and honor woman, to succour and protect the weak, and to shed the last drop of his blood in behalf of his brethren in arms; then, his homage, kneeling and with clasped hands, to his lord, his arming by the ladies, and the slight blow with the sword, or accolade, from his lord, which sealed his knighthood; and, lastly, his flowing largess to the heralds and minstrels who proclaimed his honor. It was only when the eve of deadly encounter, or the well foughten battle-field at its close, was the scene of knightly inauguration, that these ceremonies, all but the accolade, yielded to the sterner interest or pressing necessity of the occasion.

The next chapter is on the Equipment of the Knight. We entirely agree with Mr. Mills that never was military costume more splendid and graceful than in the days which are emphatically called "the days of the shield and lance." Modern warfare can present nothing comparable with the bright and glittering scene 'of a goodly company of gentle knights, pricking on the plain with nodding plumes, emblazoned shields, gorgeous banners, and silken pennons streaming in the wind, and the scarf, that beautiful token of lady-love, crossing the strong and polished steel cuirass.' Our author has described the picture in vivid colors; and he has thrown imaginative beauty even into armorial details which have usually been consigned only to the laborious dulness of small antiquarians.

Mr. Mills gives a spirited delineation of the 'chivalric character.' We think that the military virtues of knighthood were deficient in two respects: — in patriotism, and in the implicit obedience of soldiership. The genius of chivalry was altogether personal: its adventurous spirit made the tent the only country of the errant chevalier, and had a strong tendency to estrange him from that best duty of defending his native land. Mr. Mills reluctantly admits that his virtues were not *necessarily* patriotic. It is apparent, too, that the independence and equality which knighthood asserted must have broken the thread of subordination. That it had this effect

effect is evident, from the preference which we find princes constantly evincing for mercenary and stipendiary troops. Pure knighthood was, in truth, a republic of arms, in which the first principle was a perfect equality of companionship.

The 'every-day life of the knight' is too interesting a part of the chivalric character to be passed over in silence; and here Mr. Mills shall speak again for himself.

'These military and moral qualities of knighthood were sustained and nourished by all the circumstances of chivalric life, even those of a peaceful nature. Hunting and falconry, the amusements of the cavalier, were images of war, and he threw over them a grace beyond the power of mere baronial rank. Dames and maidens accompanied him to the sport of hawking, when the merry bugles sounded to field; and it was the pleasing care of every gallant knight to attend on his damsel, and on her bird which was so gallantly bedight; to let the falcon loose at the proper moment, to animate it by his cries, to take from its talons the prey it had seized, to return with it triumphantly to his lady, and, placing the hood on its eyes, to set it again on her hand.'—

'To play the game of chess, to hear the minstrel's lays, and read romances, were the principal amusements of the knight when the season and the weather did not permit hawking and hunting. A true knight was a chess-player, and the game was played in every country of chivalry; for as the chivalric states of midland Europe obtained a knowledge of it from the Scandinavians, so the southern states acquired it from the Arabs.

'"When they had dined, as I you say,
Lords and ladies went to play;
Some to tables, and some to chess,
With other games more and less."'—

'The minstrel's lay, the poetry of the Troubadour, the romance of the learned clerk, all spoke of war and love, of the duties and sports of chivalry. Every baronial knight had his gay troop of minstrels that accompanied him to the field, and afterward chaunted in his hall, whether in their own or another's verse, the martial deeds which had renowned his house. A branch of the minstrelsy art consisted of reciting tales; and such persons as practised it were called Jesters.'—

'Minstrels played on various musical instruments during dinner, and chaunted or recited their verses and tales afterwards both in the hall and in the chamber to which the barons and knights retired for amusement.—

'A minstrel's lay generally accompanied the wine and spices which concluded the entertainment. Kings and queens had their trains of songsters, and partly from humour and partly from contempt, the head of the band was called King of the Minstrels. But men of the first quality, particularly the younger sons and brothers of great houses, followed the profession of minstrelsy, and

and no wonder, if it be true that they gained the guerdon without having encountered the dangers of war; for many a doughty knight complained that the smiles for which he had perilled himself in the battle-field were bestowed upon some idle son of peace at home. The person of a minstrel was sacred, and base and barbarian the man would have been accounted, who did not venerate him that sang the heroic and the tender lay, the magic strains of chivalry, and could shed a romantic lustre over fierce wars and faithful loves.'

We must now discharge our duties to the fair by extracting one passage, which describes the character of woman in the eyes of the knight:

'In his mind woman was a being of mystic power: in the forests of Germany her voice had been listened to like that of the spirit of the woods, melodious, solemn, and oracular; and when chivalry was formed into a system, the same idea of something supernaturally powerful in her character threw a shadowy and serious interest over softer feelings, and she was revered as well as loved. While this devotedness of soul to woman's charms appeared in his general intercourse with the sex, in a demeanour of homage, in a grave and stately politeness, his lady-love he regarded with religious constancy. Fickleness would have been a species of impiety, for she was not a toy that he played with, but a divinity whom he worshipped. This adoration of her sustained him through all the perils that lay before his reaching his heart's desire; and loyalty (a word that has lost its pristine and noble meaning) was the choicest quality in the character of the preux chevalier.

'It was supported, too, by the state of the world he lived in. He fought the battles of his country and his church, and he travelled to foreign lands as a pilgrim, or a crusader, for such were the calls of his chivalry. To be the first in the charge and the last in the retreat was the counsel which one knight gave to another, on being asked the surest means of winning a lady fair. Love was the crowning grace, the guerdon of his toils, and its gentle influence aided him in discharging the duties of his gallant and solemn profession. The Lady Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Jullyers, loved the Lord Eustace Damberticourt for the great nobleness of arms that she had heard reported of him; and her messengers often carried to him letters of love, whereby her noble paramour was the more hardy in his deeds of arms.* "I should have loved him better dead than alive," another damsel exclaimed, on hearing that her knight had survived his honour.'

Few parts of Mr. Mills's work are more interesting than his pictures of those high-born dames, the heroines of chivalry, who mingled the fearless spirit of their lords with the gentler virtues of their sex. Among these, the stories of Queen

'* Froissart, liv. i. c. 197.'

Philippa,

Philippa, of Agnes of March, of the Countess of Mountfort, and of Marzia des Ubaldini, have peculiar attractions. Engaging, also, in an eminent degree, are the brilliant scenes of the joust and tournament, and the imposing array of the religious and military orders of knighthood. We can, however, find room for only one spirited passage from the history of the Spanish order of Calatrava.

'The monastery of Santa Maria de Fetero in Navarre contained a monk named Diego Velasquez, who had spent the morning of his life in arms, but afterwards had changed the mailed frock for a monastic mantle, for in days of chivalry, when religion was the master-spring of action, such conversions were easy and natural. The gloom of a convent was calculated only to repress the martial spirit; but yet the surrounding memorials of military greatness, the armed warrior in stone, the overhanging banner and gauntlet, while they proved the frail nature of earthly happiness, showed what were the subjects wherein men wished for fame beyond the grave. The pomp of the choir-service, the swelling note of exultation in which the victories of the Jews over the enemies of Heaven were sung, could not but excite the heart to admiration of chivalric renown, and in moments of enthusiasm many a monk cast his cowl aside, and changed his rosary for the belt of a knight.

'And thus it was with Velasquez. His chivalric spirit was roused by the call of his king, and he lighted a flame of military ardour among his brethren. They implored the superior of the convent to accept the royal proffer; and the King, who was at first astonished at the apparent audacity of the wish, soon recollected that the defence of the fortress of Calatrava could not be achieved by the ordinary exertions of courage, and he then granted it to the Cistertian order, and principally to its station at Santa Maria de Fetero, in Navarre. And the fortress was wisely bestowed; for not only did the bold spirits of the convents keep the Moors at bay in that quarter, but the valour of the friars caused many heroic knights of Spain to join them. To these banded monks and cavaliers the King gave the title of the Religious Fraternity of Calatrava, and Pope Alexander III. accepted their vows of poverty, obedience, and chastity. The new religious order of knighthood, like that of Saint James of Compostella, was a noble bulwark of the Christian kingdom.

'Nothing could be more perfect than the simplicity of the knights of Calatrava. Their dress was formed from the coarsest woollen, and the edges were not like those of many a monk of the time, purfiled or ornamented with vair or gris, or other sorts of rich fur. Their diet, too, reproached the usual luxury of the monastery, for the fruits of the earth sustained them. They were silent in the oratory, and the refectory, one voice only reciting the prayers, or reading a legend of battle; but when the first note of the Moorish atabal was heard by the warder on the tower, the convent became a scene of universal uproar. The caparisoning of steeds, and the clashing of armour, broke the repose of the cloister,

cloister, while the humble figure of the monk was raised into a bold and expanded form of dignity and power. Through all the mighty efforts of the Christians for the recovery of their throne, the firm and dense array of the knights of Calatrava never was tardy in appearing on the field; but the kingdom, as its power and splendour increased, overshadowed the soldiers of every religious order of chivalry.'

ART. VIII. *Sydney Papers;* consisting of a Journal of the Earl of Leicester, and original Letters of Algernon Sydney. Edited, with Notes, &c. by R. W. Blencowe, A. M. 8vo. pp. 284. 10*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Murray. 1825.

THE Journal which forms the principal feature of this collection, was written by Robert, second Earl of Leicester, the nephew of Sir Philip, and the father of Algernon Sydney. Of all the diaries which we have ever read, it is the most jejune and uninteresting, considering the busy period of our history, over which it extends. Commencing in 1647, it terminates in 1661, thus embracing a series of years, every day of which teemed with events of the greatest importance to every individual, who felt any concern in the welfare of the country. The Earl of Leicester, it is painful to observe, seems to have been interested by the public events of his day, only in proportion as they were connected with his own personal views. During the contest between the parliament and Charles I., he alternately sided with that power, which seemed to him the most capable of promoting his fortunes. Lord Clarendon justly describes him as a "speculative" man, though not exactly in the sense which the noble historian attaches to that epithet. It was a mistake to suppose that he was "a man of fidelity to the King;" for just at the moment that that unfortunate and misguided monarch stood most in need of his services, the Earl of Leicester kept aloof; and he managed his indifference with so much skill, that if matters went well with his royal master, he might keep in the road to his favor; if they went ill, he might, as he afterwards did, justify himself to the parliament. This is the sort of calculating character that was justly appreciated by the spirit of antiquity, which proscribed every citizen who remained neutral in times of civil commotion. It may have arisen, in some measure, as Clarendon asserts, from a certain "staggering and irresolution in Leicester's nature;" but this frailty was itself the result of his timidity, overweening pride, and love of office, prompted not by ambition, but a keen spirit of avarice.

The

The effects of Leicester's personal character upon his family are remarkable. Those of his relatives whom a vigorous example on his part might have led to a consistent course of action, most ingeniously contrived to carry into effect each of the contradictory resolutions, which from time to time vainly contended in his own breast for victory. His son-in-law, Lord Sunderland, followed the standard of the King; his eldest son, Lord Lisle, courted the favor of Cromwell, and obtained it; while his second son, Algernon Sydney, though he fought and negotiated for the republic, detested Cromwell quite as much as he hated the sovereign who preceded, and him who followed, the usurper. As a father, the Earl of Leicester appears in no very amiable light, either in his Journal, or in the papers which are appended to it. His house was constantly torn by domestic dissensions, and his sons and daughters, even after they left his roof, appear to have occupied themselves in making war on each other.

The Journal was omitted in the valuable collection of Sydney Papers made by Mr. Collins. Very possibly that gentleman, if he had been aware of its existence, would have rejected it as not worth the space it would occupy. It consists for the most part of extracts from the parliamentary proceedings, from "The Moderat Intelligencer," "The Politicus," "The Diurnall," and other periodical publications of the day. The original matter is unimportant, if we except the entry relating to Cromwell's famous dissolution of the parliament, which is related with the addition of some minute particulars not noticed by the historians.

'*Anno* 1653. — *Wednesday, 20th April.* The parlement sitting as usuall, and being on debate upon the bill with the amendments, which it was thought would have bin passed that day, the Lord Generall Cromwell came into the House, clad in plain black clothes, with gray worsted stockings, and sate down as he used to do in an ordinary place. After a while he rose up, putt off his hat, and spake; at the first and for a good while, he spake to the commendation of the parlement, for theyr paines and care of the publick good; but afterwards he changed his style, told them of theyr injustice, delays of justice, self-interest, and other faults; then he sayd, "Perhaps you thinke this is not parlementary language, I confesse it is not, neither are you to expect any such from me," then he putt on his hat, went out of his place, and walked up and down the stage or floore in the middest of the House, with his hat on his head, and chid them soundly, looking sometimes, and pointing particularly upon some persons, as Sir R. Whitlock, one of the Commissioners for the Greate Seale, Sir Henry Vane, to whom he gave very sharpe language, though

though he named them not, but by his gestures it was well known that he meant them. After this he sayd to Corronell Harrison, (who was a member of the House,) "Call them in," then Harrison went out, and presently brought in Lieutenant-Collonell Wortley, (who commanded the Generall's own regiment of foote,) with five or six files of musqueteers, about 20 or 30, with theyr musquets, then the Generall, pointing to the Speaker in his chayre, sayd to Harrison, "Fetch him downe;" Harrison went to the Speaker, and spoke to him to come down, but the Speaker sate still, and sayd nothing. "Take him down," sayd the Generall; then Harrison went and pulled the Speaker by the gowne, and he came downe. It happened that day, that Algernon Sydney sate next to the Speaker on the right hand; the Generall sayd to Harrison, "Put him out," Harrison spake to Sydney to go out, but he sayd he would not go out, and sate still. The Generall sayd again, "Put him out," then Harrison and Wortley putt theyr hands upon Sydney's shoulders, as if they would force him to go out, and then he rose and went towards the doore. Then the Generall went to the table where the mace lay, which used to be carryed before the Speaker, and sayd, "Take away these baubles;" so the soldiers tooke away the mace, and all the House went out; and at the going out, they say, the Generall sayd to young Sir Henry Vane, calling him by his name, that he might have prevented this extraordinary course, but he was a juggler, and had not so much as common honesty. All being gon out, the doore of the House was locked, and the key, with the mace, was carryed away, as I heard, by Corronell Otley.'

The papers in the second part of the volume, of the authenticity of which, as well as of the Journal, there can be no question, consist chiefly of letters from Algernon Sydney to his father. Several of the letters have been already published in Collins's Collection, in "The familiar Letters of John, Earl of Rochester," and other works. The repetition of these in this volume is therefore most unnecessary. There are on the whole only six or seven letters, which are now printed for the first time from the original manuscripts in the possession of Mr. Lambard of Sevenoaks. These are interesting, as they throw fresh light upon the character of Algernon Sydney, which has been the subject of so much obloquy among his enemies, and of so much praise among his own party. It is impossible to read some of these epistles without observing that he was much disliked by his own family. Lord Lisle, in a letter to his father, complains bitterly of his younger brother domineering over every chamber of the house, and speaks of "his extreamest vanity and want of judgement," as well known. His father in one of his letters reproaches him with filial disrespect, and seems to take an unhappy pleasure in summing up the acts of indiscretion and folly, which his

enemies imputed to him, while he was upon the Continent. "And concerning you," writes his Lordship, "what to resolve in myself, or what to advise you, truly I knowe not; for you must give me leave to remember, of how little weight my opinions and counsel have been with you, and how unkindly and unfriendly you have rejected the exhortations and admonitions, which in much affection and kindness, I have given you on many occasions." Again he says, — "I have little to saye to your complaints of your sister Strangford's unequall returns to your affection and kindness, but that I am sorry for it, and that you are well enough served for bestowing so much of your care where it was not due, and neglecting them to whom it was due." At this time the Earl was approaching his eightieth winter: having lost his Countess a year before, he was left in solitude and misery to creep into the grave as he could, at a season when the consolations of family-sympathies were most necessary to him. Algernon Sydney could not indeed have returned at that time with safety to England, but his letters might have assisted to cheer, instead of rendering more melancholy, the old age of his father. No one, we suppose, will say on reading Sydney's letter upon the death of his mother, that he had a *heart*. Let the reader judge:

'My Lord,

'The passage of letters from England hither is soe uncertaine, that I did not, until within theis very fewe dayes, hear the sad newes of my mother's death. I was then with the King of Sweden, at Nicopen in Falster. This is the first opportunity I have had of sending to condole with your Lordship, a loss that is soe great to yourself, and your family, of which my sense was not soe much diminished in being prepared by her long, languishing, and certainly incurable sickness, as increased by the last words of her life. I confess, persons in such tempers are most fit to die, but they are alsoe most wanted here; and we, that for a while are left in the world, are most apt, and perhaps with reason, to regret the loss of those we most want. It may be, light and humane passions are most suitably employed upon human and worldly things, wherein we have some sensible concernments; thoughts absolutely abstracted from ourselves are most suitable unto that steddenesse of mind, that is much spoken of, little sought, and never found: than that which is seene amongst men. It weare a small compliment for me to offer your Lordship, to leave the employment in which I am, if I may in any thing be able to ease your Lordship's solitude. If I could propose that to myself, I would cheerfully leave a condition of much more pleasure and advantage than I can with reason hope for here.'

This

This is not the language of filial affection; it is the cold affected sentimentality of one, who thought that it was incumbent upon him to say something on the occasion, and to pretend a sense of grief which it is manifest he never felt. The editor of these papers has only followed many other writers, in imputing to Sydney 'a Roman sternness of character.' If a perfect indifference to all the social charities, a violent temper, and an inflexible obstinacy, be the only essential ingredients in the composition of such a character, he deserves the compliment.

He says of himself, in one of his letters to his father, — 'Your Lordship may perhaps think you have a sonne that is headstrong and violent.' — 'I have ever endeavoured to please your Lordship, and will doe soe still, but not a whit more, than if I weare in a prosperous condition.' This he writes, at the very moment that he was preparing to go to Italy, expressly against his father's reiterated injunctions. In another letter he speaks thus: 'I wander as a vagabond through the world, forsaken of my friends, poore, and known only to be a broken limb of a shipwrecked faction.' — 'I finde stupidity an advantage; nature hath given me a large proportion of it; and I did artificially increase it to such a degree, that if I were not awakened by the bitter sense of somme mischiefes that the Lady Strangford hath brought upon me, I should rest well enough at ease, in a dull indolence, and never trouble myself with examining wheare I should have bread for three moneths. This may shewe your Lordship into what state, nature and fortune hath brought one that receaved life from you.' Is this, we ask, the language of a pious son to an aged father?

Let it be remembered that we are here speaking of the personal character of Algernon Sydney. We concur in the strenuous opposition which he uniformly gave to tyranny, whether he met it under a monarchy or a republic: we applaud many of his speculations upon the principles of free government; and put our hands to the seal of reprobation, which history has affixed to the violent and lawless procedure, for it cannot deserve to be called a trial, which punished him as a traitor. But though his condemnation was illegal, and therefore unjust according to the tenure by which we all hold our lives and liberties, yet it is not to be denied that he had forfeited his allegiance, under circumstances which aggravated his treason beyond the usual limits of that crime. He had been permitted to return to England from exile, under the special grace of the King. A subject of generous feelings would, in such a case, have forgotten all his ancient political animosities,

sities, and have made it a point of honor to take no share in public affairs, unless he could do so consistently with the new and delicate obligations which he had contracted.

It is difficult for us also to view in any other than a criminal and most disgraceful light, the intrigues entered into by Sydney and his friends in parliament, for the purpose of getting the army disbanded in 1678. It is a fact now well attested by Barrillon's despatches in the Secretary's Office at Paris, that Sydney received bribes from the French ambassador here, for his services to the French government in endeavoring to effect that object, — an object, which, if it had been attained, would infallibly have given Lewis XIV. the uncontrolled dominion of Europe, and have made this country the mere vassal of France. And this is the Algernon Sydney who has been exalted into a hero, and who, in his letters, describes himself more than once as a man 'not to be corrupted.'

Sir James Mackintosh, to whom these papers were submitted previous to their publication, justly remarks in a note at the end of the volume, that the most curious letter of the whole is that in which Sydney relates his own conduct in the high court of justice, which was constituted for the trial of Charles I.:

'I was at Penshurst,' he says, 'when the act for the triall passed, and comeing up to towne I heard my name was put in, and that thoes that were nominated for judges weare then in the Painted Chamber. I presently went thither, heard the act read, and found my owne name with others. A debate was raised how they should proceed upon it, and after having bin some time silent to hear what thoes would say, whoe had had the directing of that businesse, I did positively oppose Cromwell, Bradshawe, and others, whoe would have the triall to goe on, and drewe my reasons from theis tow points: First, the King *could be tried* by noe court; secondly, that *noe man* could be tried by that court. This being alleged in vaine, and Cromwell using these formall words, (I tell you, wee will cut off his head with the crowne upon it,) I replied, You may take your own course, I cannot stop you, but I will keep myself clean from haveing any hand in this businesse, I immediately went out of the roome, and never returned. This is all that passed publickely, or that can with truth be recorded, or taken notice of. I had an intention, which is not very fit for a letter.'

This 'intention' Sir James Mackintosh supposes to have been a design on the part of Sydney to procure a concurrence of both Houses of parliament in the deposition of the King, — a conjecture which appears to us not improbable.

ART. IX. *Don Esteban*; or, Memoirs of a Spaniard. Written by Himself. 3 Vols. 8vo. Colburn. 1825.

IF these Memoirs had not assumed too much of the character of a novel, they would have been justly considered as a valuable addition to the recent history of Spain. Commencing with a fictitious tale, at a period just preceding Napoleon's invasion of the Peninsula, they carry the reader through the war of independence, the restoration of Ferdinand, and the six long years of his misrule previous to the re-establishment of the constitution, and rapidly sketching the changes resulting from that system, terminate with its subversion and the consequent exile of the writer. The domestic habits of the Spaniards are detailed with accuracy and animation. They too frequently, however, stand out from the thread of the narrative, with which they ought to have been interwoven, and thus they present a patchwork appearance, that, to a general reader unacquainted with Spain, greatly diminishes the interest which they would otherwise have excited. Considered as a novel, the story is unskilfully conducted, and indeed often marked by inconsistencies and improbabilities of the most puerile description. But the adventures of the author among the Guerilla parties, one of which he represents himself as having commanded for a short time, are picturesque and highly diversified. It is amusing to see him claiming all the laurels on every occasion for himself, and, in the usual strain of a Spaniard, magnifying every little incident, as if upon his personal prowess depended the issue of the war. But whether he be intitled to all the military merit which he assumes to himself or not, there can be no question of the fidelity of his local descriptions, or of the boldness and eloquence with which he sketches the enthusiastic efforts and sacrifices made by the people of Spain, in their memorable resistance against the intrusive dynasty. It is not possible to read some of the instances of French barbarity which he mentions, without feeling the nerves thrill with a sensation of horror. Amidst these sanguinary scenes the author contrives sometimes to intermingle ludicrous occurences, and eccentric characters, sometimes political matters of importance, and occasionally incidents fraught with interest of a more tender nature. On the restoration of Ferdinand, it was Esteban's fortune to be enrolled in the Royal Guards, a situation which gave him an opportunity of witnessing the manners of the court. He relates many anecdotes of the King and the Infantes, which are the more entertaining, as they are impressed with every character of truth. They are told, indeed, in a sort of bustling desultory style, which too much pervades

pervades these Memoirs in general, and shews that they were written at different intervals of time, and with extreme haste. We have heard that these anecdotes were originally intended for "The Memoirs of Ferdinand VII.," written by this author, and published about a year ago in London. In fact, several passages of the two works correspond word for word; and it would seem, that having entered into a contract for the first production, the writer subsequently altered and reduced his plan for the purpose of entering into another speculation, with a portion of the same materials. This is a circumstance which requires explanation.

The author apologizes in his preface for 'verbal errors, as it is very evident that no one can write in a language which is not vernacular with him, so correctly as a native, and particularly in a case like the present, when the writer cannot boast of having resided long in England.' If we are to infer from this that these Memoirs were written in English by a Spaniard, the insinuation is uncandid. He wrote the original in French, and this work is a translation from his MS. by an English hand.

The following is a favorable specimen both of the translator's style and of the author's tact in describing the living manners of Spain:

'Between seven and eight in the morning, the servants enter our rooms, to draw aside the window-curtains, and serve up chocolate to those who prefer taking it in bed; which is generally the case with the elderly people and the heads of families. In the same tray in which the chocolate is served to the gentlemen, there is generally a little silver plate, containing a live coal to light their cigars, which invariably follow the chocolate. This occupies the time till about eight, when they usually rise. Those who are religiously inclined proceed immediately to church, to hear mass, or to confess and take communion. On returning home, they take breakfast; which consists generally of some made dish, or eggs and ham, and sometimes of a basin of *sopa de ajo*.*

'The young ladies sometimes accompany their mammas to church of a morning; but not usually, for it is only on Sunday that the omission would be an unpardonable sin. When they do not go to church in the company of their parents or brothers, they are followed by a servant, and are never seen out of doors by themselves. Those demoiselles who are not fond of long masses on a Sunday, go either very early, in a kind of deshabille,

'* A soup made of a head of garlic, fried in some oil with a little pimento, the whole put into a pot of boiling water, and to which some salt is added.'

their long hair floating on their shoulders, with a *basquiña**, a shawl, and a mantilla, in which they wrap their faces so completely, that it is almost impossible to recognize them; or they go to the mass, which in some of the churches is said at once, and which the priest gets through with such singular rapidity, that one cannot help remembering he has not yet breakfasted.†

'At this mass the ladies never fail to assist in their finest basquiñas, and lace-veils. No shawl conceals the *negligé* of the stays; at most a silk kerchief, gracefully pinned, hides from mortal view the charms beneath. But the waist is seen in all its diminutive dimensions; leaving between it and the falling arms two neat apertures, notwithstanding the care that is taken to keep the elbows close to the body, and in a straight line with their hips; a fashion, by the by, which I do not admire, though I grant it contributes to keep the chest elevated; but it encroaches too much on our military style, and introduces a stiffness which is altogether inconsistent with feminine grace.'—

'About noon, the ladies are *at home*, employed in their needle-work, or some other occupation; for I must do the Spanish ladies the justice to say, that though the gentlemen seldom set them the example, they are never idle; for even when visiting their friends, they carry their work in their reticules. This being the time when they receive the morning calls of their acquaintances, the gentlemen drop in to entertain the ladies with their conversation; often bringing those friends who have just arrived in town, and to whom the lady and gentleman of the house never fail to make an offer of it, and of every thing it contains. The facility with which a stranger gains admission into any house renders society the more varied, and manners the more open and lively. After such an offer as I have just alluded to, the party is accepted to go as often as he pleases.

'The sound of the brass-mortar, in which the various herbs for the sauces, &c. are pounded, indicates that the dinner-hour is fast approaching. The visitors then take their hats, and wish the ladies a good appetite. This happens, generally, at one, and in a few houses between two and three. Immediately after dinner, they all retire to their respective rooms, to take the *siesta*, or afternoon sleep — a custom I had not yet contracted, except in the most sultry days of summer, when the intensity of the heat produces a languor and a drowsiness which are irresistible.

'In the afternoon, about sunset in the summer and at three in the winter, the ladies and gentlemen all repair either to the Alamedas, or shaded walks, generally by the side of the rivers; or to the Tapias, or walks along the city-walls, that are sheltered from the cold winds, and enlivened by the sunshine; the choice of these depends on the particular season of the year. After the

* 'A black silk petticoat.'

† 'It is the practice with the Catholics to take communion before they break their fast.'

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promenade, all retire to a *botilleria* * to drink ices, or go home to take their chocolate; and in the evening they go either to the theatre or else to the tertulia.'

ART. X. *A Journey into various Parts of Europe;* and a Residence in them, during the Years 1818, 1819, 1820, and 1821; with Notes, Historical and Classical; and Memoirs of the Grand Dukes of the House of Medici, of the Dynasties of the Kings of Naples, and of the Dukes of Milan. By the Rev. Thomas Pennington, A. M. 2 Vols. 8vo. Whittaker. 1825.

IT is now nearly twenty years, since even Forsyth, one of the most accomplished and classical of modern travellers, thought some apology necessary for "sporting his pen on so beaten a field as Italy." Yet since he wrote, both Italy and France have swarmed more than ever with tourists. For our own parts, however, we object not greatly, or in the main, to this prevalent rage for the publication of journeys, voyages, and travels. On the contrary, we think it would be rather difficult to compose a journal of peregrinations, which should not contain some very considerable portion of amusement.

Mr. Pennington is evidently a well-meaning, excellent person, full of good temper, attachment to old England, and contentment with its happy institutions. All these feelings, moreover, are tinged with a simplicity which is really very amusing; and, as he is pleased to instruct us confidentially in many of his domestic affairs, we become at once perfectly well acquainted both with him and his fellow-travellers. His party consisted of a whole family-circle, an infant being of the number, 'a lovely boy aged twelve months.' This circumstance which, as we gather repeatedly from the text, occasioned some little anxiety, has of course the very desirable effect of keeping alive our interest for the travellers; and Mr. Pennington is earnest in intreating our sympathy for their feelings. The adventurous band set foot on the Continent at Calais, and proceeded by the route of Normandy to Paris. Over the wonders of that remote and seldom visited metropolis, we shall not linger with our author: but we may mention one curious and important fact which he relates (p. 13.); that he 'preached to an English audience in the pulpit formerly distinguished by the oratorical powers of *Bourdillon* and Massillon.' Now, who the first of these

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'* A house where iced drinks are sold.'

preachers may have been, we cannot indeed pretend positively to determine; though of one Bourdaloue, and of the electrifying effects of his eloquence, we think we remember to have heard.

From Paris our travellers proceeded towards the south of France by Orleans, Tours, Poitiers, Angoulême, Bourdeaux, and Toulouse. There is nothing very novel or striking in this itinerary: but the account of the journey and of the country is given in the same good-humoured strain which pervades the whole work; and it forms an exceedingly agreeable narrative. From Toulouse our guide carries us by the canal of Languedoc to Narbonne, and thence he diverges into a line of road a little less frequented. Passing into Roussillon, his party reached Perpignan, from whence they were to make an excursion into Spain by its eastern frontier. In Roussillon the aspect of every thing is much more Spanish than French. Chestnuts form a great article of food among the people, and are so cheap, says Mr. Pennington, that 'they bring them in sacks and shoot them into the markets.' The passage of the Pyrenees, between Perpignan and Figueras, is described as extremely grand and picturesque. From Figueras the party proceeded for Barcelona.

The author's journal of this excursion into Spain is really very lively and graphic, though often inelegant and even ungrammatical in its style: we shall give a passage from it as a general specimen:

'The last six leagues from Figueras to Girona were beautiful indeed; large forests of pines, box, &c., succeeded by pyramidical mountains overtopping each other, made the road appear most picturesque; and in the bottom we crossed, on a bridge, a clear stream, which ran among the mountains, adding not a little to the diversity of the scene.

'All around us was heard the tinkling of the bells on the cattle, which, added to the murmuring of the stream, in a lovely October evening, in this fine climate, made our ride truly delightful.

'In this country they have bells on cows, sheep, mules, and almost all animals; the drivers take great delight in ornamenting the mules to their tartans with many, and they have even strings of buttons to their waistcoats like bells.'—

'Nothing could be well worse than the roads; in many parts, indeed, there were none but such as were made by the waggons, which are numerous, and in the best of them were large rolling stones, and rapid watercourses, sufficient to overturn a carriage, without great care. The roads were often carried quite through the forests, making it at times hazardous to move. We this day stopped at Reols, a solitary inn on a hill, to refresh the horses, where, as nothing was to be had, we were compelled to depend

on ourselves for refreshment; the stable and remise here, as usual, join the kitchen; there was a large form, with men and women without stockings eating some haricots, liver, &c., dressed in oil, and drinking wine out of the long-necked bottles. One of our party endeavoured to eat some of the haricots, but soon desisted. There were neither chairs nor tables, only the long form and bench. In these alehouses, they seem not to care whether you eat or not.

'We met frequent parties of the natives, and observed an obvious difference in the physiognomy of the sexes; the men (perhaps, from our being prejudiced by the accounts we had heard,) looked ferocious, wild, and like assassins; whilst, on the contrary, the appearance of the women was mild and prepossessing, and their countenances most engaging. The noble appearance of Monserrat at a distance produced a fine effect, and added much to the interest of this day's scene; but, owing to setting out late in the morning, we were benighted some hours before we finished our journey; the hills were long and steep, and we walked up them to ease our poor mules; the evening was still, and an awful silence prevailed all around. The road wound among thick forests, with which we were surrounded; not a house or hut was to be seen, nor a step heard but our own, and there was every opportunity, both from time and place, for a banditti to realize those scenes, which our anxious friends had predicted would take place; but not only were there no banditti to molest us, but not a *single person* appeared to detain us in our journey, and we got to our *couchée* perfectly safe, though fatigued with our day's journey.'

For our author's interesting account of Barcelona, which has confirmed our previous impressions of the extent and beauty of the Catalonian capital, we must be content to refer our readers to the work itself. From Barcelona the party returned to Narbonne, and from thence descended into the smiling plains of Lombardy. But we shall not, we hope, be required to take Mr. Pennington for our *cicerone* over fair Italy. We really have neither inclination nor courage for the attempt. Let it suffice for us to say, that Mr. Pennington took the usual line of route; that he describes a great deal of what he saw, and that he saw every thing which was to be seen, — except the majestic ruins of Pæstum, which no one thought of examining until Forsyth proclaimed their grandeur, and which, since Forsyth, we believe no traveller in Italy but Mr. Pennington has omitted to visit.

We pass from Italy, assuring our readers, however, by the way, that this longest part of Mr. Pennington's book will well repay a perusal, and next cross the Alps with our author from Domo d'Ossola, by the route of the Simplon, and range with him, not unamused, over the more frequented scenes of Switzerland; until, behold us at length quietly seated with

his party at Zurich. Here they had determined to remain for some months; and the retirement of the place had an attraction which we can well understand. Mr. Pennington is enabled, from his residence at Zurich, to give many details of the state of society in that sequestered quarter of Switzerland; and his picture of the simple virtues, the primitive manners, and the hearty kindness, of its good people is true and fascinating.

From Zurich, he made rather a long excursion into Germany, in which he traversed the kingdoms of Bavaria and Wirtemberg, and visited their capitals, Munich and Stuttgard. After this tour he returned to Switzerland; and, finally, quitting that romantic land, he passed with his party through Alsace and Lorraine, and thence, by the route of Metz, into the Netherlands. Here Waterloo, Brussels, and Antwerp, were, of course, visited; and afterwards the travellers entered a country less frequented by our nation, but which contains, as we know, a great deal to interest curiosity. They traversed the Dutch provinces, and saw Amsterdam, Rotterdam, the Hague, Haërlem, and Leyden. It is surprizing how few of our countrymen visit this amphibious, precise, neat corner of the Continent, lying as it does within a few hours' reach of London by the steam-boat. And yet there is more fresh food for the mind, and amusement for the eye in that country, — and more attraction, to boot, for the lover of human eccentricity, in the whimsical character of its natives, — than can be gained in a fortnight's ramble, and within nearly the same distance, in any other direction of the Continent.

From Holland our travellers returned to Brussels; from Brussels, by Ghent, Bruges, and Dunkirk, to Calais; and from Calais, — in which, wonderful to relate, they 'found no alteration since they had passed through it three years before, except the erection of two high pedestals,' — they finally reached old England.

We have here been satisfied to give our readers only such a rapid and naked outline of Mr. Pennington's various peregrinations as will lead to some general idea of the contents of his book. We are sorry that he has been induced to fill his margin with what he calls 'Historical and Classical Notes,' and to overload his volumes with a wearisome and unprofitable appendix on 'the Italian Dynasties.' In the perusal of personal adventures, it is easy to forgive bad composition and inaccurate language; and that criticism must be morose, which would fasten serious reproof upon a harmless tautology or a grammatical solecism. But the bolder pretension of historical and classical instruction offers a challenge to inves-

digestion. It was, to say the truth, this unlucky announcement of Historical Notes and Memoirs, which first drew our attention to Mr. Pennington's volumes; and when, among other things, we encountered a boast in his preface that he had enjoyed access to an excellent Florentine library, — perhaps, thought we, the Riccardi or Magliabecchian with their MSS., — we were sanguine enough to hope that his researches had been deep and ardent, and that his power was commensurate to throw new light upon some of the interesting episodes of Italian story. What then shall we say was our mortification when we found, — not only that his notes and memoirs offer the discovery of no new fact, and shed no illustration upon those which were previously known, but that there are almost as many errors, as there are notes, in his volumes?

In our first moment of disappointment at his trifling, we had fiercely resolved to make a regular list of Mr. Pennington's serious errors and flat common-places. But the collection soon multiplied so fearfully under our hands, that we were glad to desist; and we shall merely subjoin a very few, among numerous instances, of our author's historical inaccuracies, that we may not be suspected to deal only in assertion.

In vol. i. p. 324. we find that Ranuccio, Duke of Parma, (fourth of his dynasty, and son of the great Alessandro Farnese,) who only commenced his reign in the year 1592, defeated *the Pisans in* 1497. And this is gravely asserted with a general reference to Guicciardini.

P. 306. It is stated that Genoa *began* to distinguish herself by her maritime achievements about the year 1300; — that is, 300 years after her conquest of Sardinia, and about half a century after she had totally crushed the naval power of her rival, Pisa, in the great battle of Meloria.

P. 528. We learn that Aversa was a place of great consequence *under the Normans in the fifteenth century!*

P. 623. The Emperor Frederic Barbarossa died in 1171; — that is, just twelve years before he signed the peace of Constance with the Lombard league.

P. 667. Alessandro de' Medici, first Duke of Florence, and son of the bastard Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, is mistaken for the son of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

In vol. ii. p. 197. the elegant and accomplished Alfonso I. of Este, the patron of Ariosto, is confounded with that other Alfonso, second Duke of his name, the ruthless persecutor of the unhappy Tasso. But our author, or his editor, is a sad confounder of poets as well as patrons: — for in p. 199. is given Guarini's Latin epitaph on Ariosto, and this, in a *free* translation,

translation, is assigned by name to Dante instead of its rightful object!

P. 207. The Venetian doge and chronicler Dandalo, who died in the fourteenth century, is broadly quoted for a transaction at the end of the fifteenth century.

P. 217. We are gravely assured that Pisani, the hero of Venice in the war of Chiozza, *took Genoa;* and Ludgier is quoted to verify this precious assertion! Four pages farther, and we meet with another historical wonder: that Venice '*purchased Naples* of its sovereign, Marie Engino, in 1488, for 500 ducats, yearly payment.' A goodly bargain, and this *fact*, too, is verified from the chronicle of Dandalo.

P. 222. We learn that Lewis XIV. obliged the Doge of *Venice* to go to Paris to make a personal submission to him for the conduct of his haughty republic, which had been only partially taught moderation and wisdom by the league of Cambray. We doubt, then, if the Venetians have "writ their annals truly;" for they have had the art, in collusion with all historians but Mr. Pennington, to attribute to Genoa the disgrace of this submission to the French monarch.

But we have done: Mr. Pennington is, we repeat, a most agreeable, good-humored, travelling companion: we make no doubt that he is, moreover, a worthy, respectable man; — but we implore him never again to meddle with history.

Art. XI. *Alphonzus;* a Tragedy: in Five Acts. By George Hyde. 8vo. pp. 92. 4*s.* 6*d.* Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1825.

It is not a little remarkable, that an age so prolific of excellence in every other department of literature has hitherto failed to produce a single comedy, or tragedy, worthy of enduring to the next generation. Miss Baillie, Lord Byron, Maturin, and Millman, writers of unquestionable genius, have wooed the tragic muse with the utmost devotion: but, without any disparagement of their talents, it may be said that not one of them has succeeded. The fine essences of comedy seem to have escaped from us altogether, and to have completely eluded every pursuit since the time of Sheridan.

We can hardly be induced to agree with those poetasters, who think that they sufficiently account for this signal deficiency in our literature, by enumerating the difficulties which the theatrical managers interpose between a dramatic author and the public. It is not indeed to be denied that some of those difficulties are considerable, particularly when it happens that the scenic *arbiter elegantiarum* is not endowed with an eminent

eminent share of good taste. Another formidable obstacle arises, where the author is under the necessity of shaping his inventions to the capabilities of one or two actors. The most insurmountable difficulty of all, perhaps, is the bad odor into which essays for the stage have fallen, and in which they have continued so many years, in consequence of the vast number of failures that have occurred. Splendid scenery and gorgeous costume have taken such possession of the public taste, that a new play is a serious undertaking for either of the principal theatres; and their managers are, in consequence, extremely unwilling to hazard the expence of preparation upon the compositions of an untried author.

These circumstances, however, which are all accidental, would soon yield to the power of sterling genius, if ever it should happen to re-appear among us, and resume the dominion of the stage. The maxim *Poeta nascitur* is peculiarly applicable to the drama. The Greeks can boast of but one Homer. It may be our fate to know no second Shakspeare.

Considering how the stage is served at present, we imagine that we are likely to witness many tragedies every way inferior to that which is now before us. The name of Alphonzus, the son of Sancho "the Desired," historically belongs to a king of Leon and Castile, not of Spain, as the author supposed. The story is not taken from any episode of the Spanish annals with which we are acquainted, nor is it marked by originality of invention: for, with some slight variations, it is the romance of Othello, Iago, Roderigo, and Desdemona, over again. Alphonzus, the son of Sancho, or Sanctius, as he is here somewhat pedantically called, is supposed to have provoked an implacable spirit of revenge in the breast of a certain Prince John, by his union with the fair Inez, to whom John had been passionately attached. At a moment when it became necessary to call forth all the energies of Sancho's forces for the defence of Tariffa against the Moors, Prince John contrives to raise a mutiny in the town, and to obtain possession of the infant child of Inez. Having effected these objects, he leads out the rebels to the Moorish camp. The whole interest of the drama turns upon the use which John makes of the babe, in order to induce the father to surrender the town, and to attract the mother to his arms by threats to destroy, or promises to protect, her child. The answer of Alphonzus to the alternative which is offered him through Lasteros, the Roderigo of the scene, is spirited and dignified:

'*Lasteros.* Give us our answer. Shall we have the town?
Thou know'st we have our hostage,—and his fate

Brooks

Brooks no delay. Open Turifik's gates —
And save thy child. Refuse it — and he dies.

[*Alphonzus unsheaths his sword, kisses the blade, and presents it to Lasteros.*

'*Alphonzus.* There is my answer! Bear it to the Prince: —
Tell him 'twas this which cleft a turban'd skull
Just as the Pagan's flashing scymetar
Marked him a prostrate foe. It hath achieved
Some deeds which men have too much honor'd — yet
I do confess it as a much-loved friend
That ever hath displayed a constant truth,
Such as might shame Humanity's proud children.
I love it — as I love my child! But here
I yield them both to a still dearer country.
Tell your rebellious master thus: — my boy
I do devote upon the patriot's altar!
My sword I send him with a soldier's prayer
That it may liberate the child's pure soul —
And not the dagger of the infidel,
Or the accursed weapon of the traitor.'

This answer is worthy of Alphonzus, and forms a striking contrast to the instinctive eagerness of the mother to save her offspring.

'*Inez.* By the solemnity of woman's grief,
I charge ye, stay! By your remembrances
Of all a mother's love, I pray ye — listen!
And by that terrible ban — a mother's curse,
I warn ye to forbear! Touch not his blood —
Or from that damned hour I will not live
The space of one brief thought and not call down
The great eternal curse upon ye! No!
I will abjure all sympathies, affections,
Ties, hopes, remembrance of the blessed past,
Fears, joys, and common sorrows. All shall be
One awful — endless imprecation! Nay,
I will fast out this miserable life,
And with my dying lips implore the curse; —
Then with my little angel will I stand
At the wide gates of heaven — a dreadful barrier
Which ye can never pass!'

There is more of declamatory exaggeration in this passage than we have observed in any other part of the tragedy; yet we can imagine that, if well delivered, its effect in representation would be electric.

The conference ends with the renewal of hostilities. Inez, in the mean time, finds her way to the tent of Prince John in pursuit of her child. The whole of this scene is powerfully dramatic.

'*Inez.*

'*Inez.* Didst thou not murder him?

'*Prince John.* I tell thee, Inez,
I have deceived his murderers, and saved him.
(*Aside.*) I knew his life's high value. See, she's mine!

'*Inez.* I dare not trust my heart with this wild joy;—
Ah, no! his tongue can never mate with truth,
For they have been eternally divorced.
I'll not believe it.

'*Prince John.* Then, behold!

[*He withdraws the curtain of the inner tent, and a soldier appears with the child in his arms. Inez utters a shriek, and stands fixed with horror.*

'*Inez.* Oh, God;
That smile is life's own seal, and I am not
A childless mother.

[*She flies towards the child, but is stopped by Prince John.*

'*Prince John.* Hold — retire!

[*Exit soldier with the child.*

'*Inez.* Obey him not! Stand back! Unhand me, monster!

'*Prince John.* To seek him is in vain.

'*Inez.* Oh! let me share
His prison — and I'll worship thee.

'*Prince John.* Never!
Both shall be free — and I the worshipper
At that bright shrine, as in my earlier days,
When, Inez, thou wert all my soul's religion.
For I will rescue thee, and give the child
Back to thy sobbing bosom, where no power
Can mar its joy.

'*Inez.* Thy looks are like thy words —
Wild and mysterious — what do they import?

'*Prince John.* Inez, thou art devoted to the lust
Of foul lascivious dogs. This fleeting hour,
Which seems to melt like ice upon the brow
Of burning Etna, yields thee to pollution.
To end fierce strife they made unheeding chance
Their arbiter, and thou art fallen by lot
To be the prey of one whose old gray hairs
Would scarcely count the victims of his rank
And loathsome crimes.

'*Inez.* (*Aside.*) Then there is no retreating.

[*Takes out a dagger, and conceals it again in her bosom.*

And yet — 'tis horrible to clasp stern death
Into one's bosom as a friend — to leap
Uncalled into the unknown depths of vast
Eternity!

'*Prince John.* Pause not, or thou art lost,
And thy sweet child, whom I protest I love,

Will

Will fall the victim of his mother's act.
Fly with him, Inez, to some other land;—
A gallant bark is riding on the foam
Of yonder beach, and with the fretful wind
Her sails already bend, singing aloud
Their farewell music to the shore. Away!
And I will be a father — husband ——
' *Inez.* Wretch!
Have I no husband?
' *Prince John.* Strangle the child!
[*Inez stands speechless, while the cries of the child are heard from without.*
Ha! Ha!
List to the music of thy second bridal;—
How happy will it be — for no consent
To wait, from tedious sires and mother fools!
Come, we'll e'en 'scape the nuptial rites — for soon
We shall have funerals around our bed.
[*He drags her to the curtain of the tent; after they have passed through, Inez screams, and lifting up the curtain, discovers him with her dagger in his breast. He staggers forward, and falls dead.*
' *Inez.* Now, then, is murder loose upon the world.
Murder? Oh, mercy! can it be that blood
Like this will cry against me? Yet — it weighs
Most terribly upon my sinking heart, —
And those shrill cries are piercing it —
[*Distant sounds of battle are heard.*
And hark!
The sound of raging war is rushing on
To drive me into madness. Ha! I'll fly
Into the midst of their fell strife, and seek
Relief from my distraction. [*Exit.*
' *Alphonzus.* (*Without.*) Let me pass!
Where is the rebels' tent? I'll fight no Moors;
Your faces and your souls are virgin white
Compared to Spain's black-hearted traitors. Where —
Where is the tiger's den? [*Enters wounded.*
It must be here!
Cowards! they have not left me breath to snatch
My vengeance — and my brain, too, reels beneath
This chaos. [*He sees the body of Prince John.*
Ah, ruthless traitor, art thou here? whose arm
Hath been more diligent than mine, to steal
Its rightful vengeance?
[*Takes up the dagger, and reels forward to the lights, gazing at it with rapture.*
Inez, it is thine!
Childslayer! It was meet that thou shouldst fall
By woman's hand. But — she is pure — and free —
Shrinking

Shrinking amidst this din of strife and blood,
With none to save her. God! In pity stop
This serpent-death that twines around my limbs,
And creeps into my heart (*falls*). Beloved land —
Take me to thy free bosom as a mother: —
My rest shall be as placid as my boy's
Own sleep — when I am in a freeman's grave.
Forgive me — Heaven — that I have had one thought —
Save for my country. [*Dies.*

[*Enter Inez with dress and hair disordered.*

'*Inez.* Hush! hush! There is my lord asleep.
Oh! wake him not, or he will see that sight —
For yet I have not dug the grave to hide it.
They cried that he was dead! Alas, poor fools,
We cannot die. The roses, and the violets,
And our sweet children, die; — but we — we sleep, —
And dream. [*She kneels over the body.*
Thou'rt very pale — and cold — and stained
With blood: — yet is thy aspect beautiful,
To eyes that have beheld black Death usurp
The throne of beauty, and make beauty hideous.
Ha! ha! They have not strangled thee! But hush —
If he awake, he'll see it, and curse Heaven!
Hush! hush! I'll sleep with him.
[*She sinks dead upon the body.*'

This tragedy has all the merits, if such they be, of unity and simplicity of action. The interest of the scene is sustained throughout; and though it is not conversant with much variety of feeling, or augmented by the usual artifices of processions and music, it is always sufficiently powerful to attract attention. It may be doubted whether the circumstances connected with the abduction of the child do not rather appertain to melo-drama than to tragedy. Yet it is not improbable that they would awaken as much anxiety and sympathy in an audience, as the suffocation of Desdemona, or the madness of Lady Macbeth. The language is also, perhaps, on the whole, beneath the dignity of tragic composition: but on the other hand, it is not disfigured by any gross affectation: it is sometimes energetic, and not seldom poetical.

ART. XII. *History of the Expedition to Russia*, undertaken by the Emperor Napoleon, in the Year 1812. By General Count Philip de Segur. 2 Vols. 8vo. Treuttel and Wurtz. 1825.

ART. XIII. *Napoleon and the Grand Army in Russia*; or, a Critical Examination of the Work of Count Philip de Segur. By General Gourgaud, late Principal Orderly Officer, and Aid-de-camp to the Emperor Napoleon. 8vo. Martin Bossange and Co. 1825.

WE have gained this advantage by the lateness of our notice of Count de Segur's work, that we have acquired materials for more impartially weighing the merit of the imputations which have been cast upon it, in the criticisms of General Gourgaud.

The disastrous termination of the expedition to Moscow, and the political changes which followed that event, are still fresh in the recollection of the public. It was an enterprize, in which the whole military resources of France were called into exertion; and the success of which would have rendered the subjugation of Europe beyond the Rhine complete. It was the last formidable effort of Napoleon to extend his aggressions, and injure England through her allies. Had he effectually established the ascendancy of French influence in the cabinet of St. Petersburgh, he would then have had but *one* unconquered enemy — the British nation.

Whether he could have succeeded in interdicting our trade, and expelling our manufactures from the Continent, is a question, the affirmative of which no man but himself could have been blind enough to have believed. His 'continental system' was absurd. Like all measures of arbitrary and severe policy its decrees were eluded, its penalties were inoperative, because they fell, not upon his enemy, but upon his ally and his own subject. The 'continental system,' the restriction of British commerce, was the basis of the Russian expedition. On this all writers agree. This policy is avowed, or recognised, in almost every page of the two works before us. 'By the continental system,' says the Count de Segur, 'Napoleon had declared eternal war against the English: to that system he attached his honour, his political existence, and that of the nation under his sway.' — 'His great object,' he adds, 'was the extension of the continental system; Alexander would shut out the English from the north, and compel Sweden to go to war with them; the French would expel them from the south and the west of Europe.' Again, says the Count, 'he declared that it was the English alone whom he meant to attack through Russia;'

Russia;' that 'he would only regard as friends the enemies of Great Britain.' On this subject the historian and his critic are in amity. But this is the only point in which their sentiments coalesce.

The author of the first work, the Count Philip de Segur, was an officer in the household and staff-department of Napoleon. His father, the Count de Segur, held a high rank in the army under the *ancien régime*, and, having survived the horrors of the Revolution, eventually became attached to the fortunes, and was favored with the confidence, of Bonaparte. His brother, also, was in the army, and was wounded at Wilna, in the campaign of Russia. He himself entered the military profession when young; in 1802 he was made *Adjutant du Palais*; in 1805 he was in active foreign service; and in 1806 was a prisoner of war in Russia. He was, consequently, in some measure acquainted with that country, anterior to his entering it with the Grand Army in 1812. He attended the Emperor through the whole of that expedition; he was with the army on its advance and on its retreat; he was an eye-witness of all its actions, of its sufferings, — and of its destruction by the elements and the enemy.

Several of the early chapters of the first volume are occupied with a sketch of the relations of France and her allies previous to the campaign; — the hesitation and uncertainty of Napoleon regarding it; — the sentiments of his ministers and general officers; — the war between Russia and the Porte, and the refusal of Bernadotte to join the confederacy. This last occurrence is worthy of being told in the words of the author. After informing us that the communications between France and Russia were at length broken off, he says:

'Napoleon immediately addressed himself to the Prince of Sweden; his notes were couched in the style of a lord paramount, who fancies he speaks in the interest of his vassal, who feels the claims he has upon his gratitude or submission, and who calculates upon his obedience. He demanded that Bernadotte should declare a real war against England, shut her out from the Baltic, and send an army of 40,000 Swedes against Russia. In return for this, he promised him his protection, the restoration of Finland, and twenty millions, in return for an equal amount of colonial produce, which the Swedes were first to deliver. Austria undertook to support this proposition; but Bernadotte, already feeling himself settled on the throne, answered like an independent monarch. Ostensibly he declared himself neutral, opened his ports to all nations, proclaimed his rights and his grievances, appealed to humanity, recommended peace, and offered himself as a

mediator; secretly, he offered himself to Napoleon at the price of Norway, Finland, and a subsidy.

'At the reading of a letter conceived in this new and unexpected style, Bonaparte was seized with rage and astonishment. He saw in it, and not without reason, a premeditated defection on the part of Bernadotte, a secret agreement with his enemies! He was filled with indignation; he exclaimed, striking violently on the letter, and the table on which it lay open: "He! the rascal! he presume to give me advice! to dictate the law to me! to dare propose such an infamous act* to me! And this from a man who owes every thing to my bounty! What ingratitude!" Then, pacing the room with rapid strides, at intervals he gave vent to such expressions as these: "I ought to have expected it! he has always sacrificed every thing to his interests! This is the same man, who, during his short ministry, attempted the resurrection of the infamous Jacobins! When he looked only to gain by disorder, he opposed the 18th Brumaire! He it was who was conspiring in the west against the re-establishment of law and religion! Has not his envious and perfidious inaction already betrayed the French army at Auerstadt? How many times, from regard to Joseph, have I pardoned his intrigues and concealed his faults! And yet I have made him General-in-chief, Marshal, Duke, Prince, and finally King! But see how all these favours, and the pardon of so many injuries, are thrown away on a man like this! If Sweden, half devoured by Russia, for a century past, has retained her independence, she owes it to the support of France. But it matters not; Bernadotte requires the baptism of the ancient aristocracy! a baptism of blood, and of French blood! and you will soon see, that to satisfy his envy and ambition, he will betray both his native and adopted country."'

The author then proceeds to describe the departure of Napoleon, 'at the head of more than six hundred thousand men,' flattering himself 'that his strength would decide every thing; — that a victory on the Niemen would cut the knot of all these diplomatic difficulties which he despised, and that then *all the monarchs of Europe, compelled to acknowlege his ascendancy*, would be eager to return into his system.'

His march from Paris to Dresden, we are told, 'was a continued triumph.' In the latter city he is represented as surrounded by '*several* Kings, and a *crowd* of Princes,' who had, 'at his *expressed wish*, all thronged to meet him — some led by hope, others prompted by fear.'

We pass over the intervening incidents from the passage of the Niemen to the entry of the Grand Army into Smolensko.

'* Napoleon, no doubt, spoke of the proposal which Bernadotte made to him to take Norway from Denmark, his faithful ally, in order by this act of treachery to purchase the assistance of Sweden.'

During

During the advance, the Russians had regularly retired, frequently to the extreme mortification of Napoleon, who had ardently longed for a battle, resting his hopes on a decisive victory, and a speedy termination to the campaign. Barclay, the Russian General, had frequently taken up a position as if with the resolution of risking a battle, and as often did he disappoint the French by sounding a retreat, and leaving scarcely a vestige of his route. But at length exhaustion and stinted rations began to commit their ravages on Napoleon's soldiers. No sooner did they leave Smolensko, on the march to Moscow, than disorder began to prevail:

'The truth is, that wine first failed them, then beer, even spirits; and, lastly, they were reduced to water, which in its turn was frequently wanting. The same was the case with dry provisions, and also with every necessary of life; and in this gradual destitution depression of mind kept pace with the successive debilitation of the body. Agitated by a vague inquietude, they marched on amid the dull uniformity of the vast and silent forests of dark pines. They crept along these large trees, bare and stripped to their very tops, and were affrighted at their weakness amid this immensity. They then conceived gloomy and absurd notions respecting the geography of these unknown regions; and, overcome by a secret horror, they hesitated to penetrate farther into such vast deserts.

'From these sufferings, physical and moral, from these privations, from these continual bivouacs, as dangerous near the pole as under the equator, and from the infection of the air by the putrified carcases of men and horses that strewed the roads, sprang two dreadful epidemics—the dysentery and the typhus fever. The Germans first felt their ravages; they were less nervous and less sober than the French; and they were less interested in a cause which they regarded as foreign to them. Out of 22,000 Bavarians who had crossed the Oder, 11,000 only reached the Düna; and yet they had never been in action. This military march cost the French one-fourth, and the allies half of their army.

'Every morning the regiments started in order from their bivouacs; but scarcely had they proceeded a few steps, before their widening ranks became lengthened out into small and broken files; the weakest, being unable to follow, dropped behind: these unfortunate wretches beheld their comrades and their eagles getting farther and farther from them: they still strove to overtake, but at length lost sight of them, and then sank disheartened. The roads and the margins of the woods were studded with them: some were seen plucking the ears of rye to devour the grain; and they would then attempt, frequently in vain, to reach the hospital, or the nearest village. Great numbers thus perished.'

The battle of Borodino was fought on the 7th of September. It cost the French upwards of 20,000 men. 'The losses,'

says our author, 'were immense, and out of all proportion to the advantages gained. Every one around him had to lament the loss of a friend, a relation, or a brother; for the fate of battles had fallen on the most distinguished. *Forty-three Generals had been killed or wounded!*' On the 14th of September, Murat entered Moscow, Bonaparte followed, and on the same night that noble city was on fire from one extremity to the other.

After disorder and famine had prevailed, till it was no longer endurable, after the armistice which Bonaparte had sought with the Russian General Kutusoff had terminated, and when it was found that Alexander did not even deign a reply to his proposals for peace, Napoleon at last resolved on leaving Moscow. He began his retreat on the 19th of October, from which time, till the middle of December, when the remnant of his army entered Wilna, there is nothing but a repetition of horrors. The weather had been previously cold: but on the 6th of November the winter set in with a snow-storm, a powerful and annoying enemy hung upon the flanks and rear of Napoleon's ragged and famished troops, the cold rains impeded their march, hunger wasted their strength, and they sunk down and perished by thousands. The Grand Army, which passed the Niemen upwards of 400,000 strong, returned to Wilna composed of only forty thousand famished unarmed stragglers, and *eight thousand* effective troops. Independent of losses on their advance, on the road, in rivers, and in fields of battle, they lost alone in that ever-memorable and disastrous retreat 'all their baggage, 500 pieces of cannon, 31 eagles, 27 Generals, forty thousand prisoners, and sixty thousand dead!'

The conduct of Marshal Ney, who commanded the rear-guard on the retreat, would of itself have rendered his name immortal. 'He often drew up,' says Count Segur, 'two thousand men against eighty thousand Russians: he returned the fire of two hundred cannon with eight pieces!'

We cannot resist extracting two of the concluding scenes of this terrible drama. The first is the passage of the Bérézina by Napoleon in person on the 28th of November:

'During the whole of that day, the situation of the ninth corps was so much more critical, as a weak and narrow bridge was its only means of retreat; in addition to which its avenues were obstructed by the baggage and the stragglers. By degrees, as the action got warmer, the terror of these poor wretches increased their disorder. First of all they were alarmed by the rumours of a serious engagement, then by seeing the wounded returning from it,

it, and last of all by the batteries of the Russian left wing, some bullets from which began to fall among their confused mass.

'They had all been already crowding one upon the other, and the immense multitude heaped upon the bank pell-mell with the horses and carriages, there formed a most alarming incumbrance. It was about the middle of the day that the first Russian bullets fell in the midst of this chaos; they were the signal of universal despair.

'Then it was, as in all cases of extremity, that dispositions exhibited themselves without disguise, and actions were witnessed, most base, and others most sublime. According to their different characters, some furious and determined, with sword in hand, cleared for themselves a horrible passage. Others, still more cruel, opened a way for their carriages by driving them without mercy over the crowd of unfortunate persons who stood in the way, whom they crushed to death. Their detestable avarice made them sacrifice their companions in misfortune to the preservation of their baggage. Others, seized with a disgusting terror, wept, supplicated, and sunk under the influence of that passion, which completed the exhaustion of their strength. Some were observed, (and these were principally the sick and wounded,) who, renouncing life, went aside and sat down resigned, looking with a fixed eye on the snow which was shortly to be their tomb.

'Numbers of those who started first among this crowd of desperadoes missed the bridge, and attempted to scale it by the sides, but the greater part were pushed into the river. There were seen women in the midst of the ice, with their children in their arms, raising them as they felt themselves sinking, and even when completely immerged, their stiffened arms still held them above them.

'In the midst of this horrible disorder, the artillery-bridge burst and broke down. The column, entangled in this narrow passage, in vain attempted to retrograde. The crowds of men who came behind, unaware of the calamity, and not hearing the cries of those before them, pushed them on, and threw them into the gulph, into which they were precipitated in their turn.

'Every one then attempted to pass by the other bridge. A number of large ammunition-waggons, heavy carriages, and cannon crowded to it from all parts. Directed by their drivers, and carried along rapidly over a rough and unequal declivity, in the midst of heaps of men, they ground to powder the poor wretches who were unlucky enough to get between them; after which, the greater part, driving violently against each other and getting overturned, killed in their fall those who surrounded them. Whole rows of these desperate creatures being pushed against these obstacles, got entangled among them, were thrown down and crushed to pieces by masses of other unfortunates who succeeded each other uninterruptedly.

'Crowds of them were rolling in this way, one over the other, nothing was heard but cries of rage and suffering. In this frightful medley, those who were trod under and stifled, struggled under the feet of their companions, whom they laid hold of with

their nails and teeth, and by whom they were repelled without mercy, as if they had been enemies.

'Among them were wives and mothers, calling in vain, and in tones of distraction, for their husbands and their children, from whom they had been separated but a moment before, never more to be united: they stretched out their arms and entreated to be allowed to pass in order to rejoin them; but being carried backwards and forwards by the crowd, and overcome by the pressure, they sunk under without being even remarked. Amidst the tremendous noise of a furious hurricane, the firing of cannon, the whistling of the storm and of the bullets, the explosion of shells, vociferations, groans, and the most frightful oaths, this infuriated and disorderly crowd heard not the complaints of the victims whom it was swallowing up.'

The next scene exhibits the effects of the climate in the early part of December, and immediately subsequent to the departure of the Emperor from Smorgoni to Paris:

'On the 6th of December, the very day after Napoleon's departure, the sky exhibited a still more dreadful appearance. You might see icy particles floating in the air; the birds fell from it quite stiff and frozen. The atmosphere was motionless and silent; it seemed as if every thing which possessed life and movement in nature, the wind itself, had been seized, chained, and as it were frozen by an universal death. Not the least word or murmur was then heard: nothing but the gloomy silence of despair, and the tears which proclaimed it.

'We flitted along in this empire of death like unhappy spirits. The dull and monotonous sound of our steps, the cracking of the snow, and the feeble groans of the dying, were the only interruptions to this vast and doleful silence. Anger and imprecations there were none, nor any thing which indicated a remnant of heat; scarcely did strength enough remain to utter a prayer; most of them even fell without complaining, either from weakness or resignation, or because people only complain when they look for kindness, and fancy they are pitied.

'Such of our soldiers as had hitherto been the most persevering, here lost heart entirely. Sometimes the snow opened under their feet, but more frequently its glassy surface affording them no support, they slipped at every step, and marched from one fall to another. It seemed as if this hostile soil refused to carry them, that it escaped under their efforts, that it led them into snares, as if to embarrass and slacken their march, and deliver them to the Russians who were in pursuit of them, or to their terrible climate.

'And really, whenever they halted for a moment from exhaustion, the winter, laying his heavy and icy hand upon them, was ready to seize upon his prey. In vain did these poor unfortunates, feeling themselves benumbed, raise themselves, and already deprived of the power of speech and plunged into a stupor, proceed a few steps like automatons; their blood freezing in their veins, like

like water in the current of rivulets, congealed their heart, and then flew back to their head; these dying men then staggered as if they had been intoxicated. From their eyes, which were reddened and inflamed by the continual aspect of the snow, by the want of sleep, and the smoke of bivouacs, there flowed real tears of blood; their bosom heaved heavy sighs; they looked at heaven, at us, and at the earth, with an eye dismayed, fixed, and wild; it expressed their farewell, and perhaps their reproaches to the barbarous nature which tortured them. They were not long before they fell upon their knees, and then upon their hands; their heads still wavered for a few minutes alternately to the right and left, and from their open mouth some agonizing sounds escaped; at last they fell in their turn upon the snow, which they reddened immediately with livid blood; and their sufferings were at an end.'

These specimens will satisfy the reader of the Count de Segur's talents as a writer. They are of no ordinary cast. The fervor of his images, the elegance of his diction, the forcible and perspicuous language in which he arrays his recollections, all combine to increase the interest of events, which in themselves were awfully momentous.

As to the work of his literary antagonist, General Gourgaud, it consists of many close columns of fastidious criticism, of frivolous objections obviously penned in a paroxysm of ill humor, of exceptions and denials palpably contradictory. General Gourgaud is well known as having been an active "Orderly Officer" in the staff of Napoleon, and of having followed the fortunes of that great man, even after his "sun of Austerlitz" had ceased to shine propitiously. He is therefore passionately zealous in watching the fame of his master. Not content with protecting him from detraction, he seems equally fearful of commendation, as if he were jealous that it should proceed from any lip or pen but his own.

His 'Critical Examination,' therefore, is the most finished piece of hypercriticism we ever read. Every sentence, every syllable of the work of the Count de Segur, displeases him. He impugns every fact, he carps at every opinion, he adds an item to, or deducts one from, every summary. The critic sneers at the historian's knowlege of geography in the following manner. He says,

'The geographical knowledge which he (Segur) displays on the occasion is likewise defective when he states, that "all the rivers which in this country (Russia) run in the direction from one pole to another have their eastern bank commanding the western, as Asia commands Europe." Europe, in its northern part forms an elevated plane, of which Moscow may be considered the centre. *Beyond* this capital the slope of the plane has therefore the contrary effect of making the eastern banks of all the rivers in that quarter less elevated than their western banks.'

Any other person than General Gourgaud would have remarked that the author does not speak of the country *beyond* Moscow. That is a territory which the Grand Army did not traverse.

Segur says that when Marshal Bessieres on one occasion told the Emperor that a certain position was unassailable he violently, and 'clasping his hands,' exclaimed, "Heavens! are you sure you are right? Is it really so? Can you answer for it?" Even this trifling incident Gourgaud affects to doubt. He remarks: 'That theatrical grief, those clasped hands appealing to Heaven, form a striking contrast with the *real* character of Napoleon. The author departs,' he adds, 'more particularly in this place, from the rule prescribed to historians as well as to poets, of making their personages act and speak according to their received character.'

Would the reader credit that after such observations, in which it is peremptorily denied that violence of passion was a trait in the temper of Napoleon, he might peruse the following from the pen of General Gourgaud himself?

'Marshal Lefebvre announced to him (Napoleon) that some Polish officers had just arrived in the town, and had applied for assistance on the part of Marshal Ney, who was at a few leagues' distance. The Emperor immediately rose, and seizing the officer *by both arms* ejaculated, *with the liveliest emotion*, "Is that really true? Are you sure of it?" The officer having assured him that he was certain of the fact, his Majesty *exclaimed*, "I have two hundred millions in my cellars at the Tuileries, and I would have given them all to ensure Ney's safety."'

Had Count de Segur been the relater of this anecdote there can be little doubt but that his acrimonious critic would have pronounced it a poetical fiction. It is notorious that Napoleon was subject to sudden bursts of passion, of joy as well as anger: but probably it was presumption in the "*Maréchal-des-logis*" to allude to them. It was a trait in the Emperor's character which his "*Principal Orderly Officer*" alone was competent to portray.

Gourgaud's work consists chiefly of objections such as these, and the most important of which are supported by the *ipse dixit* of the writer alone. The excitation which the work has produced in Paris is not surprizing: but, upon the whole, it contains very little to invalidate the testimony of M. de Segur, or detract from his merit as an able and accomplished writer.

ART.

ART. XIV. *Absenteeism.* By Lady Morgan. Post 8vo. 5s. 6d. pp. 160. Colburn. 1825.

WE hope we shall not be set down among Lady Morgan's detractors, if we presume to say of this *brochure* that it is by no means worthy of her pen. With the exception of some half-dozen pages towards the conclusion, the work is any thing but what it professes to be, an essay on the evils of Absenteeism. The phrase "absentee," says Dr. Johnson, "is used with regard to Irishmen living out of their country," and accordingly Lady Morgan thinks that she is bound to class under this definition every Hibernian of note, who has ever left his native shores, willingly or unwillingly, though but for a single day. She begins with the famous Dermot Mac Murrogh O'Kavenagh, King of Leinster, who 'pillaged his people, wasted his revenue, ran away with his neighbour's wife, and sold his country for a mess of pottage.' This illustrious sovereign, according to her Ladyship, won the title of 'the Founder of Absenteeism,' by taking a trip to Bristol in order to engage the famous Strongbow to assist him in recovering his kingdom, from which he happened to be expelled. With submission it may be observed, that her Ladyship ought to have conferred the title of 'Founder' on the Prince of Breffny, whose 'absenteeism' was the cause of that which happened to Dermot. For if his Highness had not though fit to make an excursion from home, leaving his Princess perfectly secure, as he supposed, 'in an island surrounded by a bog,' Dermot never would have succeeded in carrying her off, and never would have been an 'absentee.' The great Earl of Kildare is the next of this amphibious class, for he, it seems, was called over to England by Henry VII. for 'a few months.' His son succeeded not only to his rank, but his 'absenteeism;' for Henry VIII., 'being overtaken with vehement suspicion of sundry treasons,' thought it politic to draw him away from Ireland. This nobleman was the father of 'the more than celestial Geraldine,' and Lady Morgan takes occasion from this circumstance to deviate, by way of episode, into the history of the Earl of Surrey's romantic passion for that celebrated beauty. This is not sufficient. Upwards of twenty pages are devoted to the history of Kildare's sufferings in this country, and to his 'mock trial;' circumstances which are, no doubt, closely connected with the subject of 'absenteeism.' The wild and ridiculous tradition concerning O'Rourke, Prince of Breffny, was too tempting to be passed over. He, it is said, was invited over by the "virgin Queen" on account of his manly beauty, and was ranked among her 'secret favorites.' He, however,

however, imprudently disclosed his good fortune, and was assassinated!, Unfortunately for this romance the public execution of O'Rourke is matter of record. Thus it is that Lady Morgan ingeniously contrives to treat of every thing, but the subject on which we expected to find some information in her book. Seeing the course which her fancy led her, we were rather surprized that she did not introduce the stories of the "Irish rogues and rapparees," who occasionally exhibited the effects of 'absenteeism' on the coasts of England and Scotland. It was also a serious omission to pass over those industrious ladies and gentlemen, whom the government has been in the habit of occasionally 'inviting' as 'absentees' to New South Wales.

If Lady Morgan's facts be in general unconnected with the real evils of 'absenteeism,' her reflections are still more so. It is impossible to doubt that she loves her country, but she certainly does not serve its interest by her writings. She is too prone to attack men rather than systems; to encourage discord rather than conciliation; and she often betrays symptoms of an irritable disposition, which, to say the least of it, is not very graceful. Her invective against the licentious presses of the day is natural enough, considering that her publications have passed through a severe ordeal of criticism, over which a spirit of unmanly persecution not unfrequently presided. Nevertheless, the language of reproach seems to be the last which a woman ought to use; and to take upon herself the task of public censor, is only to invite fresh insults.

It is stated in a note, as if it had no appropriate place in the text, that 350,000*l.* are at this day taken annually from the county of Kilkenny alone, by 'absentees.' In 1779, Arthur Young, in an appendix to his Tour in Ireland, compiled a list of 'absentees,' whose receipts from that kingdom amounted to 732,000*l.* annually. We have before us a later account printed in 1782, and which makes the total amount of income, drawn annually by 'absentees' from Ireland, amount to nearly two millions! This amount must have increased in a formidable proportion since the Union. The real malady of 'absenteeism' was not felt in Ireland until that measure made it a part of the law of the land, by rendering it necessary for the principal persons among the Irish nobility and gentry, to spend the greater portion of every year in London in attendance on their parliamentary duties. London has in consequence become the metropolis of Ireland, and Dublin has been degraded into a provincial city. The evil of all this is, that though 'absenteeism' is not only justifiable but inevitable

evitable on the part of most of those who are involved in it, nothing can prevent it from exhausting the resources of Ireland, so long as her vital interests are rooted to the soil. Nothing but the spread of manufactures and an abundant commerce can ever produce permanent wealth in that country, and to this result the Union with England is unquestionably destined to lead. Lady Morgan seems to coincide with Mr. Ensor in deprecating the Union, and praying for its dissolution. This is great folly. If the question of incorporating the two legislatures were at this day to be agitated for the first time, it may be doubted whether, under all the circumstances, such a measure would be advisable. But now that a quarter of a century has ratified the connection; that new interests have sprung up inseparable from its continuance; that its disastrous effects are yielding day by day before the benefits which it is preparing for Ireland; it would be madness to think of plunging her into a new career, doubtful in its prospects at best, and divested of the support of England. On the other hand, not less is the folly of those legislators and ministers, who imagine that manufactures will repair to the interior, and commerce visit the harbours, of Ireland, until that unequal system of laws which at present deranges her whole social system shall be completely removed.

The following observations are pertinent and sensible. We regret that they form the only passages in the work worth extracting.

'In England at the present day, if all the landed proprietors were to export themselves to the Continent, and to spend their rents in its various capitals, their absence would scarcely be felt, amidst the multiplied resources of commercial activity. Wherever the lord of the soil abandoned his dwelling, an East India nabob, a money-broker, or a merchant, would stand forth ready to occupy his station, and rule over his domains; and the sums expended abroad would rapidly find their way home, in increased demands for the products of English industry. On the other hand, the *nouveaux riches*, divested of hereditary pretensions and feudal prejudices, and more deeply instructed in the true principles of political economy, would afford less opposition to the reception and diffusion of the lessons of experience; and would therefore be the more acceptable to the labouring classes, than those who, trammelled in the prejudices of hereditary consequence, obstinately stand still in knowledge, while all around them is moving in advance. In Ireland, however, it has always been otherwise. Land has been ever the only instrument of industry, and rent the only source of accumulated capital. The landed proprietors, together with their immediate dependants, the members of the learned professions, have long formed exclusively the educated classes; and their expenditure has produced the only stimulus which

which existed, to excite the petty commerce and circumscribed industry, which in the country towns of Ireland support half-a-dozen shopkeepers; who, dignified with the name of merchants, fill the municipal offices and send representatives to Parliament. When, therefore, these favourites of fortune, the landed proprietors, expatriate themselves, their mansions are left silent and desolate; and none remains behind to employ the tenantry, to spread illumination, or to distribute justice, but agents, middle men, and the clergy, whose *ex parte* notions of right and wrong, whose different creed and opposed pecuniary interests wholly unfit them for the civil duties which are thus devolved upon them.

'With such reasons for the unpopularity of absenteeism, the interests of government in the prevalence of such a prejudice strongly conspire. When the wretched condition of the country is made matter of general declamation, the minister calls for specific abuses; and when a specific abuse is dragged to daylight, and remedies are loudly demanded, absenteeism is made a ready skreen to conceal the incapacity or unwillingness to redress of the governing faction. Tithe abuses are met by the charge of excessive rents and absentee consumption; corruption of the magistracy is defended by the absence of independent justices of the peace; and whatever is the evil to be averted, whatever the malpractice to be reformed, the absentees are the ready scapegoats for every delinquent, and the plausible pretext for every forbearance.

'Absenteeship, however, always founded in bad government, becomes ruinous only as it co-operates with other and mightier evils proceeding from the same cause. In a well-ordered community the number and influence of those who eat the bread of idleness, and enjoy the means of expatriation, can never bear an overwhelming proportion to that of the industrious citizens chained down to a spot by the habits and the necessities of their laborious lives. Wherever this relative proportion is materially deranged, there will be found much to alter in existing institutions. In such a condition of things, a restraining tax is as futile as it is unjust. Government exists but to protect property; and any law which restrains the owner's right of spending his money where he pleases, operates a violence, which the most urgent necessity alone could justify. On the other hand, to expect that a pecuniary mulct, of any amount short of an absolute seizure of the entire rental, would keep those at home, whom a sense of injustice, of insecurity, and of the absence of educated and liberal intercourse (of all that makes life endurable and wealth enjoyable), drives into exile, is to be utterly ignorant of human nature, and of the habits and feelings of the aristocratical part of the community.'

ART. XV. *The Arabs;* a Tale: in Four Cantos. By Henry Austen Driver. 8vo. pp. 99. Longman and Co. 1825.

EASTERN tales are dangerous themes for young poets. They have, in themselves, a tendency to heat the glowing mind of inexperienced essayists beyond a due temperature. Mr.

Driver seems to have been fully aware of such a consequence, as he intimates, in his preface, that a story told to please 'a circle of Bedouins' would not suit an English audience; and that he need not apologize for not imitating the Arabian style, as such imitation must have ended in something "*plus Arabe qu'en Arabie.*" Mr. Driver, however, has fallen rather into the opposite extreme. The picture which he has here placed before us has too much of the cold lines of less fiery climes than those 'scorching suns of Tehamas waste' to which he directs our eyes. Without attempting to detail the story of 'The Arabs,' we shall content ourselves with observing that the author has shaped his plot, as far as it is perceptible, after that of "The Bride of Abydos." There are several brilliant passages in the poem; and in justice to Mr. Driver we quote the following description of Morad's secret hour, when, as he well expresses it, 'the heart's beatings grow articulate; and memory rushes, like a night-wind, chill across the soul.'

'Tis night:—within the palace-walls have ceast
The' exciting dance, the revel, and the feast.
All are at rest, save Morad, who had been,
Or seemed, the gayest of the festive scene.
In vain he flings him on his velvet couch;
'Tis turned to flint beneath his guilty touch:
His are those pillow-thorns for ever spread
By Conscience 'neath the pale delinquent's head:
His are those feelings of remorse which creep,
Like scorpions, round the heart, to poison sleep.
Darkness—wherein the soul sees clearest—cast
A dread distinctness o'er the blood-stained past;
Silence—which speaks the deepest in the ear
Of memory—re-echoed sounds of fear,
That shook the dews of slumber from his brow,
And left his soul aghast. What served it now,
The veil of grandeur? it was pierced by one
Heart-searching eye—an eye he could not shun.'

The manner in which Mr. Driver has touched upon the tender sympathy and deep solicitude of which the female heart is susceptible, in the moment of affliction, affords a fair specimen of his powers for this sort of composition.

'When woman's heart, in pity, turns to save,
Few are the perils which she will not brave.
Zobeidé knew each avenue was barred;
Yet hoping, still, to move the sable guard,
She tried the magic of that gentle key,
Her lips' sweet smile;—the way at once was free:

And,

And, like a Peri, wandering from her sphere
To whisper comfort in the dying ear,
She passed to where the wounded stranger lay,
In outward seeming, still as lifeless clay.

'Alas! she knew not, then, that aught could move
Save Pity's voice—a stranger yet to love.
She saw that form reclining in the gloom,
Pale as a recent inmate of the tomb;
Yet did its moveless lip and bloomless cheek
Speak more than all that living love could speak.
Her heart had listened, and long mute she clung
Around his couch, and o'er his features hung,
As she would look him back to life, and give
Him sighs for breath, so he for her might live.

'When stretched upon his field the warrior lies,
Silent and cold, in death's unconscious sleep,
The glistening night-stars from the pitying skies
Look down, and seem in dewy light to weep;
So, whilst he slumbered, mildly beamed, above,
Her orbs of beauty, dewy-bright with love.
Yet not more modestly the star's pure ray
Withdraws before the unfolding beams of day,
Than did those eyes avoid his kindling gaze,
When he awoke and glanced upon her face.'

In the following lines a pleasing application is made of that very interesting and courteous tree the Mimosa.

'One frail memorial decks that islet-grave;
There is a tree whose light leaves o'er it wave
In pendent beauty:—if ye wander nigh,
Its boughs divide, and ye may then descry
A simple, rustic cross, which stands beneath,
Raised by some Christian hand, in token of their faith.'

Our readers will perceive that Mr. Driver is not among the most scrupulous with regard to the purity of his rhymes. We suggest to him that it is contrary to rule and good taste to unite the abbreviation of evening—*e'en*, in poetical bonds with *between*, as well as to make *towards* a dissyllable. Good and smooth versification, on the whole, characterizes this poem: but it has neither strength nor originality enough to give it high distinction. Many images and ideas in it will be recognized, as having been borrowed from the master-bards, who have turned to the East for the lights which illumine their lays. If, however, the 'only purpose' in publishing his poem, as the author modestly declares, is to 'furnish an hour's amusement to those who may peruse it,' we should think he has a right to expect, at least, as much as is thus asked for his labours.

ART.

ART. XVI. *Geographical Memoirs on New South Wales;* by various Hands. Containing an Account of the Surveyer-General's late Expedition to two new Ports; the Discovery of Moreton Bay River, with the Adventures for seven Months there of two shipwrecked Men; a Route from Bathurst to Liverpool Plains; together with other Papers on the Aborigines, the Geology, the Botany, the Timber, the Astronomy, and the Meteorology of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. Edited by Barron Field, Esq., F.L.S., late Judge of the Supreme Court of New South Wales and its Dependencies. 8vo. 18*s.* pp. 504. Murray. 1825.

THE volume, to which this high-sounding title is prefixed, contains sixteen articles of unequal merit, all of which, with the exception of a few incidental remarks, and two pages on the timber of Van Diemen's Land, relate exclusively to New South Wales. The reader who may be induced by the title to search for information respecting our recent establishments in the former colony will, therefore, be greatly disappointed. We gladly hail, however, any accession to our knowlege of the latter portion of the globe, even though we cannot much approve the manner in which it is communicated. A country possessing all, or nearly all, the physical conditions requisite for the well-being of civilized society, must interest every one who looks to the future history of our species. Such a country is a great part of New South Wales, and the farther its interior has been explored, the more encouraging is the aspect it presents.

The greatest obstacle to its rapid settlement and cultivation is the want of large navigable rivers, communicating with the inland part of the country. Most of the rivers hitherto discovered on the eastern side of New Holland, empty themselves in large lagoons of water, and communicate with the sea by shoal-channels of from three to eight feet in depth, through which the stream of the tide usually runs out with great velocity. Indeed Captain King, who was employed by the Admiralty in 1818 to make a maritime survey of the coast, agrees with his predecessor, Captain Flinders, in repressing an expectation of finding any considerable navigable river to the north of Port Jackson. Captain Flinders, after a laborious survey of the coast, twenty-five years since, pronounced it to be "an ascertained fact, that no river of importance intersected the east coast of New Holland, between the 24th and 39th degree of south latitude." Captain King, in a memoir read on the 2d of October, 1822, before the Philosophical Society of Australia, says, "The coast-line has been traced with care by Captain Flinders

Flinders and others as far as the tropic, and to the northward of this, we did not detect in the whole extent (a distance of eight hundred miles) any opening, rivulet, or creek, running twenty miles in an inland direction from the sea."

This is the more remarkable, as Captain Cook, so long ago as the year 1770, observed that the sea "looked paler than usual in the bottom of Moreton Bay, and some of those who were on board with him were of opinion that it opened into a river." Such a suggestion, by so able and experienced a seaman, was sufficient to keep curiosity perpetually alive on the subject, and it was reserved for Mr. Oxley to prove that it was well founded. He had the good fortune to discover a river of very considerable magnitude opening into Moreton Bay, four hundred miles to the north of Port Jackson, and watering an extent of country unrivalled for its fertility and beauty.

In pursuance of instructions which Mr. Oxley received from the Governor, Sir Thomas Brisbane, directing him to make a survey of Port Curtis and Moreton Bay, with a view to the formation of a new convict-settlement, he sailed from Sydney in the Mermaid, on the 23d of October, 1823. Port Curtis is full of shoals, and difficult to enter. The coast of the mainland is covered with mangroves, and at low water the shore is rendered inaccessible by extensive mud-flats. After a careful examination, only two insignificant rills and a rapid mountain-stream (to which the name of the Boyne was given) were discovered in that direction, and no site was observed capable of affording subsistence, or supplying the means of profitable labor, to a large establishment.

From Port Curtis Mr. Oxley returned southward, and entered Moreton Bay on the 29th of November. Considering the west shore of this bay as only cursorily examined, he determined to trace it round in the hope of finding some extensive inlet. The first day was lost in the examination of a large creek which was mistaken for a river. The mouth of the Brisbane was entered on the second day. We must give Mr. Oxley's account of this interesting discovery in his own words.

'Early on the second day (December 2d), in pursuing our examination, we had the satisfaction to find the tide sweeping us up a considerable opening between the first islands and the mainland. The muddiness of the water, and the abundance of fresh-water mollusca, convinced us we were entering a large river; and a few hours ended our anxiety on that point, by the water becoming perfectly fresh, while no diminution had taken place in the size of the river, after passing what I have called Sea Reach. Our progress up the river was necessarily retarded by the obligation of

of making a running survey during our passage. At sunset we had proceeded up the river about twenty miles. The scenery was peculiarly beautiful — the country on the banks alternately hilly and level, but not flooded — the soil of the finest description of brush land, on which grew timber of great magnitude, of various species, some of which were unknown to us. Among others a magnificent species of pine was in great abundance. The timber on the hills was also good; and to the south-east, a little distant from the river, were several brushes or forests of the common Australian cypress-tree (Callitris Australis) of large size. Up to this point the river was navigable for vessels of considerable burthen, if not drawing more than sixteen feet water. The tide rose about five feet, being the same as at the entrance.

'The next day the examination of the river was resumed; and, with increased satisfaction, we proceeded about thirty miles further, no diminution having taken place either in the breadth or the depth of it, except that in one place, to the extent of about thirty yards, a ridge of detached rocks stretched across, having not more than twelve feet at high water. From this point to Termination Hill, the river continued of nearly uniform size; the country being of a very superior description, and equally well adapted for cultivation and for grazing; the timber abundant, and fit for all the purposes of domestic use or exportation, while the pine-trees, if they should prove of good quality, were of a scantling sufficient for the top-masts of large ships. Some were measured upwards of thirty inches in diameter, and from fifty to eighty feet without a branch.

'The boat's crew were so exhausted by their constant exertions under a vertical sun, that I was most reluctantly compelled to relinquish my intention of proceeding to the termination of tide-water. At this place the tide rose about four feet six inches, the force of the ebb-tide and current united being little greater than the flood-tide — a proof of its flowing through a very level country. Nothing, however, indicated that I should speedily arrive at that termination; and being upwards of seventy miles from the vessel, with not more than another day's provisions (not having expected to make such a discovery), I landed on the south shore for the purpose of examining the surrounding country. On ascending a low hill rising about two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the river, which I called Termination Hill, I obtained a view of its apparent course for thirty or forty miles, and saw a distant mountain (which I conjectured to be the "High Peak" marked on Captain Flinders's chart) bearing S. 1½° E., distant from twenty-five to thirty miles. Round from this point to the N. W., the country declined considerably in elevation, and had much the appearance of an extended plain, formed of low undulating hills and vales, well, but not heavily, wooded. The only elevations of magnitude were some hills seven or eight hundred feet high, which we had passed to the northward. The appearance of the country, the slowness of the current even at ebb-tide, and the depth of water, induced me to conclude that the river

will be found navigable for vessels of burthen to a much greater distance, probably not less than fifty miles. There was no appearance of its being flooded, no mark being found higher than seven feet above the level, which is little more than would be caused by the flood-tide at high water forcing back any unusual accumulation of waters in rainy seasons.'

Mr. Oxley is of opinion that the sources of the river will not be found in a mountainous country, but in some lake, which will prove to be the receptacle of interior streams crossed by him in 1818. 'Whatever may be its origin (he adds), it is by far the largest fresh water river in New South Wales, and promises to be of the utmost importance to the colony, as it affords communication with the sea to a vast extent of country, a great portion of which appeared to me capable of raising the richest productions of the tropics.'

It is remarkable that Mr. Oxley in this report makes no reference to Captain Cook's suggestion already noticed. But there is another omission still more unaccountable, and, indeed, somewhat uncandid; because, as the report now stands, one would infer from it that Mr. Oxley had been led to the discovery of the river from his own unassisted observation of natural phænomena. This omission, however, is supplied in the lively and interesting memoir of Mr. Uniacke, who accompanied the expedition.

It appears from Mr. Uniacke's narrative that immediately after the Mermaid anchored in Moreton Bay, an Englishman, of the name of Thomas Pamphlet, made his appearance on the shore attended by a number of natives, from whom, by his appearance and color, he was quickly distinguished. He was immediately taken on board, and he stated that, in company with three other men, he had sailed from Sydney in March, 1823, in an open boat, to bring cedar from some islands about fifty miles to the south of Port Jackson; that the boat being driven out to sea by a gale of wind they had suffered inconceivable hardships for twenty-one days, at the expiration of which they were wrecked near the spot where the Mermaid was then lying; that one of his companions had died of thirst, and the two others, Richard Parsons and John Finnegan were still on shore. These two men were subsequently taken on board also, and from their information the Brisbane was discovered. Mr. Oxley makes no allusion whatever to this circumstance.

From the description given of the natives of this part of New Holland by Mr. Uniacke, and from the narratives of the Englishmen who had resided with them, we cannot avoid forming a far more favorable opinion of their characters and moral

moral habits, than we had entertained from the accounts of former navigators. Their personal appearance is better than that of the natives near Sydney: many of the women are tall, straight, and well formed, and 'there were two, in particular, whose shape and features were such as no white woman need be ashamed of.' The treatment they receive from the men, is very different from what they experience near Sydney. Thomas Pamphlet asserts that 'during his residence among these natives, nearly seven months, he never saw a woman struck or ill treated except by one of her own sex. Indeed, save among the women, he never saw a quarrel in that or any other tribe he was with.' This must be understood of the individuals in each tribe, as among themselves, for we are afterwards told that the contests of the neighbouring tribes are frequent and often end fatally. Yet even these contests, from the description given of them, appear to be much less sanguinary and ferocious, than those which are common among savage tribes in most of the uncivilized parts of the world. Their food is principally fish and fern roots, which they roast: both sexes go entirely naked, but they smear their bodies twice a-day with a mixture of wax and charcoal. Each tribe has a chief, who appears to possess unlimited authority over it. But the most pleasing and remarkable part of the whole narrative is the account of the kindness, generosity, and humanity, with which the shipwrecked Englishmen were treated by these New Hollanders; they were plentifully supplied with food, even when it was scarce; they were lodged in a spacious hut separate from the natives; their bodies were regularly painted, and they were often gently solicited to allow themselves to be farther ornamented by having their skins scarified, and their noses bored. Not the least violence was ever done to them during their whole stay. This conduct forms a striking contrast with that of one of the shipwrecked men, Parsons, who made two attempts to murder one of his companions for the slightest causes of offence. The natural savage of Moreton Bay appears a being of a very superior order, when compared with the half-tamed savage of our own country, of whom we may often truly say, with Cicero, "*In hominis figurâ immanitatem belluæ gerit.*" Only on one occasion, during the stay of Mr. Oxley's party with the natives of the vicinity of this bay, did they shew the least inclination to pilfer, although they were constantly begging for every thing they saw; and yet, strange to say, they had no notion of religion. 'I could not ascertain,' says Mr. Uniacke, 'that these people had any idea whatever of religion. They do not stand in

awe either of good or evil spirits; nor did the Englishmen who found with them ever observe any thing like religious ceremony or prayer among them during all the time of their residence.' This, doubtless, is no more than negative evidence, and, perhaps, it ought not to be received as conclusive. The account of the impression produced by the first sight of boiling water is amusing:

'When Pamphlet arrived among them, they had no more idea that water could be made hot than that it could be made solid; and on his heating some in a tin-pot which he had saved when wrecked, the whole tribe gathered round him and watched the pot till it began to boil, when they all took to their heels, shouting and screaming; nor could they be persuaded to return till they saw him pour the water out and clean the pot, when they slowly ventured back, and carefully covered the place where the water was spilt, with sand. During the whole of our countrymen's stay among them, they were never reconciled to this operation of boiling.'

The narrative of two fights among the natives contain a lively description of their manners; and it is deserving of notice, that when Finnegan, who accompanied his hospitable tribe, fell into the hands of the adverse party, they laughed much at his color and appearance, but did not offer him the slightest injury.

The immediate practical and very useful result of this expedition, has been the selection of a site for the removal of the convict-establishment from Port Macquarie. The latter will be thrown open to free settlers. Its fine climate, excellent soil, and convenient distance from Sydney, afford it many advantages for that purpose.

The sixth article of the volume is '*The Journal of a Route from Bathurst to Liverpool Plains, with a Map, explored by Mr. Allan Cunningham, his Majesty's Botanical Collector for Kew Gardens.*' — The country through which Mr. Cunningham passed, in going to the north and north-east, contains much fine grazing land, in many parts open, in others wooded. The country through which he returned contains a large extent of barren land, and is in some parts almost destitute of water. He appears to have crossed no river of any magnitude in the whole of his journey, after leaving the Macquarie: he has marked in the map numerous rivulets descending from the mountains, but their courses through the country remain to be traced. The information which Mr. Cunningham has given respecting the soil and natural productions will be valuable to the settlers in the colony, but a three months' journal without any adventures, and chiefly

filled

filled with descriptions of the quality of the land, affords little entertainment to a general reader. We may look forward with pleasure to a period, not very remote, when these extensive solitudes will be the cheerful abodes of civilized men.

The remaining part of the volume is chiefly occupied with papers read before the Philosophical Society of Australia. These papers might possess some merit in the place where they were first made known, but they scarcely contain any observations which intitle them to republication in Europe. The paper on the aborigines of New Holland and Van Diemen's Land was written by Mr. Field, the editor of the volume. He is of opinion that the Australians are of Ethiopian origin; and, like many preceding writers, he classes the New Zealanders and the inhabitants of most of the islands scattered over the Pacific and South Seas, with the Malays. The inference which he draws from hence is that 'the Australians will never be civilized, but that the South-Sea islanders will.' To this awful sentence of eternal barbarism, pronounced by the learned ex-Judge of New South Wales against a large portion of the human race on the slightest evidence, we are not disposed to yield our assent. The experiment of Negro improvement has not yet been fairly commenced, except in Hayti, and there the result is directly opposed to the notion that Negroes are incapable of civilization. In other parts, slave drivers and convicts do not present the best examples of the advantage of civilized life over that of the savage; and the thirty years which, the writer says, have elapsed without producing a change in the manners of the New Hollanders, is a period much too short to effect any improvement in the natives surrounding a colony of convicts. Even sailors and soldiers, without an admixture with the outcasts of society, are in general but ill qualified to teach, by their example, the duties of self-government and the kind charities of life to savage tribes. Granting the physiological difference and inferiority of the Negro to the Caucassian, or even to the Malay, it remains to be proved that this difference and inferiority may not be diminished, when the intellectual powers are developed by education through successive generations. We remember to have seen and conversed with Paul Cuffee, the first Negro who crossed the Atlantic in a vessel built by himself and his Negro crew: we thought we could discover a marked improvement in the expression, and even in the form of his face: it was less animal than that of the uneducated Negro, and had acquired much of the thoughtful, meditative cast that characterizes many of the religious society of Friends,

of which he was a member: his observations on the best means of civilizing the Africans were judicious and discriminating.

The only remaining paper in this volume, which we think it necessary to notice, is one on the maritime geography of Australia by Captain King: it contains various articles of information respecting the general appearance of the country near the coast, which do not admit of abridgment. The same remark also applies to his scattered observations on the geology of the country, which occur in several of the memoirs. We much wished to have had a better account of the coal-field south of Hunter's River, than is given in Mr. Berry's paper on the geology of part of the coast: this coal-field must in a few years be of great importance to the colony.

We cannot conclude without noticing some of the peculiarities of the editor's style. He says, 'The geology of the country is sand stone,' which is about as proper as to say, "The zoology of Lincolnshire is mutton." In the preface we are told, 'much every way is expected from the *gubernatorial* experience and decision of mind of the Governor-elect, the wisdom and learning of the Archdeacon, and the natural science and *business-talent* of the Colonial Secretary.' After regretting the extinction of the Philosophical Society of Australia, and naming several clever persons in the colony, the writer adds; 'Of *wood* like all this surely the *mercury* of a scientific body might be made.' We are not aware of any natural affinity between these two substances; nor are we certain that the gentlemen here named will be very well pleased with their appointment as *wooden members* of the new society. This reminds us of Mr. Brooke Watson, a city orator of the last generation, who was distinguished by a wooden leg, the natural one having been bitten off by a shark. In the "Criticisms on the Rolliad" the public are congratulated that the shark had not bitten off the orator's head, instead of his leg; for, in the writer's opinion,

> "The best of joiners, and the best of wood,
> Could not have made another half so good."

These Memoirs are elucidated by four maps, drawn to correspond with Mr. Oxley's general map of the colony of New South Wales: a reduced outline of that map should also have been annexed.

ART.

ART. XVII. *Matilda; a Tale of the Day.* Post 8vo. 10s. 6d. pp. 379. Colburn. 1825.

IT has been much the fashion, of late years, to ascribe anonymous novels to persons moving in the higher ranks of life. Thus "Tremaine" has been imputed to several noblemen, without being as yet owned by any body; thus, too, 'Matilda' has already glittered under four or five distinguished names, though it seems to be pretty generally agreed that the author is Lord Normanby. There is not a principle, not a sentiment, not even perhaps a line, in the book, which any man need blush to acknowledge. As a literary composition it is evidently the work of an enlightened, liberal, and accomplished mind, — as a story, it is fraught with the deepest interest, and at the same time forms one of the most eloquent lessons of morality that we have ever perused. If the narrative be founded on fact, as the author more than once declares it to be, the effect which it is calculated to produce on society is of the greatest importance. The pictures which it presents of English fashionable life, both as it exists at home and on the Continent, are manifestly copied from nature, and are executed with great vigor and beauty. Perhaps there is a want of keeping in the grouping and coloring, so to speak, which has arisen from an anxiety on the part of the author to introduce variety and contrasts into his scenes. But the charm and the value of the work consist in the masterly description, which it exhibits of the fatal progress and issue of a passion, innocent in its commencement, frustrated in its progress, revived under circumstances which ought to have prevailed on both parties to check their feelings, till at last it overwhelmed their sense of duty, and with guilt brought upon them the most exquisite misery.

Augustus Arlingford formed an attachment in early life for Lady Matilda Delaval, which she fully returned. Equal in family, though she was his superior in fortune, they were not, however, destined to be married. During a temporary absence of Arlingford from England, his conduct was foully misrepresented to her: his circumstances were described to her as ruinous; and in an evil hour, through the persuasion of interested friends, she became the wife of Sir James Dornton, a partner every way unsuitable for her. Some time after her marriage, Arlingford, by the death of his elder brother, succeeded to the title and estates of Lord Ormsby, but he found in them no consolation for the loss of Matilda. He returned to England, and accidentally met her, for the first time, at a dinner-party. It was a severe trial to both: but they were too

conversant with the usage of the world to allow their feelings to be observed; and Matilda was still too virtuous not to use all the means in her power in order to suppress the recollections of her earliest affection. A vague consciousness that he was not utterly indifferent to her, notwithstanding the change in her situation, found admission to the breast of Ormsby, but he had as yet no desire to try it by any severer test, and retired to his seat in the country.

At this part of the narrative the family of the Holsons, related to Sir James, are introduced on the stage. These *nouveaux riches* are extremely tiresome; and though the caricature which the author draws of them is bold, and often amusing, yet we think that, upon the whole, it tends rather to deform than improve the picture. One feels oppressed with a sense of pain, in seeing these assuming persons intruding so often upon the repose of scenes, which, without their presence, would have produced only impressions of unqualified delight. With this disagreeable family it is Lady Matilda's fate to take a journey to the Continent. At Geneva she meets two of the beloved friends of her childhood in Lady Ormsby, the mother of Augustus, and in Emily, his sister. Here, too, unhappily for her peace, she encounters another of her early companions. But this meeting is too forcibly depicted to be given in any other words than those of the author.

"It was not yet mid-day when an English travelling carriage, that seemed stained with the variation of each soil," marking that it had not lingered by the way, turned out of the main road down the lane which led to the campagne on the lake; and after a handsome head in travelling cap had several times been thrust through the window, as if making inquiries, the postillions finally stopped at the gate of Lady Ormsby's villa. The traveller jumped out, and was at the inner door before he was met by old Wilson the house-steward, who, after giving him a lengthened stare, exclaimed, "My Lord! well, to be sure — to think of your coming upon us all like a little impromptu, as I may say!" for in his residence abroad, Wilson too had acquired a little foreign garnish for his tongue. Then altering his tone he added, "But nothing's happened amiss, I hope?"

"No, nothing at all, Wilson," said Lord Ormsby, "only that I got away sooner than I expected, — that's all. But where's my mother?"

"Why, her Ladyship is just stepped out for a little promenade, I believe, but if you will wait in here, I will fetch her myself." To this Lord Ormsby consented, as he did not wish to have the family meeting under the restraint of a public walk — which was what he perhaps understood by Wilson's "promenade." He

was left therefore to himself in the sitting-room, which opened into the conservatory.

'"What a happy life," thought he, as he first admired the room itself, and then the thousand little comforts with which its present mistress had adorned it. "Never idle, either of them, I'm sure," he continued, as his eye wandered among various symptoms of elegant occupation, and at last rested on the instrument, — on the desk of which he was somewhat startled at recognizing, in a well-known hand-writing, "Matilda Delaval," marked on the first leaf of his favourite "*Ombra adorata.*"

'Full well he recollected the night at Ormsby Castle when she had thus marked that paper, and which had at the time drawn from him a remark upon her thinking it necessary thus to appropriate that which she had every way identified with herself. "Could she then be thus near to him? Was it possible that on the very spot where he was then standing, she had been lately delighting his own family, with those tones to which he had never listened without rapture? — No, he persuaded himself that these were all vain illusions, the offspring of a heated imagination; and that a much more natural explanation was, that, like those little relics he had found at Ormsby, the music had formerly been left there, and that his sister had now been practising it."

'He had nearly convinced himself that this must be the case, when he accidentally took up from another table a sketch-book, with a pencil, whose touch he well knew, left between the leaves, at a half-finished view from the very windows of the apartment where he was seated. There could be no mistake here. "Her pencil was always left in the book." This was apparently so trifling a circumstance, that none but a lover's recollection could have retained it as characteristic: but the view spoke for itself; and, as he took it to the window, and devoured it with his eyes, "she is then actually at Geneva," exclaimed he.

'That he was not more surprised at the discovery, was what he could not account for. He had never owned to himself that the possibility of such a chance had had the least effect in determining him upon this foreign expedition; whilst it was so very natural he should be desirous to see his mother and sister, that *that* reason alone was quite satisfactory to one never rigid in self-examination of the motives of every action to which he felt inclined.

'Whilst still gazing on the sketch which he held in his hand, he was roused by a gentle tap at the farther window, by which the garden-entrance passed which led through the conservatory into the room; — and turning round, he caught the last glimpse of a female form entering at the glass-door. Almost at the same moment a well-known voice exclaimed, whilst passing the conservatory, "My dear Emily, Sir James is gone to Chamouni, and I can stay:" — and the next moment Matilda stood in amazement before him.

'That moment was one made up of the purest inspiration of feeling, and was as little amenable to the dictates of preconcerted

certed prudence, as the effusions of gifted genius are to the dogmas of art.

'"Augustus!" escaped from her lips, in a tone which thrilled the heart's core of Ormsby, and created an oblivion of all things present and past, save only the delights of that happy time when it was "familiar to him as a household word," even from *her* lips. With her, too, the exclamation had arisen from a momentary self-oblivion. But instead of perpetuating, it caused it in an instant to pass away. Her feelings since her marriage had been so severely disciplined, and under such constant controul, that with a single effort she recovered the appearance of composure. Not that the impression was transient, — that it bounded lightly off, — that it was no longer retained when no longer shewn; but as a rock, if dashed on the calm still lake before them, would with its first shock only cause outward agitation; and whilst it sunk deeper and deeper within, and was imbedded for ever in the bosom of the waters, stillness would again have settled on their surface, — even so, Matilda conquered all external emotion, at a meeting which was not however without influence on her after-fate.

'With perfect calmness she began questioning Ormsby as to his unexpected arrival. But his feelings were much less tractable, — excited as they had been, not only by the exclamation of Matilda, but by the momentary expression of her lovely face, glowing with matchless sensibility. It had seemed to him like the transient glimpse of another and a better world. In vain he tried to force himself into common topics, — to account for his being there, — to stammer out a common-place compliment on meeting her, — to bestow some hackneyed praise on her drawing, which he still held in his hand. At last he exclaimed, "It's all in vain, — I may form resolutions in solitude, in a crowd I may maintain them; but in a meeting like this I can but be — myself! Pardon this language, — this unwarrantable, but involuntary, trespass on your tranquillity. Pity and forget me!" then pressing her hand for an instant to his lips, he rushed into the garden.

'It had been a scene of such bewildering emotion, such unexpected interest, — previously so utterly unforeseen, — so rapid in its development, — so abrupt in its termination, — that Matilda, wandering unconsciously forth, and finding herself again in her carriage, felt, when first roused by the servant inquiring for orders, like one awakened from the confusion of a dream; but as hastily replying, "Home, home," she threw herself back in the carriage, every thing that had passed recurred in all the agitating consciousness of reality, and her feelings now burst forth with a vehemence redoubled by previous restraint.'

The concealment of this interview from all her friends is the first false step taken by Matilda. She felt dissatisfied with herself for it, although her only motive was to spare the feelings of Ormsby. The worst effect of it was, that it accustomed her mind to associate his image with the necessity of disguise.

disguise. At Milan they meet again; but it is not until they arrive at Rome, that accidental circumstances place them so near each other as to endanger the hitherto unsullied innocence of Matilda. Sir James, yielding to a fit of that irascibility, which our countrymen are so fond of displaying abroad, picked a quarrel with a Roman tradesman, which might have been fatal to his life, had he not been defended by Ormsby, who happened to be in the shop. In the affray, Ormsby was desperately wounded: he was afterwards taken to Sir James's residence, and placed under the care of Matilda! Many weeks elapsed before his bodily recovery was effected: but, in the mean time, the disease of his mind, as might be expected, was fully communicated to that of Matilda. Her husband had not as yet conceived any suspicions as to the real state of her heart. An excursion was fixed for the Pamphyli Doria gardens by Sir James and the Hobsons: Lady Matilda having been detained at the sculptor's, sitting for her bust, Ormsby was appointed to call for her.

'To this Ormsby could not consent more readily than did the Baronet; and Matilda, being already from home, was not a party consulted. When Ormsby alone, therefore, attended her at the sculptor's, she certainly did not think it necessary to volunteer any fictitious objection to an arrangement in which her opinion had never been asked. To the Pamphyli Doria therefore they went, and there they were left long to loiter alone on this, the last day which remained to them of that unrestrained intercourse in which circumstances had recently permitted them to indulge.

'The time and place seemed not only peculiarly to harmonize with the state of their mutual feelings, but to be even emblematical of the deceitful dangers of their relative situation. It was one of those delicious days when nature's self seems new; and here, on this favoured spot, whose refined solitudes are purposely elevated above the grosser cares of the lower world, its sunshiny smile tempts a lingering stay, and soothes into oblivion of all but the present pleasure. But, alas! *malaria's* deadly poison hovers in every balmy breath that whispers love, and destruction lurks beneath the budding hopes of each opening flower.

'Matilda and Ormsby had lingered long near one of those lonely fountains which adorn some of the varied vistas of the gardens. Even in his eyes she had never looked more lovely. The simple attire to which, as best suited to a statuary's classical taste, she had confined her morning's toilet, was peculiarly calculated to invest her perfect form with an almost aërial grace; whilst the tranquil indulgence of the softer feelings of her nature gave a matchless expression of tenderness to her angelic features. But as she bent her eyes towards him who occupied all her thoughts, and met his adoring gaze, she felt suddenly struck with the change which his recent severe illness had made in his fine manly beauty;

beauty; and it recalled her mind from the calm enjoyment of the present moment, and enforced the recollection, of how much of their late re-union they had owed to sickness and to suffering, — how, in his sunken eye and faded cheek, the traces of the melancholy origin of their transitory pleasure were left to survive the advantages they had derived from so unwelcome a cause.

'Touched with these reflections, as she leant on the marble balustrade, and shook, as she struggled for composure, her purposely averted head, a few drops which had gathered in her full dark eye fell unbidden, — mingling, in their sullen fall, with the playful patter of the merry fountain over which she was bending.'

Those tears were the ominous precursors of her fate. Ormsby lost all sense of restraint, and revealed the passion that preyed upon him. Matilda confessed that the love she once plighted to him never was another's, that her home had become cheerless to her, that her peace of mind was broken, and she resolved to part with him on the spot, never to see him more. It was in this situation, and thus earnestly engaged, that they were seen by Sir James and his friends. A remark or two, slightly thrown out by one of his party, suddenly kindled his jealousy, and being confirmed in his suspicions by a discovery of the unfortunate meeting between the two lovers at Geneva, he resolved on hurrying away Matilda from Rome immediately. On the journey to Florence she 'had to submit to every species of ill treatment, short of actual violence, which a vulgar mind and an unfeeling nature, under the irritation of supposed injury, could inflict.' Ormsby madly followed them to Florence, obtained a stolen interview with Matilda, who, 'unable any longer to bear the barbarity of her husband, or to resist the ardor of her lover, faltered out her faint consent to an immediate elopement;' and in a few days they were at Naples.

'During the whole of their prosperous flight, light and buoyant as the bark that bore them were the hearts of the fugitives, and boundless as the bright expanse of sunshiny waters around seemed their happiness. At the conclusion of the voyage, they exchanged the comparative confinement and restraint of their vessel, for ever-varied rambles through the lonely environs of Sorrento; where, in that most beautiful corner of the most beautiful bay in the world, they had taken a villa for the summer. Here, whilst days untold swelled into weeks, and weeks that passed unheeded made up months, — eternal as the smiling skies above, and fruitful as the teeming earth on which they trod, still seemed their love. But not more certain was the revolution of the seasons, than this delicious dream to have an end.'

Matilda,

Matilda, perhaps, under her circumstances, would never have formed a wish to quit this solitude. But Ormsby soon began to find that he had other interests than those of the heart to attend to. He received letters from his mother, his lawyer, his steward, his political friends, consulting him upon points which recalled him to the business of every-day life, from the romance in which his feelings had been hitherto bewildered. What a volume of instruction is contained in the following passage! What a picture of that *happiness* which flows from illegitimate affection! How charming the contrast between the two guilty lovers and the 'light-hearted peasants,' whose daily industry secured their innocence!

'As they pursued their usual evening stroll through the vineyards, whose ripe burthens overhung the sloping banks, and almost touched the waters, Matilda could not but remark how much absorbed he was in his own reflections; and she at length thus broke the unusually protracted silence.

'"How I do hate letters! True, I hardly ever had a pleasant one. Strange as it may seem, I do not think that I ever in my life received one from you, Ormsby."

'"Do you wish me to give you a speedy opportunity of experiencing that pleasure?" said Ormsby, smiling.

'"Oh! do not talk so, even in jest. I cannot bear to contemplate such a thing as possible."

Ormsby tore the letters, and threw the scraps into the sea.

'The spot on which this little incident occurred was the loveliest of all the lovely scene around, and, for this reason, had often been the limit of their evening ramble. The beautiful banks of the little inlet, on one side of which they were seated, were crowned with a profusion of myrtles, acacias, and other sweet plants, which irresistibly tempted to linger within the precincts of the double enjoyment of their fragrant shade. The vineyard-path on the other side of the bay, traversed only by the light-hearted peasants, as they returned from their work, carolling some of the wild and gay melodies of their native dialect, gave occasional animation to the scene, without at all interfering with its secluded charm. On the broad extent of waters beyond, the setting sun had marked his track of liquid fire, such as no pen, and the pencil only of Claude, can describe.

'I know not whether it was from the peculiar stillness of the atmosphere, and the more than usually glass-like surface of the sea, (which will sometimes convey sound to an almost incredible distance,) but it was the first time Ormsby had remarked, that from hence they could catch the "busy hum of men," and the rumbling of the carriages on the evening-promenade at Naples. There was something in his tone and manner in making this observation, which struck Matilda's sensitive mind as implying a wish

wish to be there; — and in a moment her part was taken. — "Ormsby," she said, "you wish to change the scene. — For myself, Heaven knows with you I could remain for ever in this earthly paradise; — that is, with you wholly and entirely, in mind as well as person. But never through mistaken kindness attempt to disguise from me any desire you may have; for if *you* are but happy, all places are the same to me. I can have no wish, no hope, but to please you; and my worst fear is to be felt as a constraint on your inclinations."

'Ormsby warmly protested, in reply, that he had no wish for change — that no one could be happier than he. And so at the moment he felt. But in a week they had removed to Naples!'

Matilda soon found at Naples that she must shut herself out completely from the world, or appear in it in a character equally novel and painful to her feelings. Every attempt made by Ormsby to restore her to her rank in society, which he hoped was not altogether impracticable under 'the peculiar circumstances' of her case, was followed only by fresh mortifications. Among these, the most painful arose from the assumption of a notoriously infamous woman, in visiting the fallen Matilda upon terms of perfect equality!

At length Ormsby was informed that Sir James had taken legal steps for the purpose of obtaining a divorce; and he proceeded to England, in order to facilitate a measure which would enable him to legitimatize his union with Matilda, — a consummation now rendered doubly desirable. Her residence, in the mean time, was fixed in a small and retired villa in the neighbourhood of Nice, where she found some consolation in the friendship of a Mrs. Sydney. The divorce was completed, and a day was fixed for the return of Ormsby, by a felucca, from Genoa, where he was to embark, as the speediest mode of reaching her. That was a day of anxious expectation to Matilda. The morning was calm. She walked out to a remote promontory, in order to catch the earliest view of the friendly sail. Suddenly a tempest arose. A vessel appeared in sight, rocked by the wild winds which raised the waves mountain-high. In a moment it was a wreck at her feet, and every soul on board perished. She was found senseless, and conveyed home. The following day she unconsciously and prematurely became a mother. The concluding scene is agonizing.

'When Mrs. Sydney entered Lady Matilda's room, she found her supported by pillows in her bed — the windows opened wide — her beautiful hands clasped as in prayer — and the big tears chasing each other down her colourless cheek.

'"Dearest friend," she said, "I have been very — very faint — but soon I shall meet my love again. I feel it here," pressing her

her breast,—" and most grateful to my heart is the sensation of death. Nay, look not so — for I shall see him — God is merciful — a broken and a contrite spirit will he not reject."

'"Dearest Lady Matilda," interrupted her friend, "do not give way to these agitating anticipations of death. I know there is no cause for alarm. But Lord Ormsby you will see, and that soon."

'"He's here — he's alive — he is not lost — I read it in your eyes. — Ormsby, my love — Oh, my God, let me live to see him again!" cried Matilda, as, exhausted by the effort, she sunk fainting on the pillow.

'It was in Ormsby's arms that she was restored to consciousness; it was from his trembling hands she received the restoratives her weakened frame required; and even the stern, relentless hand of death was for a moment stayed by the renewed energies that strongest of human passions inspired; and for a time nothing was felt save the all-engrossing happiness of their re-union.

'"My child — *our* child — Ormsby, have you seen it?" said Matilda, as Mrs. Sydney placed the infant by its mother's side.

'"Dearest child!" said Ormsby, kissing it, — Oh my Matilda, what a treasure it will be to us! how will our happiness grow with its growth."

'"*Our* happiness! — Oh, Ormsby — give me air — I am very faint — but do not leave me."

'"Leave you! — Oh, that I had never left you for one moment! — how could any thing persuade me to tear myself one instant away from my only treasure?"

'"Say not so — Do not now, repine, my love — I trust that good has come out of this evil — Ormsby, I feel that I am more fit to die — nay, start not, — Had I basked ever in the sunshine of thy presence, many sad and salutary reflections had been withered and lost. Then think of the dear Emily — her well-merited happiness is cheaply purchased even by death."

'"Is there no advice?" said Ormsby: "pray compose yourself — you wear your gentle frame — these emotions are too much for you." Ormsby said true. — She was now utterly exhausted: but it was not with the pleasurable emotions she had experienced only too late. If any thing could have prolonged her fleeting existence, it would have been the happiness she now enjoyed. But her spirit was fluttering on the verge of eternity, and a few hours must see it wing its inevitable flight.

'"And is there, then, no perfect love in this world?" sighed Mrs. Sydney; "must these dear ones part, just when they might in innocence have together lived to repent their past transgressions? But thy will be done! — Oh, that instead — a being so sad and lonely as myself had been fated to leave them behind me!"

'There were moments during the remainder of the evening when Matilda's eye shone so brilliantly, and her voice sounded so sweetly, that Ormsby and Mrs. Sydney almost indulged a hope that she might be spared to them; but the medical man conceived it his duty at once to check such vain and fruitless expectation.

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He solemnly assured them that she could hardly live through the night, and that he much feared the child, too, could not survive.

'Matilda overheard, in part, this opinion; and pressing the unconscious infant to her breast, she exlaimed, "Oh! 'tis too much to hope, even from Infinite Mercy, that my sins may so far be pardoned that I may be rendered even as this innocent."

'"Nay," said Mrs. Sydney, "remember with confidence, that the same Divine authority from which we learn, that of such is the kingdom of Heaven, tells us that there is even more joy over one sinner that repenteth."

'Through all that wretched night, Matilda's life was only prolonged by the constant circulation of air through the apartment, and as the darkness and damp gradually dispersed, the shades of death seemed to gather and thicken around her devoted head. The refreshing fragrance of earliest morning played in vain about her livid lips, just struggling to emit the last mortal breath that would ever mingle with the rival sweetness of the air. The first rays of the rising sun shone unseen upon her glassy eye, about to close for ever against the reviving light of day — it closed — and the sufferer and her sufferings were no more.

'When Ormsby awoke from the stupor of despair to the full sense of his utter desolation, he found that his helpless infant had also closed its emphemeral existence, and that he was thus utterly bereaved at once of every outward trace, of every living record, of his late guilty connexion.

'After a time, he sought some relief to his feelings in active service in the cause of the Greeks; but even in the most eventful moments of his after-life, that would sometimes obtrude itself, which was never absent from his solitary pillow, — the image of his poor Matilda, as, heart-broken and repentant, he had seen her on the evening preceding the fatal catastrophe which had left him alone in the world.'

The author tells us, in the commencement of the volume, that, in early life, 'Matilda's religious education had been neglected.' His tale is a sad, yet beautiful, commentary on this text.

THE

APPENDIX

TO THE

HUNDRED AND SEVENTH VOLUME

OF THE

MONTHLY REVIEW

ENLARGED.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

ART. I. *The History of the French Revolution.* From the French of A. THIERS and F. BODIN. 3 Vols. 8vo. London. Whittaker. 1825.

THE French Revolution has exercised a greater influence on the affairs of mankind than any other circumstance in the annals of the modern world. It has afforded an example, which should never be forgotten, of the dreadful retribution of popular vengeance upon the despotism of ages; it has exhibited the vain theories of equality and the unbridled licence of democracy; and it has proved that, while the only safeguards of public prosperity and virtue consist in the union of good government and religion, the only security for property and true freedom must be sought in the well-balanced powers of a mixed constitution.

As long as that convulsion agitated our times, it was vain to expect, that its phænomena could meet with that calm examination, which was necessary in order to ascertain their real character and tendency. But the period has at length arrived when they must be consigned to the page of philosophic history, as they are to appear to posterity. Though the catastrophe is yet recent and fresh in our recollections, we have lived to contemplate it with as little passion and prejudice as human action can ever excite; and it remains for

the present generation, the witnesses and survivors of that moral deluge, to explore and estimate the changes which it has produced. The work before us is the earliest of many attempts, which will follow, to accomplish this purpose: — we have hailed its appearance as a first sign that the waters are finally subsiding; and we have been led, with some curiosity, to examine the traces of popular opinion left by the inundation on that soil which it especially overwhelmed.

The general execution of the work is far above mediocrity. The transitions of the Revolution, — from the justifiable overthrow of despotism to the short-lived limited monarchy, the gradual encroachments on the recognized powers of the crown, the visionary creation of a republic, the inevitable termination of popular licence in anarchy, and the "lower deep profound" of demoniac lawless ferocity, — are all portrayed in simple and forcible coloring. If we are not uniformly disposed to assent to the views, which the authors have taken of different political parties, their peculiar shades of opinion will be found to affect the value of their work but in a very slight degree. The credit of that general integrity in the relation of facts, which is the sacred and paramount duty of the historian, must be freely conceded to MM. THIERS and BODIN: the rest is of little import.

When the authors justify the original efforts of the constitutional party in the States-General against the arbitrary government, no Englishman, we hope, will be prepared to dissent from their opinions. When it may be implied that they advocate the union of the states of the French kingdom in a single legislative assembly, in preference to the separation of the nobility, the clergy, and the commons into distinct chambers, we doubt the soundness of their views. When they proceed farther in the stream of popular encroachments, and evince no displeasure at the usurpations and crimes of the republican faction, we enter an indignant protest against this compromise with enormous iniquity. We know not why our commiseration should be demanded for the fate of *Roland*, and *Brissot*, and their companions, merely because they sank a prey in turn to the more unmeasured guilt and the deeper ferocity of *Danton*, and *Robespierre*, and *Marat*.

The condition of France, during the eighteenth century, and the train of circumstances which had prepared the way for the Revolution, are introduced in natural succession: the course of action by which the public mind was first wrought to enthusiasm, and then to frenzy, is detailed with perspicuity and truth; and the real grievances of the people

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are exposed with good sense and moderation. The enormous public abuses, under which the mass of the French nation were crushed by the privileged orders, form, indeed, an unanswerable apology for the early stages of the Revolution.

'All was privilege, in individuals, in classes, cities, provinces, and trades. The industry and genius of man were every where shackled. Civil, ecclesiastical, and military dignities were exclusively reserved for certain classes, and in those classes for certain individuals. No one could enter into a profession without certain titles and certain pecuniary conditions. Cities had their privileges for the assessment, receipt, and proportion of taxes, and for the choice of magistrates. Even crown-gifts, converted by reversions into family-property, hardly permitted the monarch to indulge in preferences.'—'The expences of the state weighed on one class alone. The nobility and clergy possessed nearly two-thirds of the land. The remainder, the property of the people, paid a multitude of feudal fees to the nobility, and tithes to the clergy, and was exposed to the devastations of game and hunting parties.'—'Justice was slow, often partial, always ruinous.'

In the midst of such sources of national discontent, which were inherent in the existing system of government, the state of the finances, since the close of the American war, had become utterly desperate. The people were goaded by an intolerable weight of taxation; and, to crown the measure of their miseries, the year 1788 was marked by a general scarcity. Thus every thing conspired to foment a revolution: but the process by which a disaffected nation and a famishing populace were thrown into action is not the less curious, because the event was inevitable. We have always had the impression, and the simple narrative of facts in this work has confirmed it, that the privileged orders were themselves the original agitators of the Revolution. Louis XVI., a well-intentioned, though a weak, monarch, unquestionably desired to exert his arbitrary power for the relief of the public sufferings: but, as often as he attempted the equalization of the national burdens, or any other measure of reform, the nobility and clergy ranged themselves against his authority. The aristocracy were especially interested in preserving all kinds of abuses, and they instigated the parliaments to resist the financial reformations of the government.

Those courts of law, and particularly the parliament of Paris, were the only bodies in the kingdom which, by refusing to register royal decrees, — their privilege rather by usage than acknowleged right,—could interpose some barrier between the despotic pleasure of the monarch and the implicit obedience of the nation. The parliaments, secretly moved by the aristocracy, and courting popular favour against

the King, succeeded in embarrassing every scheme of equable taxation, while they pretended to desire the suppression of abuses, and inveighed against the prodigality of the court. Thus they successively drove from the royal counsels both *Turgot* and *Necker*, whom the King had called to his aid. A succeeding minister endeavored, but with no better fortune, to obtain the support of the privileged orders, by uniting them in an assembly of notables or principal men of the kingdom. Still the nobles and clergy proved as intractable as ever, and as unwilling to sacrifice their selfish interests to the public necessities; and, finally, by depriving the King of all other resource than an appeal to the people, they compelled him to convoke the States-General of France, and sealed their own ruin and that of the monarchy.

We must not attempt to refer in detail to the striking circumstances which followed the assembly of the States-General in the memorable year 1789. That body, having scarcely been convened by the despotic government for above a century and a half, had long fallen into disuse and contempt. But the public mind of the kingdom had now, within two years, been suddenly awakened and electrified by the spectacle of resistance to royal authority, and by exhortations to imitate the opposition of the higher classes. At this juncture the crown, imprudently for its own interests and those of the aristocracy, consented that the deputies of the *tiers état* — the third order, or commons, — in the States-General, should equal in number those of the other two orders — the nobles and clergy — united. Here the preponderance was at once given to the democratic over the aristocratic elements of the states. This was the first real step of the Revolution; and thenceforward, however the struggle of the crown and the privileged orders might protract or accelerate the triumph of the people, the foundations of arbitrary power rocked to their centre. The old aristocracy had soon full occasion to discover the fatal imprudence of their opposition to the court; and the nobility and higher clergy hastened to evince their repentance, and to seek a reconciliation with the King. The sense of common danger soon secured their re-union with the throne, but it was too late.

That coalition might not have been without some useful results, if the King had been more sincere and consistent in adhering to the first constitution which was offered to him, and more resolute in resisting the subsequent encroachments of the commons: — if the aristocracy had shown a disposition to keep faith with the constitutionalists; and if the honest and courageous partizans of a limited monarchy had formed the

the majority of the popular deputies. But it is the misfortune of all contests between antient usurpations and recovered rights, that there can be no confidence between the people and their former oppressors. It is so natural that an absolute monarch and a privileged aristocracy should cling to powers, which, in their eyes, have been legitimatized by the possession of ages: it is so inevitable that a people, long debarred of their rights, should waste their rescued inheritance in licence and anarchy; and that the voice of real patriotism and public virtue should be drowned in the clamour of designing demagogues.

In the work before us ample justice is rendered to the character of Louis XVI.: — to his pacific virtues, his benevolent intentions for the public good, and the passive heroism which supported him in the last appalling scenes of his melancholy career. But he was only a good, feeble man, without active energy or consistency of conduct. At one moment he was anxious to redress the grievances of his people, in the next, seized with panic, he saw only impiety in toleration and anarchy in freedom. Thus he was constantly yielding his own judgment to the suggestions of the ultra-aristocratic party; and it is incontestable that, from first to last, his secret approbation was given to the attempts of that faction to restore the old despotism. In this, indeed, he acted under the absolute dominion of the Queen; and here, with whatever indignation we may reject the foul calumnies which were levelled against that unfortunate and lovely woman, it cannot be denied that her influence had a fatal effect in urging matters to extremities. Exercising around her person the empire of her charms, she might, in happier times, have pursued her innocent, though too thoughtless, career of splendor, and governed by the adoration of her husband and his people. But, surrounded by the flatteries of an exclusive court, she could, after the opening of the Revolution, see no friend of the King in any but the interested partizans of the old system; and in their selfish and violent counsels she reposed all her confidence.

The impossibility of trusting to the faith or quietude of such a faction, is the only palliation for the rash and precipitate efforts by which the popular party destroyed all balance of powers in the state. Yet, even the danger with which the new representative system was menaced, will not, in the eyes of posterity, absolve the partizans of a limited monarchy, in the first National Assembly, from the guilt of suffering their country to be plunged into the abyss of anarchy, for the indulgence of their own passions and fears. By yielding

to the inflammatory projects of the unprincipled agitators, who, in times of commotion, are sure to be thrown up to the surface of society, they involved their own certain destruction; and they sacrificed the pearl of high price — the rational freedom of their country — for the vain Utopian theories of their heated imaginations, or the more inexcusable gratification of hatred to their political opponents.

One or other of these writers certainly possesses the tact of portraying character in a very eminent degree. That of *Necker*, for instance, is admirably struck off in a few words:

'A skilful financier and an upright economist; but a vain man, who set himself up as a moderator and judge in every question, whether of philosophy, religion, or liberty; and, deceived by the praises of his friends, and the transports of a giddy populace, flattered himself that he could confine the public mind to the adoption of his own peculiar views of reform.'

Among the more elaborate portraits which either M. THIERS or M. BODIN (for they are all evidently by one hand) has interspersed in these volumes, is that of the famous Count *Mirabeau*. That extraordinary but unprincipled man, by his audacious spirit and his fiery eloquence, gained an astonishing ascendancy both over the court and the people. The whole account of his character and conduct, and of the infidel death which closed his brief career, in the early part of the Revolution, is striking and animated.

'The absurd institutions of the old monarchy had wounded all unprejudiced persons, and irritated every upright heart: it was not possible, therefore, that they could fail in outraging and exasperating an enthusiastic and passionate mind. Such was the mind of Mirabeau, who encountering from his birth all kinds of despotism, — that of his father, of the government, and the courts of justice, — spent his youth in hating and combating them. He was born in Provence, and was a branch of a noble family. He distinguished himself early by his debauched life, his quarrels, and his vehement eloquence. His travels, observations, and extensive reading, had given him knowledge on every subject, and he retained every thing that he learnt. Extravagant, eccentric, and sophistical, even without the aid of passion, he became quite another man when under its influence. Excited by the warmth of a debate, or the presence of his opponents, he instantly took fire: his first ideas were confused, his sentences broken, and his flesh palpitating; but, quickly, light breaking in upon him, his genius displayed in an instant the acquirement and reflection of years; and even in the very act of speaking, his animated and rapid expressions discovered and enlightened his subject, and flashed conviction on his auditors. If opposed again, he returned to the charge still more forcible and more clear, and displayed the truth in images either striking or terrible.

terrible. If the situation of affairs was difficult, and the minds of all wearied by a long discussion, or intimidated by danger, some electric expression, or decisive sentence, would escape from him, his countenance, at such moments, becoming terrible, from the combined expression of ugliness and genius.'

The character of *La Fayette* is also well delineated, though manifestly with a partial hand. It is his best praise that when the King became a prisoner, a bloody democracy triumphant, and universal anarchy inevitable, he still maintained the consistency of his principles; and he did not desert his post until he had made a generous though ineffectual effort to rescue his sovereign. Believing as we do in the purity of his intentions, we cannot but regard the confinement which he suffered in the prisons of Austria as an obdurate infliction of tyranny. He fled from France to avoid the penalty of death, which he had incurred solely by his project of liberating the King; and he was rewarded by the champions of monarchy, not with protection, but with obloquy and a dungeon.

As we advance through the series, the lineaments of triumphant and remorseless villany deepen in atrocity before us, until we reach the last worst monsters of human form, the infernal triumvirate of *Marat*, *Robespierre*, and *Danton*. The character of *Marat* is drawn with great boldness:

'A native of Neufchatel, he had cultivated, in the former part of his life, the science of medicine, and had intrepidly attacked the best established systems, displaying thus early the convulsive disorganization and restless activity of his mind. He was veterinary-surgeon to the Count D'Artois at the commencement of the revolution. When that new scene of things opened, he involved himself immediately in its disorders, and soon became remarkable in his section. His person was extremely repulsive; being of low stature, a large head, and expansive forehead, his features were strongly marked, his complexion livid, his eye fiery, and his dress slovenly. Such an assemblage of traits would, at first sight, have provoked laughter, if it had not been checked by a sensation of fear. This hideous body, however, was an oracle, whence issued a medley of the most perverted and atrocious maxims, accented by a harsh voice, and proclaimed with the most insolent familiarity. Many thousand heads, he declared, must be brought low, and all the aristocrats, who stood in the way of liberty, must be got rid of. Horror and detestation formed a circle about him. Whenever he appeared he was hissed, insulted, and ridiculed for the deformity of his person; but being habituated to logical contests, he soon learnt to despise those who despised him, and asserted that they were incapable of understanding his opinions. — The subterraneous life he had been accustomed to lead, to conceal himself from the detection of justice, had imbittered his temper, and the detestation of the public still further enraged his savageness.'

Of the three Jacobins, *Marat*, *Robespierre*, and *Danton*, two at least, if not the third, were the contrivers and original movers of the horrid deeds of September, 1792, which converted the French capital into one vast slaughter-house. While the people were filled with consternation at the advance of the Prussians, *Danton* instituted domiciliary visits to search for suspected persons. The prisons of Paris were filled with from 12,000 to 15,000 individuals of all parties and descriptions, who were accused of holding any opinions, royalist or constitutional, short of absolute democracy, or who were in any way obnoxious to the reigning demagogues. *Danton*'s next step was publicly to point the vengeance of the blood-thirsty rabble to these victims by originating or confirming wild rumours of conspiracies against *the public safety*; and with diabolical energy he urged "the necessity of striking terror into the hearts of all royalists." *Marat*, in concert with him, presided over the Jacobin committee which organized insurrection. Then commenced the appalling signals of butchery. The *generale* beat to arms; the tocsin sounded; the alarum cannon were fired, — and the armed and sanguinary rabble arose.

We turn away with horror from those scenes of daily butchery which prepared the way for the condemnation and murder of Louis XVI. The whole account of the subsequent proceedings in the National Convention against that ill-fated Prince, and of the heroic constancy of his last hours, is given with great power, and with apparent fidelity and impartiality. The short and violent struggle, which afterwards terminated in the complete ascendency of the Jacobin faction, and the downfall of the Girondists, is likewise full of interest. With the arrest of the latter party the work is concluded; and we quit them before their brief and hurried passage to the same reeking scaffold to which they had so lately consigned their unhappy Monarch.

Why MM. Thiers and Bodin have laid aside their pens at this epoch, — as if they would draw a veil over the later atrocities of the reign of terror, — we are at some loss to determine. They have thus, however, left the history of the French Revolution incomplete; for it assuredly did not end with the fall of the Girondists. But, as far as they have chosen to go, they have certainly produced a work of very great ability and importance; and, notwithstanding some obliquities of opinion, they have, for the first time, arranged and methodized the moral of the most tremendous political lesson which has ever been offered to mankind.

Art.

ART. II. *Le Dernier Chant du Pélerinage d'Harold.* Par ALPH. DE LAMARTINE. Paris. 1825.

THIS poem seems to have acquired some degree of popularity in France; though but recently published, it is said to have already passed through two editions. The title might possibly have induced many persons at first to believe, that the work was a translation from the fourth canto of "Childe Harold." If such a supposition prevailed to any extent among our literary neighbours, we know not whether it was a matter of congratulation or of disappointment to them to find, instead of a translation from Lord Byron, an original poem by M. DE LAMARTINE. It cannot be presumed, that this gentleman could have entertained the design of attracting attention by hoisting a false flag. But he may not be so easily acquitted from the charge of temerity to which he has rendered himself liable, by attempting to trace the last footsteps of a being, whose strains are among the most sublime, varied, and peculiar, which are known to our language.

Strange to say, it is upon the hope of identifying himself with Childe Harold that M. DE LAMARTINE founds his vindication, and even seriously prefers his claims to an unusual portion of modesty. He wishes us to believe, that nothing but his deference for the superior genius of Lord Byron induced him to adopt this theme and title, in order that he might record the premature fate of that distinguished poet. 'Imitation,' he adds, 'is not rivalry, it is homage!' Such an apology might, perhaps, extenuate the imputation of audacity, if the French bard did not follow it up with a very singular exposition of the extent of his 'imitation.' 'This phrase,' he observes, 'does not exactly convey my idea; the form alone of Childe Harold is imitated; the thoughts, the sentiments, the images, are not so. I have sedulously avoided every imitation of this kind. There is not in this fifth canto a single idea, or simile, of all those which the English poet has scattered through the four first cantos of his poem.'

It is not necessary to observe on the complacency with which M. DE LAMARTINE speaks of his 'Fifth Canto,' or of the facility with which he places it in juxta-position with the "Four First Cantos" of the English poet. But we do admire the sophistry, by which he endeavors to delude his readers into a belief of the pure originality, which marks the 'Dernier Chant.' He confines his assertion to the "Pilgrimage," and observes a cautious silence as to his coquetry with Lord Byron's other poems, from which, however, he has borrowed

almost

almost every 'idea' and 'simile' that deserves the name in his production. Nor has he been so very abstemious with respect to the "Four First Cantos," as he would wish his readers to imagine.

The voyage of Lord Byron from Italy to Greece, a description of the coast-scenery by which he sailed, an episode founded on the capture of a Turkish vessel, and the discovery of a child which the noble poet claimed as his own, a funeral scene borrowed from one of the Greek popular ballads, a short battle, and the fatal issue of the expedition, form the principal matters of the poem. The French writer has not adopted the stanza of Spenser, — for the best of reasons, that his language is incapable of sustaining it. He has, however, imitated it sufficiently to alarm the Academy, by breaking his composition at intervals, with the assistance of Roman figures, which afford the reader an opportunity, that will not be found at all disagreeable, of stopping in his progress through the 'Fifth Canto' at several resting places. Seldom, perhaps, are these justified by the tenor of the poem; nevertheless, the invention is to be commended.

Lord Byron dedicated his first Canto to the young Ianthe, — too young, when that poem was finished, to sympathize in the tenderness with which he watched her ripening beauties. M. DE LAMARTINE has his Ianthe too, who resembles the "Peri of the West" in every thing but her years, and to whom he inscribes his lays. The poem begins with an elaborate and pompous invocation to Liberty, which he describes in its connection with Greece, and embellishes with associations familiar to every reader of Lord Byron. We do not dispute the originality of the following passage: but who that reads it can forget the

"creaking lyre,
That whetstone of the teeth, — monotony in wire,"

which Lord Byron found in Boileau?

'Fouillant sous le gazon ses dieux ensevelis,
Le Grec vend au Chrétien leurs restes avilis:
Jupiter, Mahomet, Isis, tombe sur tombe,
Tout s'est précipité, tout'est tombé, tout tombe.'

'Raking up his buried gods from beneath the soil, the Greek sells their dishonored remains to the Christian: Jupiter, Mahomet, Isis, tomb on tomb, every thing is thrown down, every thing is fallen, every thing falls.' It is incomparable as a specimen of bathos in the thought, and of discord in the language. An ear the most untutored must feel the tinkling chimes which are rung on the unfortunate word

word 'tombe;' not to speak of its being used as a rhyme to itself, — a proof of indolence, or bad taste, which is by no means solitary in LAMARTINE's compositions. A few lines after this passage, we come to another 'tombe.'

—— 'C'est assez pour ma tombe;
Qu'on y grave ces mots, et qu'une larme y tombe!'

Neither shall we claim for the English bard, the merit of having suggested the following lofty description of the progress, which the name of liberty is supposed to make, in reanimating the energies of Pindus and Thermopylæ:

'Elle gronde, elle court, elle roule, elle tonne,
Le sol sacré tressaille à ce bruit qui l'étonne.'

It grumbles, it runs, it rolls headlong, it thunders,
At the uproar the sacred soil trembles and wonders!!!

In the preface to his fourth canto Lord Byron says, that he found it a vain task to attempt to persevere in drawing a line of distinction between himself and the pilgrim. The line was only in his own imagination. Nobody saw it. Like Goldsmith's Chinese, whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, Childe Harold encountered few readers who could separate his character from that of Lord Byron. M. DE LAMARTINE thought this confession imperfect, and he follows it up in a bolder strain.

'Mystérieux héros! c'était moi, j'étais lui,
Et, sans briser jamais le nœud qui les rassemble,
Nos deux cœurs, nos deux voix, sentaient, chantaient ensemble.'

He was resolved that no doubt should hang on the question of identity, and yet, in the proper person of the hero, the French poet immediately after speaks of that 'sublime adieu to the ocean,' with which the fourth canto of the Pilgrimage concludes; and of the anxiety with which the fifth canto is expected, he predicates in the following terms:

—— 'Et l'univers,
Encor retentissant de ses derniers concerts,
Comme un temple muet, semble attendre en silence
Que l'hymne interrompu tout-à-coup recommence.'

'And the universe still echoing with his latest song, seems to wait like a hushed temple in silence, until the suspended hymn suddenly recommence.'

Doubtless, in the poet's opinion, the hymn is renewed by his kindred voice: but one would have imagined that this flattering insinuation might have been veiled in more retiring language.

language. After preluding in this strain, the action of the poem commences, with a passage which is unquestionably beautiful.

> ' Il est nuit; mais la nuit sous ce ciel n'a point d'ombre:
> Son astre, suspendu dans un dôme moins sombre,
> Blanchit de ses lueurs des bords silencieux
> Où la vague se teint du bleu pâle des cieux;
> Où la côte des mers, de cent golfes coupée,
> Tantôt humble et rampante et tantôt escarpée,
> Sur un sable argenté vient mourir mollement,
> Ou gronde sous le choc de son flot écumant.'

We shall translate it almost word for word, with the assistance of the eighth stanza of the Siege of Corinth.

> " 'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown
> The cold, round moon shines deeply down;
> Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
> Spreads like an ocean hung on high."
>
> " The waves on either shore lay there,
> Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
> And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
> But murmured meekly as the brook."

With the exception of the last line in the French poem, and the contrast which the steepness of the shore introduces, the version is nearly literal. It is hardly necessary to observe, how superior it is to the French *original.*

In passing, it may be remarked, that the Gallic poets are seldom true to nature in their descriptions of scenery, or of the operations and influence of the elements. The Greek and Latin poets, no mean judges, uniformly speak of the north wind as aggravating the horrors of winter, and as peculiar to that and the autumnal season:

> —— " Cum tristis hyems aquilonis inhorruit alis,"

strongly expresses Ovid's feeling on the subject; and Lucretius ignorantly imagined that the *aquilo* did not begin to blow till the latter part of autumn:

> —— " et comes una
> Pulverulenta Ceres, et Etesia flabra aquilonum."

It was reserved for M. DE LAMARTINE to discover that this wind, in its progress southward, is capable of being not only ' warmed,' but of being made ' fragrant' and ' balmy:'

> —— ' des climats tempérés
> Où l'aquilon, fuyant de son âpre royaume,
> De leurs tièdes parfums s'attiédit et s'embaume.'

The

The picture which M. DE LAMARTINE gives of Harold will be at once recognized as wholly imitated from the Corsair and Lara.

—— ' Que le tems l'a changé !
Que son front, jeune encor, de jours semble chargé !'

" He lives, nor yet is past his manhood's prime,
Though sear'd by toil, and something touch'd by time."
Lara.

' L'éclat dont son génie éclairait son visage,
Luit toujours ; mais, hélas ! c'est l'éclair dans l'orage.'

" And some deep feeling, it were vain to trace,
At moments lightened o'er his livid face." *Ibid.*

' Dans l'amère douceur d'un sourire farouche
L'amour et le mépris se mêlent sur sa bouche.'

" There was a laughing devil in his sneer." *Corsair.*

' L'œil n'y peut du remords discerner la douleur.'

" He hated man too much to feel remorse." *Ibid.*

Harold is represented by M. DE LAMARTINE as dwelling in a lonely tower with another Medora: the scene is in every respect similar to that in the Corsair, except that from the " Pirate's isle" it is transferred to the Italian coast. Even the description of the chamber is little more than a parody of the fifth stanza of the Bride of Abydos. We suspect that the French poet is indebted to Mr. Moore for the following description of Lena, which is not without merit:

' Encore dans la fleur de son adolescence,
Ses traits ont tout d'un ange ... excepté l'innocence ;
Ses yeux sont ombragés du voile de ses cils ;
Mais un pli qui se cache entre ses deux sourcils,
Trace que le sommeil n'a pas même effacée,
Montre que sur ce front quelque peine est passée ;
Sa lèvre, oú le sourrire erre encore au hasard,
Glace le sentiment en charmant le regard ;
Plus encor que l'amour la volupté s'y joue ;
La peine en fait fléchir l'arc mobile ; et sa joue
Ressemble au lys penché vers le midi du jour
Qu'ont déjà respiré le Zéphire ou l'Amour !'

The departure of Harold in his vessel for Greece is painted exactly like that of Conrad on his piratical expedition. In the ' Fifth Canto' the sceptical character of the hero is no longer veiled in insinuations: it is openly declared; and, indeed, in M. LAMARTINE's hands, the ' Pilgrim' approaches nearer to the character of Alp, in the Siege of Corinth, than to that of the original Harold.

—— ' Du

—— ' Du sceptique Harold le doute est la doctrine ;
Le croissant ni la croix ne couvrent sa poitrine."

" Not his the loud fanatic boast,
To plant the Crescent o'er the Cross."

Harold bids adieu to Italy in the ' Fifth Canto,' in much the same language in which he spoke of it in the " Fourth." The reflections differ in nothing from those which are diffused through several of the most exquisite stanzas of that poem, except that they are interspersed with some ruder matter taken from Landor's Imaginary Conversations. We might translate the whole of the five pages which are devoted to this theme, either in the words of Lord Byron or of the writer just mentioned. We must, however, limit ourselves to one short specimen.

' Mais, malgré tes malheurs, pays choisi des dieux !
Le ciel avec amour tourne sur toi les yeux ;
Quelque chose de saint sur tes tombeaux respire ;
La foi sur tes débris a fondé son empire !'

" Yet, Italy ! through every other land
Thy wrongs should ring, and shall from side to side ;
Mother of arts ! as once of arms ; thy hand
Was then our guardian, and is still our guide ;
Parent of our religion ! whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven !"

The further we proceed, the more we are astonished at the assertion of M. DE LAMARTINE, that he has sedulously avoided imitating a single idea or simile in the four first cantos of Childe Harold. The following lines are manifestly translated from the second stanza of the third canto. The French poet cannot plead that it was a delusion of his memory, for he must have had Lord Byron on his table when he made these verses :

' Que ce vent dans ma voile avec grâce soupire !
On dirait que le flot reconnaît mon navire,
Comme le fier coursier, par son maître flatté,
Hennit en revoyant celui qu'il a porté !
Oui, vous m'avez déjà bercé sur vos rivages,
O vagues ! de mon cœur orageuses images !
Plaintives, sans repos, terribles comme lui,
Vous savez qui j'étais ; mais qui suis-je aujourd'hui ?
Ce que j'étais alors : un mystère, un problème ;
Un orage éternel qui roule sur lui-même ;
Un rêve douloureux qui change sans finir ;
Un débris du passé qui souille l'avenir ;
Un flot comme ces flots errant à l'aventure,
Portant de plage en plage une écume, un murmure,
Et qui, semblable en tout au mobile élément,
Sans avancer jamais flotte éternellement.'

" Once

" Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvass fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
Flung from the rock, on ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."

We shall not fatigue the reader by following M. DE LAMARTINE, through his reflections on the storied scenery of Greece. They are copied without any restraint from one or other of Lord Byron's poems. We might multiply specimens in proof of this assertion, if we did not believe that those which we have already given are sufficient to remove all doubt upon this point. It is the more surprizing that M. DE LAMARTINE should have had the vanity to think that he could impose the 'Dernier Chant' as an original poem on his French readers, when he must be aware, that Lord Byron's poetry is better known in France than his own. But as if he were fated to furnish a distinct and ready contradiction to the assertion in the Preface, he has given in his 'Notes' a prose translation of that magnificent apostrophe to the ocean, with which the fourth canto concludes; and, without the slightest symptom of a blush, he parodies the whole passage in an address to 'Immortal Nature,' which forms a component part of his poem. Indeed the word "parody" scarcely expresses the closeness of imitation which is observed in several parts of this digression.

'J'aimasse à contempler une vague écumante
Crouler sur mon esquif en ruine fumante,
Et m'emporter au loin sur son dos triomphant,
Comme un lion qui joue avec un faible enfant!'

" And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here."

It has been no pleasure to us to expose the pretensions of M. DE LAMARTINE in this his latest work. We respected his talents, and his character, and were disposed to augur auspiciously of his career. But when a poet in the flower of his

his age, and the maturity of his genius, stoops to servile imitation, he must not be surprized if he be condemned to the dull oblivion which he courts. The author, who would attempt to persuade the world that his parodies are original poems, must either inflict a deep wound on his moral character, or obtain refuge for it in the delusions of inordinate vanity.

ART. III. *Lettres sur L'Angleterre.* Par A. DE STAËL-HOLSTEIN. A Paris, chez Treuttel et Würtz. 1825.

THE glory of ancestry, says Marius, in Sallust, is a light to their descendants, which will not permit either their good or evil deeds to be veiled in darkness. If this be true, in the great world, concerning which the Consul spoke, it is equally true in the world of letters. The volume before us is a case in point. A work on England, by the son of Madame de Staël, cannot fail of attracting many readers. But if they expect either the merits or defects of that singular writer, who possessed the most masculine mind, beyond all question, that ever was bestowed on woman, they will be mistaken. In the severe and apophthegmatic sentences of the Baron, there is no pretension to the glowing and impassioned eloquence of his mother. On the other hand, he does not possess the dangerous faculty of imagining facts, and drawing convenient deductions from them, which her warmest admirers must confess formed very distinctive marks of all her compositions. The Baroness, even in her staid and calculating works, could never forget that she was a novelist; the original sin of Delphine and Corinna was never entirely redeemed in her; while her son, who, we believe, never has been guilty of works of imagination, has had the good sense to perceive, that the exercise of that faculty in writing statistics would be altogether out of place.

Since the peace France has been supplied with numerous works on England, written in every tone. *Pillet* libelled our women; — *Blanqui* our beef-steaks and plum-puddings; — *Nodier* has scandalized the Scotch ladies by proclaiming them barefooted; — and *Pichot* lately has talked of our literature, a great part of which he affected to admire without very well understanding it. Out of the whole crowd two only appear to have travelled amongst us with any thing like sensible motives, *Dupin* and DE STAËL. The former of these has bent his attention to our commerce, our docks, bridges, steam-engines, rail-roads, manufactories, tunnels, machinery,

machinery, canals, and all the other physical objects in which he conceives us superior to the continental nations. De Staël's task has been to examine with equal minuteness the intellectual and political engines which appear to him to set us morally above our neighbours, and to have been the cause of that physical power which it has been the self-imposed duty of his countrymen to examine. Both have labored for the same honorable end, — the improvement of their native land, by introducing into it what they deem praiseworthy in another country. This is the true object of foreign travelling. Compared with it even inquiries into fine arts, antiquities, and literature, interesting and delightful as they are, sink into insignificance.

Baron de Staël begins by admitting and describing the difficulties of giving an account of the system of English society, in all its ramifications, to foreigners. He recounts many absurd theories, which have been broached to account for certain phænomena among us, and pithily refutes them. It is gratifying to our national vanity, if to no more honorable feeling, to find that by almost all classes of reasoners our general prosperity is admitted, and that the puzzle consists in forming a theory to account for it.

'We have seen how necessary it is, in studying the present state of England, to avoid drawing hastily the most legitimate conclusions from a few partial data. We must not be less cautious in tracing effects to their causes; or precipitately account for a phenomenon by deriving it from some simple source, without examining whether it be not the result of several different causes, foreign, or perhaps opposite, to that to which it is ascribed.

'It is through neglect of this precaution, that so many persons commit such gross errors in their judgments respecting England. One asserts, that the commercial and maritime superiority of Great Britain is owing to its colonial system. But why has Spain, so long in possession of colonies, more extensive and more favoured by climate than those of England, remained poor, and without trade? The commercial prosperity of England, then, must have other sources than colonial possessions.

'Another boldly ascribes to prohibitory laws the prosperity of English manufactures, without reflecting, that in most countries of Europe prohibitory laws have produced effects the very reverse; and equally without reflecting, that all the well-informed men in England, all the enlightened manufacturers themselves, exclaim against the absurdity of this system, and have surmounted its inconveniences only by extraordinary efforts of activity and intelligence, till a new administration, opening its eyes to the real interests of its country, has begun to demolish the whole of this Gothic edifice.

'A third will say, without hesitation, the real strength of England, the palladium of its liberty, consists in that wealthy, powerful aristocracy, ever ready to defend the rights of the people against the encroachments of the crown; in those hereditary fortunes, which entails and the laws of primogeniture preserve in the same family, and thus secure its salutary influence. — I am far from disputing the services that the English aristocracy has rendered to the liberties of its country, but still it is worth while to inquire, why these entails, to which such happy effects are ascribed in England, have produced in Spain and Italy only a deterioration of estates, and the brutalization of their possessors. And if in most countries of Europe the nobility has become frivolous, ignorant, and servile, is it not evident, that we must seek for peculiar reasons to explain, why the English aristocracy has maintained itself at the head of the progress of society towards liberty and knowledge?'

To give the Baron's own solution of these and many similar difficulties is the object of his book. He very properly scouts as ridiculous the idea of generalizing on such a subject, and decides, that in order to come to any just conclusion on the state of things in England, they must be individually and minutely examined. He almost takes for granted the superior civilization of England over the Continent. What an alteration! It is not a hundred years ago since the greatest wit of France, *Voltaire*, thought proper to call us the savages of Europe, — it is not twenty since *Bonaparte* determined that we should be the "*penitus toto divisi orbe Britanni*" again, as in the days of our painted and naked predecessors. And here a gentleman of the same nation gravely opens his work, by laying it down almost as an axiom, that the very country of the wit and the soldier are not so civilized as the land which they put out of the pale of civilization. But such is the difference between a satirist bent on saying smart things, as well as a conqueror intent on doing passionate ones, and a calm philosophical inquirer who will not let his reason be deluded by a jest, or thwarted by politics. In discussing this part of his subject he notices one remarkable parallelism which has more than once occurred to us, — founded on a striking similarity in the leading events which have marked the political career of the two nations.

'In 1215 the barons imposed on John, surnamed Lackland, that Great Charter, which the people of England still revere as the foundation of their liberties. A hundred and forty-one years after, the States-General of 1356, availing themselves of the captivity of John, King of France, demanded national securities as the price of the subsidies which they granted to his son.

'After

'After the wars of the two roses, the superior nobility were in a deficient and exhausted state; and of this Henry VII. and VIII. availed themselves, to establish despotism by favouring the advancement of the Commons. A hundred and fifty years afterward, the wars of the League having terminated, Richelieu obtained by a similar policy a success of the same kind, though to a far greater extent.

'The age of Elizabeth offers a striking analogy to that of Louis XIV. In both reigns the greatness of the monarch, more real however in that of Elizabeth, victory abroad, and the splendour of the court and lustre of literature at home, consoled the people for the absence of liberty. A century and a half separate the period of Elisabeth from that of the greatest power of Louis.

'The long parliament began in 1640 the contest of the people of England against Charles I. A hundred and forty-nine years after the States-General were convoked at Versailles.

'A hundred and forty-four years supervened between the death of Charles I. and that of Louis XVI.

'Finally, the restoration of Charles II. preceded by a hundred and fifty-four years that of the house of Bourbon. And if we read the history of the two revolutions together, how many astonishing resemblances in the progress of events, in the order of ideas, and even in the most trifling circumstances, strike our eyes.'

The first object in the examination of the resources of a country which must strike a philosophical inquirer, is the division of property. Baron DE STAËL justly observes, that very erroneous ideas are afloat as to the inequality of this division in England. To prove his assertion he makes use of a work which we should not think of for such a purpose.

'Fortunes are less unequally distributed in England than is commonly supposed. The appearance of the capital is a certain indication of this, which the general aspect of the country confirms. That London Directory, which is known by the title of the *Court-Guide*, furnishes a datum, in this respect, which may appear superficial, yet notwithstanding deserves consideration. This Directory, which includes about eight thousand addresses, contains no names but those of persons inhabiting the western part of the metropolis, or what is called the *fashionable* quarter; a term to which the English attach more importance than might be supposed from the natural gravity of their character, and the serious beauty of their institutions. To inhabit this quarter, and see their names inscribed in the Court-Guide, is a mark of distinction, which is an habitual object of emulation to the middle class, and presents to the imagination of some the pleasures of frivolity, to others the liberal enjoyments of study, and of the conversation of men of talent. Now it is generally acknowledged, that the lowest fortune enabling a person to reside at the west end of the town, and adopt its manners, is an income of 3000*l.*

(75,000 fr.) a year. Supposing, then, that of the eight thousand names figuring in this Directory, only half are masters of families, we find in the city of London alone, without taking into account the capitals of the other two kingdoms, or reckoning the many wealthy persons who reside in the country the whole year, four thousand persons of fortune, the poorest of whom would be deemed opulent in most of the countries of Europe.

'But in proceeding ever so little downward in the scale, the number of those in easy circumstances increases with extreme rapidity. The tax on income, *property-tax*, which was established by Mr. Pitt, in 1798, and finished with the war, furnishes us with remarkable data on this point. In his original plan the Minister exempted from the new tax all persons whose income was below two hundred pounds sterling. He estimated at ten millions sterling the produce of the tax; but he soon perceived, that he had deceived himself greatly in his calculation, and that he must necessarily lower the limit considerably. In fact, he descended gradually to the minimum of fifty pounds a year, and then the produce of the tax considerably exceeded fourteen millions and a half; a certain proof, that wealth was distributed among a much greater number of persons than was generally supposed.

'It is particularly in fortunes derived from trade and manufactures that the division is observable. The accounts of the income-tax for 1812 afford us some very curious information in this respect. Among the number of persons occupied in lucrative employments, we find there were then no less than a hundred and twenty-seven thousand, whose incomes were between fifty and two hundred pounds a year; twenty-two thousand, from two hundred to a thousand; three thousand, from one thousand to five thousand; and six hundred, from five thousand upwards. Such a result is striking in itself: but it must be remarked, that the calculation is no doubt below the reality; for, if a certain number of individuals gave a faithful declaration of their income, and a few may have found it their interest to make it appear more than it really was, the great majority of contributors would endeavour to reduce the estimate of their income as low as possible.'

The Baron, it will be seen by his London readers, here falls into a mistake as to the sort of persons recorded in the Court-Guide, which is not confined to the west end only. The inmate of every house not actually employed in shop-keeping, we believe, may have his name inserted by the ingenious compilers of that work: but in De Staël's general position he is right, as might be proved from other documents. The thirty or forty enormous fortunes at the head of the list occasion the mistake of believing so great a disproportion existing; just as the great prizes of the lottery are used to make the uninitiated believe that they form the vast proportion of the tickets.

The

The question which next occupies the Baron is that of primogeniture. In France, since the Revolution, the right of primogeniture has not existed. The influence of custom has, however, conferred a sort of preference on the eldest son, in giving him the right of pre-emption of the shares of his brothers and sisters, in the case of landed property. The Baron does not approve of our preserving this right of primogeniture, and argues against it at great length. He does not, however, we think, attach sufficient importance to its influence, in preserving from minute subdivision the lands of a country. He refers us to France, as a proof that such a consummation would not occur: but we do not consider that France is exactly, as yet, a case in point, unless it could be shewn that though the law authorized equal division, the more potent influence of custom did not interfere to prevent it. The Baron will readily agree with us, indeed he admits it, that a Spartan division of properties would be a step towards barbarism; that in small farms neither scientific agriculture nor the comfort and consequent independence of the farmer can be expected. The day has gone by, when Johnson would be thought to talk common sense, in distinguishing, as a period of happiness, those ages

"When every rood of ground maintained its man."

And we are quite beyond the time, when Goldsmith's leading theory in his Deserted Village could be considered as any thing else but an elegant piece of political *niaiserie*. Of one thing the Baron may be assured, that the system among us works well in practice. If the younger sons of our nobility and great proprietors were restricted from engaging in the honorable pursuits of commerce, and debarred by their high birth from seeking other professions than those connected with the Court, then indeed would they become a burden on the land. As it is now, they are stimulated into exertion; and the man of humble birth is not ashamed of engaging in labors, which he sees shared by the sons and grandsons of the proudest men of the empire. Had they been all sure of a provision of some sort without such exertion, it is probable that they would not generally make any; and the distinction between the aristocratic caste parcelling among themselves a given sort of property, which, under those circumstances, would rarely pass away from them, and the working *roturier*, instead of being diminished by the measure which De Staël and many other theoretic writers think would effect an equalization of classes, would be in reality enlarged. The Baron candidly admits, that the feeling not only of the great but the humble in

England is against him, on which head he tells an amusing story.

'A French iron-master, travelling in England some years since, to learn the progress made there in the manufacture of iron, went down into a coal-mine, in one of those districts where radical opinions were most generally diffused among the people. When in its subterranean galleries, he conversed with the workmen on the nature and duration of their labour, their wages, their food, and all the particulars of their way of life. The workmen on their part, interested in the conversation of a man who displayed an accurate knowledge of their concerns and wants, and engaged also by the liberality of the opinions he displayed, inquired in turn into the state of the labouring people in France. "How many workmen do you employ?" said they. — "Four or five hundred." "That's a pretty good number: and what wages do they earn? What does it cost to feed and maintain a family in the part of France where you live?" — "Their wages are lower than yours: but this is more than made up to them by the cheapness of the necessaries of life." — "You are right," said the miners, after having made a little calculation among themselves, which convinced them, that in reality the condition of the workmen was better in France than in England: "but how long do they work every day?" — "Eight hours on an average." — "No more! And what do they do the rest of the day?" — "They cultivate their land, and work for themselves." — "What do you say, their land? Then they have property? they have ground, they have houses of their own?" — "Certainly: at least most of those have, whom I employ." At these words astonishment was depicted on every countenance. "And this land," said the most intelligent of the miners, "what becomes of it at the father's death?" — "It is divided among his children." — "What, equally?" — "Of course, or nearly so." — "But a small plot of ground, divided among several children, must be reduced to nothing?" — "No; for if one of them be not rich enough to purchase the shares of his brothers, the ground is sold, and passes into the hands of some person, who can keep it entire and improve it."

'Here the conversation ended: but the two ideas, of workmen who were landholders, and of an equal division among the children, had so powerfully struck the English miners, that on the following Sunday they formed the subject of a regular discussion at one of those clubs, in which men, even of the lowest class, meet to read the news, or converse on their common interests; clubs, where the forms of sound deliberation are much better observed in general, than we find them in France in political assemblies of a much higher cast. After a long debate, the matter was put to the vote; and the majority decided, that it was no doubt advantageous for workmen to be landholders; but that the inheritance should go to the eldest son, and not be divided.

'Here, then, we have workmen, low-born, radicals in their opinions or political sentiments, who decide against an equal participation,

ticipation, and in favour of the rights of primogeniture. It would be difficult to adduce a stronger proof of the universal sway of this mode of thinking in England.'

Our news-papers occupy much of the Baron's attention. Nothing in fact can be more dissimilar from one another than the French and English Journals. The former are meagre in their collection of facts, — jejune and cowardly in their observations. A news-paper-controversy in Paris, between an Ultra paper and a Liberal, is one of the most amusing pieces of helplessness in the world. The arguments are nothing more than mere bandying about of first principles, which here would be hardly thought in place in a school-boy's theme. The Ministers are frightened by squibs, which the poorest paper in England would not print, — the Opposition are horrified at doctrines, which would in this country be only deemed worthy of laughter. Our neighbours have not yet learned the value of the press, of whatever party they may be. But the remarks of our author, however valuable to continental readers, contain nothing which would appear interesting to us, to whom all the details are familiar. He scarcely makes any allusion to individual papers, except in one short paragraph, where the feeling of his political friends in England breaks out in a very bitter, and, we may add, a very just denunciation of John Bull. He tells a pleasant story of the late Lord Londonderry, which we shall quote in the original, for the raciness is somewhat lost in the translation.

'En fait de nouvelles politiques, la publicité est tellement de droit commun, qu'un ministre envoie souvent aux journaux celles qui lui parviennent, avant même qu'il les ait communiqué à ses collègues. Il m'est arrivé par hasard de me trouver dans les bureaux de Downing-Street, au moment où un diplomate récemment débarqué en Angleterre, et encore tout frais émoulu de l'école de Ratisbonne, venait demander à Lord Castlereagh, s'il n'avait point reçu de nouvelles. — "Comment, lui répondit le ministre, des nouvelles! Oui, sans doute, et de très importantes; tenez, voici la seconde édition du Courier qui paraît à l'instant; lisez-la, vous en saurez autant que moi." — Je n'oublierai de ma vie la figure de ce diplomate stupéfait d'une manière si simple de faire connaître ce qui doit être connu de tous. Quoi! semblait dire sa physionomie, pas une note, pas un office, pas un mémorandum, rien qu'un journal à envoyer à ma cour! je n'aurai ni la dignité des réticences, ni les plaisirs de l'indiscrétion.'

The remainder of his work is occupied with parliament and public meetings; of which the Baron says, the parliament itself is only one of an upper order, with more power and solemnity, but in reality as much resting upon public opinion. On the great question of parliamentary reform, he differs *toto cœlo*

from the disciples of Mr. Jeremy Bentham, not only in the details but the principles on which their theories are founded. The ridicule with which he covers some of the minute contrivances which are continually generating in Mr. Bentham's head is capital.

Neither is he much enamored of the moderate theory of reform, — stoutly defending the borough-system, chiefly on the ground taken up by Mr. Canning.

'In fact, the necessary consequence of a uniform system of elections, even when founded on the most rational bases, is to give the majority not merely its due preponderance, but absolute power. And it is easy to conceive, how a momentary aberration of popular opinion is as capable as a Machiavelian contrivance in the measures of government, to exclude from the national representation those men, the highest of all in intellectual rank, to whom the search of a truth is as much a natural want as a duty, and whose minds are as superior to popular passions as to the seductions of authority. Now men of this description, such as are commencing their career, as well as those whose names are already illustrious, find in the great diversity of elections, and in the influence of an enlightened aristocracy, a certainty of being elected.

'It was through this influence that most of the great men of England first gained entrance into parliament. Powerful friends, early discerning talents yet unknown to the public, opened for them a career, which perhaps would long have remained closed to them, had they been obliged to wait till their reputation had acquired the suffrages of their fellow-citizens. It is through the same influence, that in the present day the first orators of the opposition — Mackintosh, Brougham, Scarlett, Abercromby, &c. are seated in the House of Commons; and we may even maintain, without falling into paradox, that, with regard to the general weal of England, it is better they should thus obtain seats, than by means of a county election or that of a large town. It is by meditation, or by eloquence, that men of superior talents are called to serve their country; and daily intercourse with too large a number of constituents would consume much valuable time, which interests of a higher order claim. These affairs of detail are more advantageously placed in the hands of great landholders, who, in the management of their private fortunes, are brought into habitual intercourse with a number of citizens, with whose interests, wishes, and habits, they thus become acquainted.

'Let us not forget, here, an essential remark: it is, that the best champions of the people's cause, the true interpreters of their sentiments, are not members taken from among themselves, but men who, independent both by their fortunes and their station in society, feel themselves animated with a generous ardour to defend the rights of the weak, and a lively sympathy for the sufferings of the poor. Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Bennet, men sprung from the first families in England, are those who raise their voices most

most loudly in defence of the labouring classes; who, in the midst of the House of Commons, protect poor journeymen against the severity of an absolute master, and spread even over poor chimney-sweepers the omnipotent ægis of parliament. Would a member taken from the lower ranks of society have equal weight, even though sent to the House by the freest election? Assuredly not.

'In this respect, Sweden furnishes a curious example. The peasants, as is well known, there form a separate order in the national representation, and their deputies to the diet must be chosen from among themselves. What is the consequence? Being destitute of experience in business, and the talent of public speaking, their delegates feel themselves in some measure obliged to vote in concert with the nobles, and allow themselves to be guided by their influence; while wealthy and enlightened deputies would secure to the deliberations of their order the actual independence which they want.

'What is of importance to the people is, not the being represented in this or that numerical proportion, or by men more or less approximating the class by which they are elected, but that its voice should be heard: it is especially, that some democratic elections, by uniting large bodies of people at a single point, should make them sensible of their strength, and remind their governors that they are not to be braved by them with impunity. As to the greater or smaller number of meetings of this kind, the question is of secondary consideration. The salutary movement of a Westminster election is not confined to the precincts of the metropolis: all the people of Great Britian feel its vibration.'

The Baron proposes a plan of reform according to his own ideas, which is marked by a great deal of good sense.

'This, I think, I may say with confidence, that the end which ought to be pursued in England is to increase the influence of the middle classes.

'And in this view, without making any alteration in the rights at present enjoyed by the county electors, the new members to be returned on the hypothesis of reducing the number of boroughs, it appears to me, might be advantageously left to electors possessing a higher qualification, but including moveable as well as landed property. This innovation seems to me naturally suggested in a country, where so large a portion of the public wealth is of this kind; and, by placing the elective franchise in the hands of richer and more enlightened citizens, it would furnish, I think, a simple as well as efficacious means of destroying corruption, and diminishing the exorbitant expenses incurred in the present elections.

'A reform of this kind would not only be the most equitable in a time of tranquillity, it would also be the most prudent in a period of revolution. For if ever, which God forbid, turbulent factions should threaten the public quiet in England; if the poorer classes, urged by a demagogical rage, should rush to spoil the higher

higher ranks; the aristocracy would be incapable of defending itself by its own arms, and the middle class alone could speak the language of justice and reason to the people with any authority.'

The Baron is so much struck with the arrangement of the House of Commons, that he gives an engraving of it, and attributes to it many peculiarities, and advantageous peculiarities, of our debates, and in our opinion justly. His remarks on the defects of the French system of debate, their tribunes, — their written speeches, — the reporting past debates, — their squabblings about phraseology, — are penned with a masterly hand, and must produce a useful effect in France. He gives also an excellent report of the famous county meeting in Kent, in 1822, at which Cobbett proposed and carried his insane resolution for the reduction of the national debt, by declaring the nation a bankrupt.

Our readers may judge, from the extracts which we have given, of the Baron's style. He is in general very correct in his statements, making no other mistakes than those which it is almost impossible for a foreigner to avoid: such as, p. 83., where he attributes to Mill the article Cottage Economy in the Edinburgh Encyclopædia, which was in fact written by Mac Culloch; and in p. 159., where he makes the strange assertion, that Mr. Whitbread's mother, (Lord Grey's sister,) is of the blood royal of England; in consequence of which, p. 161., Mr. Whitbread claimed and obtained some royal privileges at Cambridge. But these blunders are not in general very material.

We have met with no foreigner since *De Lolme* who has evinced so clear and perfect an acquaintance with our political institutions as Baron DE STAËL. He has truly delineated their peculiar and delicate features, has traced their connection, even in the minutest shades, with the substantial existence of liberty, and has held them up with generous applause, to the admiration and (if possible) to the adoption of his countrymen. He proposes to extend his views hereafter to the opinions and habits of Englishmen; and we make no doubt that his observations will be marked by the same truth, candor, liberality, and gentleman-like spirit, which shine in every one of these pages, and give them so much value.

Nor are we without hopes that his labors will diffuse in France more enlarged and manly notions of the representative system, than those which at present prevail there, and which are by no means confined to the court or the ministerial

torial side of the Lower Chamber. The French of every party are as yet school-boys in the tactics of civil freedom, and their ideas of religious liberty are, we fear, equally immature and short-sighted. On both these points they cannot fail to receive a great deal of instruction from the Baron's letters, — and the seed being sown, we may in due season expect the harvest.

The version of this work is full of Gallicisms, and executed in a creeping and slovenly manner. — It must be owned, that the people who translate now-a-days for the booksellers, are very humble laborers in the vineyard of literature.

ART. IV. *Note sur la Grèce.* Par M. le Vicomte DE CHATEAUBRIAND, Membre de la Société en Faveur des Grecs. pp. 48. Paris. Le Normant, Père, Rue de Seine. 1825.

SINCE M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND'S unceremonious dismissal from the department of Foreign Affairs, he has been diligent in keeping his name before the public by occasional *brochures*. The accession of the present sovereign of France gave him an opportunity of soliciting the royal favor by a panegyric, which if it did not rival that of Pliny on Trajan in elegance of style, far surpassed it in the measure of its adulation. Nevertheless M. *de Villele* still maintained his ascendancy: M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND was not recalled to office; and, like some disappointed courtiers of our own country, he turned patriot. Now he is as clamorous for liberal principles, as he was before for ultra-royalism; and he laudably exercises his talents in opposing every measure, and embarrassing every negotiation, of his former colleagues.

When in the cabinet, M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND was made acquainted with all the diplomatic difficulties of the Greek question, and he concurred with M. *de Villele* and the Autocrat of Russia, in allowing those imaginary impediments to be of greater importance to Europe, than the emancipation of a Christian people from the intolerable yoke of the Sultan. But now that he is no longer a minister, he has resumed his feelings as a man, and his genius as a writer; and he brushes away, with infinite ease, those cob-web obstacles which he formerly would not have ventured to examine. He has even become a member of a French society in favor of the Greeks; and the object of this slight publication is to vindicate their cause, and to obtain subscriptions for their treasury.

This

This is indeed a noble duty, and worthy of M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND. He has, with more than his usual modesty, intitled his *brochure* 'A Note on Greece:' it is something better; for it contains, within a brief space, a statement of the difficulties with which the continental courts surround the claims of the Greeks, and a complete refutation of the arguments upon which those objections are founded. Such a work, from the pen of so distinguished a writer, is particularly valuable at this moment, when the contest in the Morea seems hastening to a crisis.

M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND assumes that there is nobody, at least in Christian countries, who does not wish for the emancipation of the Greeks: but there are public writers, he observes, who, without being inimical to the freedom of that people, insist that foreign powers ought not to interfere in the matter, for these four reasons:

'The Turkish empire has been recognized at the Congress of Vienna as an integral part of Europe: the Grand Signor is the legitimate sovereign of the Greeks, whence it follows that the Greeks are rebellious subjects: the mediation of interposing powers might raise difficulties of policy; and it is not expedient that a popular government should be established in the east of Europe.'

M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND answers these objections in detail. With respect to the first, he asks;

'Did the Congress of Vienna guarantee to the Grand Signor the inviolability of his dominions? What! ensure them even against the fortunes of war? Did ministers from the Porte attend the Congress? Did the Grand Vizir sign the protocol? Did the Mufti engage to protect the supreme Pontiff, and the supreme Pontiff the Mufti? It is scarcely possible to consider such extraordinary and erroneous assertions with the gravity which they require. Further, the Porte would be exceedingly surprized to hear that any thing was guaranteed to it by a foreign power. The Sultan reigns by the Koran and his sword; it is even casting a doubt on his rights to recognize them. But the writers who insist that the dominions of the Grand Signor have been placed under the safeguard of the Congress of Vienna, do they remember that the possessions of the Christian princes, including their colonies, were really guaranteed by the acts of the Congress? See, then, to what this argument would lead. When the Spanish colonies are spoken of, who refers to the proceedings of the Congress of Vienna?'

As to the legitimacy of the Sultan, M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND observes;

'The legitimate subjects of the successor of Mahomet are Mahometans. The Greeks, as Christians, are neither legitimate nor

nor illegitimate subjects, they are slaves, *dogs* born only to die beneath the lash of the true believers. The Greek nation is not incorporated with the Turkish by an equality of civil and political rights; she is therefore not bound by any of the ties which connect a sovereign with his subject. Submitting, from the beginning, only to the right of conquest, she obtained a few privileges from the conqueror in exchange for the tribute which she agreed to pay. She has paid, she has yielded obedience, so long as her privileges were respected, nay, even after they were violated. But when her sacred ministers were executed, her temples defiled, when thousands of her children were assassinated, burnt, or drowned, when her women were given up to prostitution, and her children taken away and sold in the markets of Asia, whatever remained of blood in her heart, after so many sufferings, rose up against her oppressor. These slaves, — slaves by compulsion, — began to defend themselves with their irons. The Greek, who never was a subject according to the law of nations, became free by the law of nature: he has shaken off the yoke without being a rebel, without breaking any legitimate tie, for no such tie had been formed with him. The Mussulman and the Christian in the Morea are two enemies who had concluded a truce on certain conditions: these conditions the Mussulman violated, and the Christian resumed his arms: they both now find themselves in the position in which they were when they were first committed in combat, 300 years ago. Will Europe permit this effusion of blood to go on for ever?'

This is close and powerful reasoning. With respect to the objection that the interference of foreign powers might be attended with difficulties of policy, M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND contends, that no European powers dream at this day of dismembering and appropriating to themselves the dominions of the Grand Signor. Who thinks of a war with the Porte?

'It is not proposed to obtain the independence of Greece by making a joint attack on Turkey, and then fighting for the spoils; the only thing proposed is, that all the powers should unite in requesting the Porte to treat with the Greeks, to put an end to the war of extermination which afflicts the Christian world, interrupts commerce, embarrasses navigation, obliges neutrals to obtain convoys, and disturbs the general peace. If the Divan declined to lend an ear to these just representations, the recognition of the independence of Greece might be the immediate consequence of that refusal: by this simple proceeding Greece would be saved, without firing a single gun for her; and the Porte, sooner or later, would be obliged to follow the example of the Christian states.'

Besides, it should be recollected, as M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND shews, that Turkey recognizes foreign governments only as governments *de facto*, and that she does not feel herself bound by the international law of Europe. The Sultan does not hesitate,

hesitate, for instance, to imprison the envoys of nations with which he commences hostilities. The traveller is protected in Turkey rather by the hospitable manners of the people, and the charitable precepts of the Koran, than by the laws. In his commercial dealings the Mussulman honestly adheres to his contract, but the exchequer is a tyrant and an extortioner. The Turks give no quarter in the field, and the people whom they conquer they enslave. The right of sovereignty in the Porte can only be legitimately exercised in its Mahometan provinces. Its presence in the Christian states is not a social establishment, but a pure military occupation. Neither would the separation of Greece from Turkey cause any material injury to the latter power; on the contrary, its strength would be augmented by such a change, since a continuance of the civil war must necessarily harass its resources. The politicians of the Porte say, and with some reason, that the Ottoman government will never recover its pristine strength until it returns wholly to Asia. The Sultan might even gain a subsidy from the Greeks, if he were disposed to consent in time to their independence. They may soon be in a condition not to require his recognition, and if they be, they will be little disposed to pay for it. They are already far advanced in the career of freedom; they have only to look to their history, to their seas, and their mountains, for incitements to devotion to that great cause; they are already organized; they have fleets and armies; their blockades are respected; they contract loans; they coin money and promulgate laws; their government is quite as much a government *de facto* as that of the Grand Signor.

As to the last objection, that it might be inexpedient to establish a republican power in the east of Europe, M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND gets rid of it by recommending the Greeks to adopt a representative monarchy. To this recommendation we trust they will never accede. The soil of Greece has ever been unfriendly to monarchy; and its local character, composed of peninsulas and islands, evidently indicates the system of a federative republic as the only form of government which can render them united, free, and prosperous. The leaders and the people have, besides, been already too long accustomed to practical democracy to feel contented under a throne, even if it were limited by liberal restrictions. The country is too poor to sustain the pomp of royalty; and a poverty-stricken sovereign is the most rapacious and cruel of mankind. Such is Ferdinand of Spain.

In every other point we fully agree with M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND: we sincerely applaud his enthusiasm in the cause of the

the Greeks, though it has come somewhat late; and we cannot do better than conclude our observations in his own words:

'Whatever may be the determinations of policy, the cause of the Greeks has become popular every where. The undying names of Sparta and Athens seem to have touched the whole world: in every quarter of Europe societies are formed in aid of the Hellenists: their sufferings and their valor have attached every heart to their liberty. Prayers for their success, and contributions for their support, reach them from the coasts of India, and even from the bosom of the wilds of America: this universal piety of mankind towards her puts the seal to the glory of Greece.'

ART. V. *Le Diable Diplomate.* Par un ancien Ministre. Londres. 8vo. G. Schulze. pp. 144. 1825.

THIS is an allegory ingeniously framed, and developed in features of true comic force, with, however, a political aspect that impairs the recommendations of its graceful and delicate wit. The design is not original: it is suggested by the *Belphegor* of *La Fontaine*, but the details form a substantial variance from the performance of the poet, and fairly vindicate it from the imputation of plagiarism.

His Majesty, — so runs this malicious fiction — his Majesty the King of all the Furnaces, Autocrat of the Scorching Empire, chose one day to hold a court. It was an imperial "at home," — a superb convocation, consisting of all the persons of fashion who had as yet graduated thither from this mortal sphere. There are few but actual 'personages' in the torrid kingdom; it is a thriving colony from all the west ends of all the terrestrial capitals. Little wonder, then, that there was crowding and elbowing; that the heat was 'almost suffocating' in the chambers of the sulphureous palace. The monarch of Pandemonium was, however, the pink of politeness, — he outdid himself in courtesy on the occasion, — and the ladies (every one of them had been free of the ton, and was a veteran of the mode while on earth,) voted him the best bred gentleman that ever issued cards of invitation. All of a sudden a courier arrives, mounted on a post-dragon, charged with despatches from the earthly Minister for Foreign Affairs. His Majesty of Darkness, after perusing the contents, summons his council, and delivers a most exemplary king's speech. After the usual royal phrases about "friendly assurances" and "amicable relations," the Prince informs his council that the *corps diplomatique* on earth stands in need of an increase. Two tried statesmen, Asrasrafel and Dur-aux-Hommes, are appointed, by acclam-

acclamation, to the offices of Ambassador and Secretary of Legation. They are commissioned to omit no opportunity of extending the relations of the King their master.

'"Where shall we go?" asks the Secretary, when setting out on their mission.—"Any where for amusement," replies the Ambassador.—"If that be so," rejoins Dur-aux-Hommes, "make yourself easy: it is not for nothing that I am your secretary." So casting their eyes towards the Ottoman empire, they behold its capital very flourishing, and making vast strides towards permanent prosperity. "This will never do," says the Ambassador.—"Never," echoes his companion. They forthwith pounce down upon earth; and, after employing all the arts of intrigue among the chief persons, and blowing the coals of dissension, which had been then just enkindled by the introduction of vaccination, they succeed in establishing complete disorder in the country, and leave it in a most promising state of advancement to certain destruction. "Ainsi," says our author, "ces deux diplomates distinguès quitterent le pays avec cette paix interieure que donne une conscience pure, et la certitude d'avoir efficacement rempli les devoirs qui leur etoient imposès."'

Thence the diplomatists proceed to Greece,—they approach it in the midst of war, and are in ecstasies at the sight of the carnage. They are agreeably lighted on their way to the Pacha, with whom our Secretary is already acquainted, by the conflagration of a number of villages. This chief receives his guests with the greatest respect, and dissipates the time with some very pleasing cruelties: hanging, drowning, and sabreing, and many other similar exercises, are exhibited before them in convenient alternation. Grateful for these marks of respect, the legation take leave of the Pacha: they retire to the west, and make a sojourn in Germany, where they meet with nothing but learned metaphysicians and doctors of philosophy. They pass to Vienna, where a congress happened to be sitting at the time of their arrival. Mingling in its councils, they are heard with respect, and, finally, having unfolded all their political endowments, with admiration. Ascending to the country of the Ostrogoths (Russia), our statesmen are received at court with high consideration. The rogue of an ambassador gets round Alexander by many satisfactory admonitions, but above all, by presenting him with a treatise of his own composition, intitled "The Beauties of Absolute Government contrasted with the Nonsense of Liberty, adapted for the Use of Kings." The Empress at a drawing-room asks Dur-aux-Hommes if his country was a *cold* one, and how they were off for *firing*. The Secretary has enough to do to keep from laughing, but with simplicity he replied that frost and snow were rather unknown in his part

part of the world. The invasion of the country is threatened by the Velches (the French). Asrasrafel offers to see and provide that it shall turn out a failure. He pledges himself by hail, and frost, and snow, aided by a seasonable application of arson, (that being his particular line,) to dispose of the assailants. As soon as the army has advanced to the southern capital, the fulfilment of his promises begins, and, accordingly, whole columns are laid stiff, and towns are burned without mercy. While the Russians and French are embarrassing themselves about the authorship of the conflagration, here is Asrasrafel to claim the honor. The sanguinary, the dreadful havoc which ensues, is too good an event to be left to find its way to the regions below by the ordinary means of intelligence. A courier is sent off to announce the news to the ruler of Pandemonium, and returns with the great riband of the Order of Sulphur, and the title of Prince of the Satanic Empire, for Asrasrafel.

The reverses sustained by the invading power terminate in a humiliating visit of her enemies to her capital. We pass over the allied proceedings to the second and effectual fall of *Napoleon*, — they are of too sanguinary a tint to harmonize with the pleasant lineaments of the volume itself. The second congress is held at Vienna, and, amongst other remarkable events, we are informed that his Majesty of the Bulgarians (King of Prussia) has manifested his determination to bring back the bodies as well as the minds of his subjects to the antient footing. For this end the King resolves to establish a museum for the antient costumes of his kingdom, especially for the remarkable tails worn at home and abroad. This is to encourage the rising generation to an imitation of the sacred principles, as well as the creditable toilet of their ancestors; for 'similar objects bring back similar ideas.' Our diplomatists knew his Majesty's predilection for tails, and with that delicacy of adulation that marks your born courtier, they appear at the levee set off with tails a-piece that are long enough to fold about the arms. The Museum is open to their inspection, and here they behold the tails of the known world represented by respective specimens. Three hundred and eighty thousand of the tail-species are here assembled, according to the catalogue in an adjacent library, which was filled with treatises upon this interesting subject. What an assemblage! Botany was beggared with her distinctions: there was the powdered tail, the unpowdered tail, the tail with pomatum, the plain tail, the tail *au naturel*, the twisted, the twirled, the tied, the fish, the swallow, the cloven, the

pastoral. It would take a winter's night, in a northern latitude, to number up the units of the tail-species that were here collected.

The King, seeing their astonishment, recollected his wigs, — his museum of perukes, which were destroyed by an invasion, — and he wept for the loss. A few fragments, a few curls, limbs of the great originals, however, were wrested from the wreck, and preserved with precious care, serving as models, like the fragments of antient sculpture, to fix the admiration and form the taste of ages to come.

Dur-aux-Hommes resolves to surprize the King of the Bulgarians with some token of gratitude. He confers with Satan his master, who sends him the most magnificent of tails (to look at), smooth and shining, unexceptionable, except for a little flavour of sulphur, and for the emission of a little inordinate heat, to be presented to the royal host. It was graciously received, and deposited with the accumulated specimens of the tails of earth. What was the consequence? The Satanic present in due time takes fire, explodes, and the costly museum is consumed in a moment. The King is thrown into despair, and contracts a melancholy which he has the greatest mind in the world to make downright mortal. He abandons his pleasures and his agreeable labors; — no more tailoring; no more measuring; no more cutting out for his Majesty. The glory of collars and waists, of chalk, scissors, and lap-board, shall never reach him more. The doctors prescribe a wife. Well, the woman is taken, and his Majesty is no better for matrimony. The last, the *sovereign* remedy remains: a congress of princes is called about the bed of the royal patient, and one of them good naturedly presents him with a sugar-plumb of some rich provinces. The dose has the best effects, and his Majesty visibly improves.

" Now," says the King of the Vandals, (Emperor of Austria,) " now that we have got rid of the important subject of tails, what if we do something about public liberty, as it is called." The patient-king bids them hold, for he had promised his people a constitution. The company instantly set it down as the promise of a madman, which it would be insanity to carry into effect, — and they persuade him to think no more of it. It instantly vanishes for ever from his memory.

The ambassador and his secretary, in pursuance of their commission, at last reach the country of the Centaurs (England). They descend upon the banks of the Thames, and are overwhelmed with perfect fright at the fertility of its banks, the noble edifices which adorn them, and the signs of a busy

a busy and prosperous traffic which its course exhibits. They marvel, above all, at the approach of a singular machine which moves triumphantly towards them, — a great sea-monster that appears to consume the waters as he advances. "What is that," they ask of a by-stander, who is too true a John Bull to give them the least satisfaction, but sullenly frowns on them for a pair of "stupids." Quickly, however, a pretty, prudish-looking woman steps up and informs them, "That 'ere's a steam-boat, your honors: you'll see plenty on em by-and-by."—"Oh! a steam-boat," and they are going. "Wont your honor leave something: pray remember the poor woman," and she stretched out her hand. — Dur-aux-Hommes could scarcely restrain himself. "What it is to be in such a place! they are such thorough-going merchants, they wont give you common civility unless you buy it." — Proceeding to the capital, Asrasrafel enjoys the smoke and the furnaces: they remind him of home; and but for the fashion which obliges him to lodge in the west end, he would have taken up his abode in the neighbourhood of Barclay's brewery. He is free of all the first circles; and Dur-aux-Hommes employs himself in looking after out-of-door manners. One day strolling about he met with a Centaur walking quietly along, rope in hand, and making for a tree. "What are you about, my friend?"—"Going to hang myself," was the reply. "I am too rich, too fat; altogether, I am so prosperous, there is no bearing it any longer," and he went and hanged himself, Dur-aux-Hommes adjusting the rope *con amore*.

The next thing he sees is a "mill" in the street: he enjoys the thing, and absolutely bets. Soon after nothing would serve him but to attend a regular "fight" in the country, probably at Moulsey. He takes horse, makes a day of it, and returns to town in a hurry, distresses his horse, and finds himself in the jaws of the member for Galway. He is pulled up to Bow-Street, is fined in the mitigated penalty, and receives the largest possible lecture from Mr. Martin. Passing by the visit to the senate, the account of our elections, and the injustice that is done to the sense we entertain of the importance of gormandizing thereat, we approach Asrasrafel at the time that he is under the infliction of an interview with the agent of a company called the "Universal Undertakers." The project now on foot was a *certain thing*: the company was sending cargoes of sponge to the countries that were inundated by the late winter's rains: almost half Europe was under water. Sponge in consequence rose in

price, it produced already 20 per cent. Asrasrafel was obliged to take some shares.

Another day the same enthusiast renewed his visit: "I have now to submit the prospectus of a most wonderful discovery, a projectile steam-engine, one discharge of which, in time of war, will take down whole regiments, and that will be doing good, and will be humane, for it will abridge wars. With this same machine, I can, if necessary, treat our neighbours, at the other side of the channel, to a cataract of boiling water, or a charge of some two thousand pounders, whichever they like. In short, Sir, the subscription is opened for a project by which our countrymen among the Velches shall be supplied with boiling water for their tea: our true patriots, there is no doubt, will be anxious to use the national water: we can throw it at any distance; and nothing can equal the delicate precision with which we shall direct the stream into the tea-pot, no matter in what part of France it may be placed. But what I chiefly pride myself in is, the despatch-bullets: great inconvenience is felt at present by the delays of communication with our colonies: I shall remedy it: I have had hollow bullets formed capable of containing two persons with convenience. The engine sends them wherever you like: we have made experiments already: the persons sent with the first despatches have not as yet returned; but there is no doubt of our success: I am to have the patent; and you shall have as many shares as you like."—At this period, a rival projector enters. "What, Count! I am quite distracted to find you in the hands of a vain speculator: I am your only man. Here is a project worth your attention: the public is mad for shares: 'the books will be closed to-morrow,' but you shall have a preference." Asrasrafel inquired to what enterprize he belonged. "What, you in England, and not know of our Eolian baths, our aerial draughts!"—"No, I confess."—"Well, then, please to be informed of this,—our government has long beheld with regret the number of our countrymen who go abroad to spend their money among strangers, to the great injury of their native land. Now, Sir, it is not for me to speak of it, but I must say, I think I have found out a way of combining two things before deemed incompatible; namely, individual accommodation, and the national interest. You hear these people say, 'I must have change of air—change of air is all I want.' Now, Sir, I am the man that will put an end to all such pretexts: I undertake to get together, at home, every individual air from the pole to the torrid zone inclusively: my balloons, Sir, shall pick up the choicest airs of the most celebrated countries, and

and the public will have the opportunity of taking (at home) any air they please for the benefit of their health: do me the favor of a visit." Some days afterwards, Asrasrafel, passing by the aerial repository, is invited by a huge man with an appropriate placard and board, and the address, "Ladies and gentlemen, please to walk in: now is your time for a blast." He enters, and in the first place encounters the physician to the establishment, who was celebrated for the ready certainty with which he declared each person's particular disease by a figure, and his skill in prescribing the suitable air: he approached our ambassador who declared himself free from illness. "What, not ill, with that hot air about you! I say, Zephyr, (the name of the waiter,) go fetch three good blasts of Upper Alps' wind for this gentleman, number seven." At this time the institution was crowded with patients, some to be refrigerated with Siberian airs, some to inhale the balm of an Italian breeze, some to respire in the climate of the sun: our minister got off from the ordeal with merely a little frost on his nose.

This is by far the best satire that has been yet written on the chimerical associations, which have been, for the last year or two, cheating the good people of the city. The writer next proceeds, in a similar style of gaiety and grace, to remark on our political institutions and characters: but we have already exceeded our limits, and can only add, that the volume is exceedingly amusing, and evidently the work of a witty and an accomplished mind.

ART. VI. *State of the Jews in the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century.* Translated from the Dutch of M. PAUL VAN HEMERT, by LEWIS JACKSON. 8vo. pp. 40. London. John and H. L. Hunt. 1825.

FEW of the decrees of Providence are more manifest in their operation than the dispersion of the Hebrew people through almost every portion of the world, and the isolated condition in which they subsist, wherever they are established. Intermarrying only with each other, their features mark them out the moment they are seen: climate, habits of civilization, seem to produce little effect upon them: they carry with them every where the indelible sign of their origin; and, though they must frequently find it an inconvenience, they appear to entertain no desire of modifying it in the slightest degree.

The barbarity with which the Jews were treated in this country some centuries ago, forms one of the most disgraceful

pages of our history. We have, however, since the Revolution, given them more ample compensation for their unmerited sufferings than any other nation. We meet with Jews, many of them amiable, learned, active, and accomplished men, in every walk of life. They are admissible to parliament, and have actually sat in the House of Commons. There are Jews eminent at the bar, to all the dignities of which they may attain; and the subordinate branches of the law are crowded with them. The Rotschilds have not only raised their nation to a rank such as it never attained before, but they have elevated commerce itself by the enormous extent of their transactions, and by the acquisition of such unbounded opulence, that they have made emperors, kings, and republics, their tributaries. There are many other mercantile houses conducted by Jews in London, which, though they cannot rival that of the Rotschilds, are classed among the most respectable establishments of our time.

Considering their great and increasing wealth, and the influence which it must inevitably give them, in whatever country they choose to exercise it, we are not surprized that the leaders of the Hebrew tribes have at length begun to turn their thoughts towards the general amelioration of their brethren in the scale of society. Upon their own exertions depends their success. They have not acted unwisely in waiting for an epoch, when prejudices of every description are wearing fast away, and the intercourse of life is carried on upon the broadest basis of liberality. The pamphlet before us is one of the first results of their proceedings; and though the information which it affords us, as to the present state of the Jews, is scanty and crude, yet we must commend the publication of it as one of the signs of a propitious age.

With the exception of a few states, Jews are to be found in every part of Europe. In the European part of Turkey their number is said to be very great. Holland seems to be their favorite residence. There they are calculated at about sixty thousand souls, being nearly a thirty-second part of the population. They are admitted to the bar of Dutch jurisprudence; and the names of the advocates *Meyer*, *De Markas*, *Presburg*, and *Asser*, are honorably distinguished in the courts of Amsterdam. Prejudice no longer operates against them, to any marked extent, in the paths of social intercourse.

Lessing's dramatic piece, called Die Juden, "The Jews," had the effect of considerably diminishing the violent antipathy with which that people were long treated by the Germans. *Lessing* conferred a still higher benefit on the Jews by

by discovering and encouraging the talents of *Mendelsohn*. This celebrated Jew wrote a treatise, in which he maintained that Judaism is only a civil institution. His commentaries on part of the Old Testament are of some value: but his best work is a Dialogue on the Immortality of the Soul, which obtained for him the name of the "Jewish Socrates." Since his time Dr. *Herz*, a Jew at Berlin, was appointed by the King of Prussia Professor of Philosophy, — and the Jew-tax has been partly abolished. Nevertheless, several of the German turnpikes still exhibit the illiberal notice that "Jews and pigs pay toll here."

There are about seven thousand Jews in Frankfort, where they inhabit a particular quarter of the town: but, according to Mr. Russel, it is no longer walled in, as it once was, to separate them from the rest of the community. The constitution of the city now gives them the fullest toleration in religion, and security of property.

In France the Revolution — that mighty engine of change — raised the Jews to the rank of citizens. They became members of the municipal governments, rose to high ranks in the army, and obtained the riband of the Legion of Honor. The policy of *Bonaparte* was liberal in this respect. In Italy, as well as in Germany, France, and England, the condition of the Jews has, upon the whole, been greatly ameliorated within the last fifty years. In Poland, Silesia, Moravia, Suabia, and the Papal dominions, they still continue in the most abject state of debasement, and are distinguished only for their avarice, cunning, cowardice, and misery.

The Portuguese and Spanish Jews, but especially the former, have long held a high rank among their nation. Persecution drove numbers of them, from time to time, to Germany, whither they carried with them considerable treasures. These they invested in the public funds of England, France, and Holland; and hence they soon became distinguished for that ambiguous sort of speculation in the stocks, which is more allied to the practices of gambling than of honest trade. They have kept themselves in a great measure distinct from the German Jews, whom they look upon as an inferior race; and they form a separate congregation, with religious rites and ceremonies peculiar to themselves.

M. Van Hemert speaks with some partiality of another new congregation, which was established by the German Jews in Amsterdam in 1796.

'This new congregation,' he observes, 'governed by some able and worthy individuals, will sooner or later become of great benefit

to the Jews here, in general, in their becoming more enlightened and ennobled. They have already done a great deal of good, and would have done more, if less egotism and more worldly citizenship would exist among mankind. I am acquainted with some members of this community who would have been an ornament to Christianity, if fate had permitted Christian parents to have given them birth; but who now, because they are born of Jews, are kept by the Christians in general at a distance, to the injury of both, and more injurious still to civil society. Some from among them, whose parents were honest citizens, have devoted themselves to the study of letters, and, after struggling with incredible difficulties, have reached a moral height, of which, among Christians, no just conception can be formed, because the latter, finding all paths even and smooth for them, cannot conceive the pains and difficulties with which a Jew has to contend, as well in regard to the straitness of pecuniary means necessary for his studies, as also in regard to the prejudices in which he is educated, and of his exclusion from all public schools and establishments.'

It is pleasant to observe that this exclusion of the children of Jews from public schools does not exist in England. In point of fact, several of that race have been educated at Eton and Westminster. The Universities, however, are closed against them.

Though deficient in details, there is a great deal of good ense and sound principle in this pamphlet. The author admits that much baseness of conduct is to be found among the Jews in every country, but he justly imputes it to the state of contempt and degradation, in which they have been too long held by the Christians. The only mode by which any class of men may be rendered respectable and useful members of society, is to admit them to the rank of civilized beings, to treat them with kindness, and to give them an interest in the welfare of the community. It is by this process alone that the Jews can be taught to abandon that vain expectation of a MESSIAH, which has deluded their nation for eighteen hundred years. How can they ever be convinced, that such a Being ever trod the earth, until we, who acknowlege Him, prove the fulness of our belief, by practising towards all mankind the great doctrines of charity, which it was the object of that Divine Missionary to teach not by precept only but also by example?

ART. VII. *Brother Jonathan*; or, the New Englanders. 3 Vols. 8vo. Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1825.

THIS novel, though published in Edinburgh, is, we have reason to believe, written by an American. The success of the "Great Unknown" has provoked imitation no where in such multitu-

multitudinous shapes as in the United States. The writers of that country have been repeatedly urged by the praises, or the reproaches, of each other, to the composition of fictions with American materials, upon the plan of the Waverley stories; and every month teems with these romantic creations from the trans-Atlantic press. The writers of these books avow it to be their purpose to communicate to strangers, by living pictures, a knowlege of the manners, habits, characters, and transactions of their countrymen of the present and former time. 'Brother Jonathan' was no doubt destined by its author to supersede any further attempt in the same department. In this work there are some traces of genius: it abounds with evidence of the author's intimate acquaintance with the people among whom his scenes are laid. He is no common observer of the intricacies of the human mind; and he has had the opportunity of ascertaining, through the errors of his predecessors, the national faults which he had to avoid, and in what manner he would be most likely to satisfy the public expectation. Notwithstanding these advantages, however, his work, as a representation of life, is a failure. In aiming to mark out a striking story, he has produced a plot, in which the incidents are refining upon each other with such rapidity as to fall into confusion, and, consequently, to lose all interest. In endeavoring to exhibit a series of characters, which should bear no resemblance to those of any other author, and to fix upon them the impress of peculiarity, he has created men and women with sentiments and qualities which contradict each other, and even sometimes surprize by the absurdity of their combination. In his descriptions of scenery he shews an acquaintance with nature's grandest works, and proves that he is alive to the sublime impressions which may be received from those examples of her power which are prodigally exhibited in North America. There are a number of detached dialogues, — sketches of character, — and descriptions, particularly the pathetic ones, — which are wrought with great ability. But the general character of the style is that of exaggeration. The perpetual search for effect, the evident determination to be always striking, even in the current of ordinary narrative, involve the writer in the mistake that he can attain both the one and the other, by imposing on himself and his personages the task of talking only in epigrams. The story is sufficiently intricate, and by no means engaging. The family of Abraham Harwood, a Yankee Presbyterian preacher, are living at Connecticut, and there we are introduced to a mysterious stranger, Jonathan Peters. Walter Harwood, the hero, is a very young boy at the opening

ing of the novel, but we soon find him possessed of astonishing powers of observation. His mind is adventurous; and he cannot brook the solitude of home, although his cousin, Edith Cummin, a singularly wild, bewitching Virginian girl, inhabits the same house with him, and is calculated to bind him there with the spell of her mind and beauty.

Walter must seek his fortune: the times are full of trouble; the spirit of revolution is bracing the Americans for the contest which afterwards ensues; the adventurer, under pretence of speculating upon a mercantile situation, proceeds to New York. The journey to that city is the most amusing part of the tale. Walter having arrived at the inn, throws himself on a bed, and is musing in the deepest thought, when in comes the waiter:

'"Well! if that ain't what I call pootty consider'ble hansum, o' you!" quoth somebody, in Walter Harwood's hearing. — He lifted his head, not a little amazed, on perceiving the daylight. — "Halloo!" cried he — "who are you? what do you want; — hey?"

'"Do you take an' sleep in your shoes, mister, pretty ginerally speakin'?"

'"Bless my heart!" said our hero; jumping up — staring about — and rubbing his eyes; — "why! — what — hey? — sure enough. — Who the devil are *you*? — who's been a-dressing me!"

'"Haw! haw! haw! — Been a-keepin' it up, I guess — tipsy, a few, yit — if he ain't; why!"

'Walter soon discovered how it was. He had fallen asleep, undressing — sound asleep — and had been diligently occupied, about four or five hours, in dreaming, that, for the soul of him, tired as he was — there was no getting a nap, in that noisy town of New York.

'There were some six or eight beds in the same apartment, most of which began to heave in the new sunshine, with unequivocal symptoms of animation. A great bell rang, below; and, immediately, the room was over peopled with prodigious country merchants; teamsters, and odd-looking fellows — among whom were a parcel of retail shopkeepers; — all employed in greasing their wigs — turning their cravats — tucking in their dirty collars — or coaxing on their torn stockings. He was greatly amused.

'Some, he found, wore collars without shirts; a few, to his astonishment, shirts without collars — or bodies. Was the cravat very dirty, on one side? — it was turned: on both sides? a new arrangement of the folding was made. Were the collars pretty clean — they were worn out — out — out — up to the very temples; as far as they would go, in the shape of a collar: dirty? — they were pulled in — reefed — by little and little — inch by inch — line by line, till they were extinct. Was the waistcoat without a button? — it was pinned below; and left open, at the breast, with a foppish air of indifference to health, and cold weather.

weather. So, too, if there were any ruffles, or a brooch, to be shown; — every thing — decency — comfort — every thing gave way to it. Was the collar quite ragged? — it was turned carelessly down: — was the bottom ragged? — it was turned carefully up. Some two or three had pocket-handkerchiefs — they, of course, were put into their bosoms, or left hanging out, so as to be visible. Some had neither shirt, nor ruffles — brooch, nor waistcoat: — of course *their* coats were always buttoned, bravely up — up to the very chin. All were uncleanly — beastly — combing their long hair with their fingers, and thumbs; sopping their faces, one after another — it made him sick — with a towel; — and, what was worse, with one and the same towel. Only one or two shaved; — and, out of six or eight, who made use of the *public* tooth-brush, only one used it, as if he knew what it was for — and *he* was laughed at, for his foppery, by all the rest.'

Walter was in love with Edith Cummin, but, unable to resist the temptations of a city, he soon is led to follow other fancies. In process of time, his taste for adventure drives him to take the field in the ranks under Washington. He witnesses, during his short period of military service, nothing but disaster and almost disgrace to the swords of his compatriots; and, after going through as much distress and danger as would make the fortune of any hero in the world, he is finally restored to Edith and his home. This, which is the leading story of the novel, is interwoven with an underplot, which affords some amusing scenes: but, as we before observed, the facts are unnecessarily complicated, and the *denouement* excites neither surprize nor satisfaction. There is a variety of characters interspersed through the volumes, which demand no particular notice: of these, Bald Eagle is the best drawn; the character of the Yankee Winslow is also well sustained. The work displays a vigorous mind, and an ardent fancy: but these advantages are almost neutralized by a degree of affectation that has the effect of distorting almost every thing which it touches.

ART. VIII. *Mémoires inédits de Madame la Comtesse de Genlis, pour servir à l'Histoire des dix-huitième et dix-neuvième Siècles.* 8vo. A Paris, et Londres, chez Colburn. 1825.

THESE memoirs are to be extended, we understand, to eight volumes, six of which have already made their appearance. The whole will form an interesting and, in many respects, a useful piece of biography, although many readers may be inclined to feel that it might have been fairly limited within half the number of tomes which it is destined to occupy.

It

It may, perhaps, be permitted to a lady who has witnessed the manners of the old court of France, the innovations of the Revolution, and the reforms of the restoration, to be diffuse in her observations, her anecdotes, and her complaints. It is the privilege of age to be garrulous; and one is ready to make many sacrifices of attention to an octogenarian like Madame DE GENLIS, who has so much to tell, and who has the happy faculty of relating all that she knows in the most simple and agreeable manner.

We must regret, indeed, that she has become so much of an author as to condescend to the stale practice, too frequently resorted to for other than literary purposes, of spreading out her volumes by quotations from her published works: assuredly, all these might have been well spared. There are also a vast number of trifling incidents, arising out of private family-dissensions, which have nothing to do with the manners or history of the age, and which good taste and feeling would wish to have been wholly omitted. Though Madame DE GENLIS, it must be owned, generally speaks of those who have injured her in the course of her long and varied life, with a great deal of true Christian charity, yet the world in general is exceedingly indifferent to the details of those little animosities, which merely ruffle the current of domestic life, and demand only a little patience and a seasonable oblivion. Within that sacred sphere the heart should always be like the ocean, ever ready to close upon all that enters it, and to lose, in the first moment of calm, all traces of the storms that pass over it.

The strong and obstinate recollection of her family-irritations, together with her marked peculiarities, which are uniformly and thoroughly feminine, may, however, tend, in many instances, to give a greater air of truth and nature to Madame DE GENLIS's memoirs. She seems to have been exposed to vicissitudes almost from her childhood; and even in her age, it is painful to observe, that she is not wholly relieved from them. She was born near Autun, in Burgundy, on the 25th of January, 1746, and she gives an ample description of her early habits and education. While still very young, she was admitted a canoness of the noble chapter of Alix, with the choice of taking the vows or not, according to the rules of that order, but with the certainty of taking the title of Countess, which it was the privilege of the chapter to confer. She conceived in her childhood a passion for music, which a good voice induced her family to cultivate; and she pursued it with so much success, as to become in her maturity one of the best private performers on the harp in France. Her early taste for the instruction of children, which in after life she carried to so eminent

eminent a degree of perfection, was first displayed in a whimsical manner.

'I had a little room beside that of Mademoiselle de Mars, (her governess,) whose chamber had a small door which communicated with the drawing-room; mine opened only into hers; but my window, in front of the château, was not quite five feet from the ground; below the window was a large terrace covered with sand, with a wall breast high, but of great depth on the outside, and extending along a pond, which was only separated from the wall by a narrow road covered with rushes and grass.

'The little boys of the village used to come to this spot to play and gather rushes; I liked to look on as they played, and soon took it into my head to give them lessons, that is to say, to teach them all I knew myself — my catechism, some lines out of Mademoiselle Barbier's tragedies, and what I had by heart of the principles of music. Leaning against the wall of the terrace, I gave them these excellent lessons in the gravest possible manner. I had great difficulty in making them learn to repeat verses, on account of their Burgundy accent, (*patois*,) but I was patient, and they were docile. My little scholars, ranged along the wall, amidst reeds and rushes, looked up and listened to me with the profoundest attention, for I promised them *rewards*, which consisted in fruits, sweetmeats, and all sorts of trifles. I went almost every day to my school, getting out of my room by the window, to which I fastened a cord, by means of which I let myself slide down upon the terrace; I was light and active, and I never had a fall. After my school-hours, I came round by one of the courts, and entered my chamber by the dining-room, without being observed. I always selected for these frolics the post-days, while Mademoiselle de Mars was writing to her relations, on which occasions she used to be so entirely absorbed in her despatches, that she did not pay the least attention to what was passing around her; so that I kept my school very peaceably for a long time, and besides, I came back always at an hour when my mother was not in the drawing-room. At last Mademoiselle de Mars caught me one day in the midst of my school, but she gave me no reprimand; however, she laughed so much at the style in which my scholars declaimed the verses of Mademoiselle Barbier, that she disgusted me with my learned functions.'

It was very much the custom in those times for large families to amuse themselves and their friends by theatrical representations, which were either imagined for the occasion, or selected from minor authors. Madame DE GENLIS, from her first initiation in these amusements, excelled in them, and she afterwards turned them to great advantage in the instruction of the illustrious pupils of the house of *Orleans*, who were committed to her care. She complains, with great justice, of the system of female education which prevailed in her youth, and which unhappily still continues, though not to the same extent

extent as formerly. It was then, as it still is, too much the fashion to attach more importance to the ornamental talents than to the cultivation of the heart and reason. It is due to Madame DE GENLIS to observe, that the partial reformation of this system is, in a great measure, to be attributed to her zealous writings on the subject, and to the practice of which she gave the first example.

It is a remarkable circumstance in the character of this lady, that her talents and dispositions for the education of children have been so assiduously applied during her life, that she not only sacrificed her time, but even separated from her husband, in the bloom of her age, in order to pursue that object. She was married to M. *de Genlis* when she was about fifteen, and at thirty she secluded herself at Belle Chasse, and occupied herself wholly in bringing up the children of the late Duke of *Orleans*. She exhibits in all her actions unbounded benevolence of heart; attended, however, by many circumstances, which, if she had not displayed so much correctness of understanding, we should attribute to a derangement of that faculty. The truth seems to be, that she was often borne away by a deep, though not an impetuous, stream of imagination, and not seldom deluded into conduct for which it is very difficult to account, without allowing her an excessive measure of vanity. With a bosom overflowing with kindness, never perhaps has any individual made so many enemies. No married woman has given more plausible grounds for suspicions of her fidelity, and yet we feel assured that it was never violated. Attached by early patronage to the house of Bourbon, she participated in its reverses, but soon got tired of them, and became so far an instrument under *Napoleon*, as to accept a relation towards him similar to that which connected *Kotzebue* with the Emperor of Russia; that is to say, she became his literary spy, his pensioner, and his flatterer. When *Napoleon* was dethroned, her affection for the Bourbons was conveniently revived. During the Hundred Days it ebbed again; and when the King returned the second time, she was one of the first to pay him the homage of her adulation, which she has since industriously extended to every member of the family, though hitherto without effect. Every one whom she served has, with very few exceptions, proved ungrateful to her. Throughout her Memoirs she speaks little of her husband, though she would have us believe that she loved him affectionately. She was a thorough courtier in providing good matches for her daughters, and profitable places for her relatives and friends, and yet when she wanted their assistance, she met only with neglect. There is a great deal of peculiarity in all this, not a little

a little of personal misfortune, not a little of suspicion as to the sincerity of her heart and the purity of her life. Her political inconsistency ought not perhaps to be treated with any thing like severity, seeing that she was in every point a woman, and that her exigencies were great. As to the other parts of her character, she seems herself to have been perfectly aware of them.

'One praise,' she observes, 'I may venture to give myself, because I am quite sure I deserve it; and that is, that I have always had a clear judgment, and consequently a great foundation of sense; yet I have committed a thousand follies — a thousand unreasonable things; and no one existing has ever reflected less than I upon her present interests, her conduct, and its consequences: at the same time, no human being has ever reflected more on what was not personal to herself — on her reading, on mankind, on the world, and on chimeras. Governed by my imagination from infancy, I have always loved better to busy myself with what I had *created* than with what already existed. I have never considered the future but as a dream, where one may introduce any thing that one pleases. It seems to me insipid to place there only things so probable that any one may believe they will occur. I had not the gift of foresight, but I had that of invention.'

Perhaps the most convincing answer that can be given to all the suspicions which have been conceived, and the calumnies which have been uttered against her, will be found in the virtuous tone and the great number of her literary productions, (which are almost as multitudinous as those of Sir Walter Scott,) and in the fact, that the portion of her mature life, which was not dedicated to literature, appears to have been chiefly occupied in the education of children. It seems impossible that vicious practices could co-exist with pursuits so laudable in every respect, and so useful to mankind.

Those persons, however, who are acquainted with Madame DE GENLIS only through her works, will be surprized, if not often mortified, to find that the picture which they might have imagined of the author of such delightful tales as the "Siege of Rochelle," and "Petrarch and Laura," is by no means a just one. They will be dissatisfied with her vanity, her love of show, her desire, even after marriage, of captivating admirers and of gaining petty triumphs in society: they will be grieved to follow her through her misfortunes, and to see her on every occasion actuated by a feeling of self-love, and the very reverse, in many instances, of the beautiful creations with which she has embellished the pure morality of her elegant and judicious writings. Many of these defects, indeed, may be set down to the general corruptions of her time; and it is no slight expiation of her faults, that she confesses them as freely

freely as she claims credit for her virtues. But whatever judgment may be formed of her personal character, no doubt can be entertained of the tact with which she delineates the characters of many of her contemporaries, or of the fidelity with which she paints the different changes in the manners of the court and nation, which she had the best opportunities of observing. Her portraits of the different individuals who were attached to, or who frequented, the Palais Royal, the residence of the Duke of *Orleans*, are not indeed finished with all the graces of *Grammont*: the materials were very different: yet these cabinet-pictures often remind one of that incomparable writer. She thus sketches the general characteristics of the *vieille cour*:

'At this period (about 1770) grand recollections and recent traditions still maintained in France good principles, sound ideas, and national virtues, already somewhat weakened by pernicious writings, and a reign full of faults; but in the city and at court there were still found that refined taste and that exquisite politeness, of which every Frenchman had a right to be proud, since, throughout all Europe, it was universally held to be the most perfect model of grace, elegance, and dignity. Several ladies, and some few great lords, were then met with in society, who had seen *Louis* XIV., and they were respected as the wrecks of a great age. Youth became restrained in their company, and naturally became silent, modest, and attentive: they were listened to with profound interest, for they seemed to be the organs of history. They were consulted concerning etiquette and the usages of society: their suffrage was of the utmost importance to those who were entering into public life; in a word, contemporaries of so many great men of all kinds, these venerable characters seemed placed in society to maintain the ancient feelings of politeness, glory, and patriotism, or, at least, to delay their melancholy decline. But in a short time, the influence of these feelings scarcely appeared except in an elevated style, in a simple *theory* of delicate and generous conduct. Virtue was retained only from the remains of good taste, which still held in esteem its language and appearance. Every one, to conceal his own way of thinking, became stricter in observing the *bienséances*: the most refined ideas were sported in conversation concerning delicacy, greatness of mind, and the duties of friendship; and even chimerical virtues were fancied, which was easy enough, considering that the happy agreement of conversation and conduct did not exist. But hypocrisy always betrays itself by exaggeration, for it never knows when to stop: false sensibility has no shades, never employs any but the strongest colours, and heaps them on with the most ridiculous prodigality.

'There now appeared in society a very numerous party of both sexes, who declared themselves the partisans and depositaries of the old traditions respecting taste, etiquette, and morals themselves, which

which they boasted of having brought to perfection; they declared themselves supreme arbiters of all the proprieties of social life, and claimed for themselves exclusively the high-sounding appellation of *good company*. Every person of bad *ton*, or licentious notoriety, was excluded from the society; but to be admitted, neither a spotless character nor eminent merit was necessary. Infidels, devotees, prudes, and women of light conduct were indiscriminately received. The only qualifications necessary were *bon ton*, dignified manners, and a certain respect in society, acquired by rank, birth, and credit at court, or by display, wealth, talent, and personal accomplishments. Whenever claims are firmly and perseveringly supported, though they be not well-founded, they give the persons who make them a certain footing and consideration in society, when they are wealthy, clever, and keep a good table. Sharp-sighted people and keen observers may laugh at them; but the public yield, as the very obstinacy of their pretensions seems to give them a just right.'

Like most of the married ladies of her time, Madame DE GENLIS had what she calls a 'Platonic liaison.' The object of her preference was a certain Viscount *de Custines*, who seems to have amused and persecuted her a good deal, by following her every where, in different disguises. Sometimes he solicited and obtained her charity at a church-door as a mendicant; sometimes he watched her in the turban and robes of an Armenian; nay, he once ventured so far as to dress her hair for her in her own house, under the disguise of a female hair-dresser! When Madame DE GENLIS confesses circumstances like these, it is not surprising that her enemies have calumniated her character, especially as she adds, that in the beginning she encouraged these visits, because they excited her curiosity, and that in every stage of this *liaison* she cautiously concealed it from her husband.

She complains very much of the systematic scandal, envy, and meanness of disposition, which existed in the Palais Royal, which she inhabited for several years, as one of the ladies of honor to the Duchess of *Orleans*. The account of her residence in that situation is highly animated, and interspersed with many pleasant anecdotes. She relates, in a very piquant style, some interviews which she had with *Rousseau* and *Voltaire*, and other eminent literary characters, who were then fading away with the last century. She seems to have had considerable influence with the *Orleans* family, and to have exercised it often for useful public purposes, though she warmly disavows having in any manner advised the late Duke in his precipitate adoption of revolutionary principles, — a charge which has been more than once made against her. From the Palais Royal she was transferred to the convent of

Belle Chasse, near Paris, where she presided over the education of the children of the Duke of *Orleans* for several years. She describes her habits of economy, and her plan of instruction, with great minuteness. She visited London shortly before the Revolution, and became acquainted with Fox, Sheridan, Burke, and other distinguished persons of that period. Soon after her return to France, the Revolution broke out, and compelled her, together with her pupils, to seek refuge in different foreign countries. We cannot follow her in her wanderings through England, Holland, Germany, and Prussia. She and her husband had been possessed of considerable property before the Revolution. In the course of a little time it was confiscated; and M. *de Genlis*, who seems to have been a man of the most honorable principles, was sacrificed at the guillotine. During her exile, Madame DE GENLIS suffered many hardships, which she exerted herself as much as possible to relieve, by her literary and musical talents. She endured her reverses with exemplary resignation. She obtained permission to return to France about the time when the tempest of the Revolution began to subside. She found every thing changed. She felt like a stranger in Paris. The streets, which had been formerly named after saints, were now named after *philosophers!* In the fiacres which she saw in the squares, she recognized several of the confiscated carriages of her earliest friends. As she passed by some print-shops, she observed exposed for sale engravings of the arms and portraits of many noblemen of her acquaintance, most of whom had been guillotined. She stepped into a retail wine-shop, for the purpose of writing a memorandum, and she found herself in the *ci-devant Hôtel de Genlis!* It was impossible for her to recognize it in its altered condition. Individuals whom she had formerly known as artisans of the lowest class, she now beheld surrounded with the most brilliant gifts of fortune, mistaking rudeness for dignity, and loud insolence for the manners of the great. The women, who, before the Revolution, were the gems in every society, now hated intelligent conversation, because they could no longer take a part in it; without knowing how they ought to have been treated, they were perpetually irritating themselves with suppositions that they were the objects of imaginary disrespect and ideal impertinence. Literary coteries had ceased altogether: the intellectual delights of the *Hôtel de Rambouillet*, of the circles ruled by a *Deffant*, a *Geoffrin*, an *Espinasse*, and a *Houdetot*, were no more. Of all these accomplished ladies, Madame *du Deffant* alone, notwithstanding the burden of her years, did the honors of one of the academic *salons*. Even the language was marked

marked with the traces of the Revolution: idiomatic phrases were corrupted; and a species of slang was introduced into general usage, which has not yet been fully reformed. Formerly ladies called their most private room their *cabinet*: after the Revolution they adopted the language of the courtesans, and called it their *boudoir*. In the reign of *Louis* XV. if a gentleman were attached to a lady, it was said, *Il est occupé d'elle*, a delicate mode of expression, which was ill exchanged during the Revolution for the rude phrase, *il en est amoureux*. Suppers, which formerly gave a seasonable zest to society, and were celebrated for their gaiety, were discontinued, on account of the *spectacle* being prolonged to too late an hour at night. These and many other innovations, which no person could have judged of with so much accuracy, which no writer could have seized with so much delicacy, as Madame DE GENLIS, are all enumerated in a very lively vein. It is highly amusing to observe the earnestness with which this lady of the olden time detects and laments the decay of antient manners, and the substitution of others which she deems little less than barbarous; and to see how soon and how easily she yields to the desire of the Emperor, that she should write to him once a fortnight, on 'politics, finance, literature, morality, and every thing that passed through her head!' (*sur tout ce qui me passeroit par la tête,*) — a title sufficiently extensive.

Extracts from several of Madame DE GENLIS's letters to *Napoleon* are given in the fifth volume of these Memoirs. They are of course the most inoffensive to the reigning dynasty, and the least exaggerated specimens, which she could select. Nevertheless, they are sufficient to shew that in politics she was a perfect "Vicar of Bray," only not quite so fortunate. She has also given abundant evidence to shew, that in her letters she took advantage of the general title above mentioned, and that the conduct of individuals sometimes, if not indeed principally, assisted her to a theme. We have here an instance, which serves at once to illustrate her own powers of adulation, as well as those of the celebrated Cardinal Maury.

'The Cardinal Maury will be an excellent archbishop: he has a great deal of mind, and a good mind, animated and sensible, firm and conciliatory: he would be a most excellent ambassador. He told me that nothing could equal the emotion which he felt on taking the oath (of allegiance); and that the Emperor, in bestowing his gifts, displays so much grace and majesty, that one would feel delighted, in such moments, to die for him. He added, that he trembled so much, that he could not support himself; not that he is by any means naturally timid: he might have said to his Majesty, what a veteran officer, dazzled by the splendor of royalty, said to *Louis* XIV., "Sire, I do not tremble thus before your enemies."'

Had the conduct of the Cardinal been different, is it to be supposed that she would not have described it with equal minuteness? though we must, in fairness, add, that we give much credit to Madame DE GENLIS for good intentions. Much is to be excused to her womanly character; and we are disposed to believe her, when she says that she never made use of her correspondence with the Emperor for the purpose of injuring any human being. We think her incapable of it.

Through the favor of M. *Chaptal*, Madame DE GENLIS was lodged, during the greater part of the Emperor's reign, in the Arsenal, near the Bibliotheque, where she had an opportunity of referring to every book she wished to consult. While in that agreeable residence, she produced several works, among others, the Memoirs of *Dangeau*, which she extracted from the original MS., and published, with notes.* It appears that she was patronized by *Talleyrand*, and also by the Duchess *de Courlande*, who placed in her hand several letters from *Napoleon* to *Josephine*, which prove his affection for that amiable woman, but seem to be of no other value.

In her sixth volume, Madame DE GENLIS describes, in rather an embarrassed manner, the fall of the Emperor, the restoration, the return from Elba, and the second restoration — themes which are now quite worn out, and upon which she has shed little additional light. She intersperses the volume with some remarks on the living French writers, which are very impartial, and distinguished by correct taste. We are apprehensive that the two concluding volumes of her Memoirs, which are yet to appear, will be rather inferior to those now before us. She seems already to have exhausted all her matter. Still they will necessarily excite attention, as coming from a woman, who, whatever may have been her personal indiscretions, has essentially served the interests of literature and of education in France.

ART. IX. *The Orlando Furioso.* Translated into English Verse, from the Italian of *Ludovico Ariosto*, with Notes. By William Stewart Rose. 8vo. Vols. I. II. III. 1*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.* Boards. Murray. 1823–5.

WITHIN the last few years a number of excellent translations have been made, both in poetry and prose, which promise greatly to enlarge the boundaries of our enjoyment. The mirthful wit of Aristophanes and the plaintive tenderness of Sophocles are now laid open to the English reader,

* For a review of the Memoirs of *Dangeau* see vol. lxxxiii. of the M. R., p. 514.

in

in versions worthy of the nation: from foreign novelists he may now derive the highest entertainment; from *Bouterwek* and *Sismondi* admirable principles of criticism, and a more intimate acquaintance with the poets of Italy and Spain. From the latter of these countries have been naturalised two choice collections of romantic ballads, instinct with chivalry and love, as well as the classic pictures and Virgilian sweetness of the muse of *Garcilaso:* from the former we are promised the yet superior creations of *Tasso* and *Ariosto.*

We confess that we are inclined to receive with peculiar satisfaction translations from the Italian poets. Their works have long since conferred signal benefits on our language and versification. Chaucer, not to speak of the use which he made of *Boccaccio,* was perfectly conversant with *Petrarch.* Spenser's fancy seems entirely imbued with the brilliant coloring and romantic vein of *Boiardo* and *Ariosto,* sublimed, it may be, to a chaster and more serious tone, but still essentially Italian in its character. It was unquestionably from the Italian poets that he borrowed the model, as well as the occasional embellishment, of his Faery Queen; and with many of their graces he has copied also some of their faults, and rendered the incidents of his story as confused as those of the *Orlando* itself. This pervading defect, this marring of emotion, and utter want of unity in the conduct of the narrative, disclose to us the grand secret why *Ariosto* has been in England less popular than *Tasso;* and this, if we were called upon to pronounce between them, would go a great way indeed to induce us to give the preference to the more lucid writer of the two.

As to *Ariosto,* however, we must be content to take him as we find him. Whatever faults we may find with the conduct of his poem, our admiration he commands in every page of his delightful cantos. Fervid, volatile, or gay; capricious, humorous, tender, or voluptuous; in all his many moods he plays the tyrant over us, and alternately vexes and delights us. He is the Mercutio of poets; the Ariel of fine romancers; playing, now, a thousand tricks with our good humor and our feelings, and now, by the power of his dexterous enchantments, lapping the soul in Elysian reveries. His heroes and his heroines have all a touch of the fairy in them, and come and vanish like forms called up by the magician's wand, or like the vision of which Comus speaks, — of

> —— " Some gay creatures of the element,
> That in the colors of the rainbow live,
> And play i' the plighted clouds."

Mr. Rose's *Parthenope de Blois* recommended him as one well versed in the lore and love of chivalry: his translation of *Casti* assured us of his keen relish for satiric wit. To these qualifications were added a perfect knowlege of the Italian language, great facility of versification, a mercurial fancy, and the mastership of a copious stock of poetic phraseology. Our principal distrust of him originated in the fear, that to the highest and most noble flights of his author, and to the preservation of that constant flow of harmony which peculiarly distinguishes him, the translator might be found unequal: how far this has actually been the case remains to be seen.

That Mr. Rose is intitled to the full praise of a faithful translator, will be evident at once to those familiar with the original. He seems to have taken every practicable means of making it perfect in this particular, by submitting his proofs to various poets and Italian scholars, upon whose *imprimatur* alone we should be satisfied to rest its accuracy. We might, indeed, often chide him for his very strict scrupulosity, inasmuch as it removes from him the noblest motive of exertion in a translator, the ambition of excelling his original, without which he must often fall beneath it. Yet we are not disposed to deny, that he often combines with his fidelity great elegance and delicacy. The celebrated description of Alcina is a favorable touchstone and specimen of his powers. We subjoin the Italian stanzas in order to facilitate the comparison.

'XI.

'Her shape is of such perfect symmetry,
As best to feign the industrious painter knows,
With long and knotted tresses; to the eye
Not yellow gold with brighter lustre glows.
Upon her tender cheek the mingled dye
Is scattered, of the lily and the rose.
Like ivory smooth, the forehead gay and round
Fills up the space, and forms a fitting bound.'

"Di persona era tanto ben formata,
Quanto me' finger san pittori industri;
Con bionda chioma lunga ed annodata:
Oro non è che più risplenda e lustri.
Spargeasi per la guancia delicata
Misto color di rose e di ligustri:
Di terso avorio era la fronte lieta,
Che lo spazio finia con giusta meta."

'XII.

'Two black and slender arches rise above
Two clear black eyes, say suns of radiant light;
Which ever softly beam and slowly move;
Round these appears to sport in frolic flight,

Hence

Hence scattering all his shafts, the little Love,
And seems to plunder hearts in open sight:
Thence, through mid-visage, does the nose descend,
Where Envy finds not blemish to amend.'

" Sotto duo negri e sottilissimi archi
Son duo negri occhi, anzi duo chiari soli,
Pietosi a riguardare, a mover parchi;
Intorno cui par ch' Amor scherzi e voli,
E ch' indi tutta la faretra scarchi,
E che visibilmente i cori involi:
Quindi il naso per mezzo il viso scende,
Che non trova l' invidia ove l'emende."

' XIII.

' As if between two vales, which softly curl,
The mouth with vermeil tint is seen to glow:
Within are strung two rows of orient pearl,
Which her delicious lips shut up or show.
Of force to melt the heart of any churl,
However rude, hence courteous accents flow;
And here that gentle smile receives its birth,
Which opes at will a paradise on earth.'

" Sotto quel sta, quasi fra due vallette,
La bocca sparsa di natio cinabro:
Quivi due filze son di perle elette,
Che chiude ed apre un bello e dolce labro;
Quindi escon le cortesi parolette
Da render molle ogni cor rozzo e scabro;
Quivi si forma quel suave riso
Ch' apre a sua posta in terra il paradiso."

' XIV.

' Like milk the bosom, and the neck of snow;
Round is the neck, and full and large the breast,
Where, fresh and firm, two ivory apples grow,
Which rise and fall, as, to the margin pressed
By pleasant breeze, the billows come and go.
Not prying Argus could discern the rest.
Yet might the observing eye of things concealed
Conjecture safely, from the charms revealed.'

" Bianca neve è il bel collo, e 'l petto latte:
Il collo è tondo, il petto colmo e largo.
Due pome acerbe, e pur d'avorio fatte,
Vengono e van come onda al primo margo
Quando piacevole aura il mar combatte.
Non potria l'altre parti veder Argo:
Ben si può guidicar che corrisponde
A quel ch' appar di fuor, quel che s'asconde."

Vol. ii. pp. 6, 7.

The beauty, and the closeness of this translation to the text, are truly admirable; nor can we perceive in it a single

fault, if we except the inversions in the twelfth and thirteenth stanzas, which somewhat detract from the easy flow of the verse. Equally happy are the passages describing Rogero's rescue of Astolpho from his imprisonment in the myrtle, and the garden of Alcina, in the sixth canto; the episode of Olympia; the muster of the troops and blazon of their arms in the tenth, to which also we may add Rogero's battle with the ork; the combat, and the portrait of Olympia in the eleventh, and the grand assault of Paris by the Moors, in the third volume,—a narrative often interrupted by the poet's caprice, but ever fraught with interest, as it is crowded with action and instinct with animation. To these various passages of the translator, which are so eminent for their beauty, we can only just allude: but it would be injustice not to present at least one specimen of Mr. Rose's power in the higher walk of his art: the following battle-scene is recommended to our praise by its spirit, strength, and freedom:

'Not so, well-keyed into the solid stone,
Groans upon Alpine height the castle good,
When by rude Boreas' rage on Eurus strown,
Uptorn are ash and fir in mountain-wood,
As groans Sir Rodomont, with pride o'erblown,
Inflamed with anger and with thirst of blood:
And, as the thunder and the lightning's fire
Fly coupled, such his vengeance and his ire.

'The monarch rolls about his horrid eyes,
And sees that foes all outlets barricade;
But, at the cost of countless enemies,
A path shall quickly by his hand be made.
Where Fury calls him, lo! the felon hies,
And brandishes on high his trenchant blade,
To assail the newly-entered British band,
Which Edward and Sir Arimon command.

'He who hath seen the fence, in well-thronged square,
(Against whose stakes the eddying crowd is born,)
By wild bull broken that has had to bear,
Through the long day, dogs, blows, and ceaseless scorn;
Who hunts the scattered people here and there,
And this, or that, now hoists upon his horn;
Let him, as such, or fiercer yet, account,
When he breaks forth, the cruel Rodomont.

'At one cross-blow fifteen or twenty foes
He hews, as many leaves without a head,
At cross or downright stroke; as if he rows
Trashes in vineyard or in willow-bed.
At last all smeared in blood the paynim goes,
Safe from the place, which he has heaped with dead;

And

And wheresoe'er he turns his steps, are left
Heads, arms, and other members, maimed and cleft.

'He from the square retires in such a mode,
None can perceive that danger him appals;
But, during this, what were the safest road,
By which to sally he to thought recals.
He comes at last to where the river flowed
Below the isle, and past without the walls.
In daring men at arms and mob increase,
Who press him sore, nor let him part in peace.'

'As the high-couraged beast, whom hunters start
In the wild Nomade and Massilian chace,
Who, even in flying, shows his noble heart,
And threatening seeks his lair with sluggish pace;
From that strange wood of sword, and spear, and dart,
Turns Rodomont, with action nothing base;
And still impeded by the galling foe,
Makes for the river with long step and slow.'

'He turned upon the rabble-rout who bayed
Behind him, thrice or more, by anger driven,
And stained anew his falchion, by whose blade
More than a hundred deadly wounds were given.'

Canto xviii. stanzas 18—23.

In so long and difficult a work, it must necessarily happen, that after all the care of a translator, a practised eye will detect some faults. We have already alluded to the inversions used by Mr. Rose. The confusion occasioned by this sort of style is sometimes such as to render a second or third perusal of the stanza necessary, in order to extricate the sense: of this inelegance, let the following instances suffice:

'So generous is Orlando's heart, he base
Esteems it were to smite a sleeping foe.' Canto ix. stanza 4.

'Warrior to wend with me, I in my need,
When I shall be to Friesland given, have preyed.'

Id. stanza 54.

—— 'he read
Letters upon the margin, written fair,
Which hero Orlando won the helmet said.'

Canto xii. stanza 60.

Another inelegance, yet more common, is the wide separation of the verb from its nominative; thus:

'And ran to bind her with a chain, which he,
Girt round about him for such purpose, wore.'

Mr. Rose, again, seems extremely fond of alliteration; not that we would blame the use of this figure too severely, well knowing

knowing that it frequently gives nerve to a poet's numbers, and that when he is striving after vigor of expression, the alliterative words often unconsciously concur: but in verses like these he is too lavish of their use:

'Not yet the weary warrior's wounds were cold
Still smarting from those strokes so fell and dread.'
Canto I. stanza 24.

We equally object to such undignified expressions as these:

—— 'he of him ill brooked injurious *say.*'

'To Friesland's king that people hatred bore
With all his *following.*'

'Which Fortune's wheel beats down in changeful *run.*'

But that which we regard as by far the most serious and besetting sin of Mr. Rose, and the one to which a censor can be least indulgent, is his perpetual omission of the article, a custom introduced by Sir Walter Scott, but which no writer, however exalted, should be allowed to practise with impunity. Every one can judge how deeply the happiest passage may be marred by such emasculations; as 'fashioned in form of church,' 'fashioned like hound,' 'more huge than bull,' 'pierced with a golden wire in form of ring.'

'Some with the head of cat and some of ape,
With hoof of goat some other stamped the sand.'

'It wore no form of animal exprest,
Save in the head, with eyes and teeth of sow.'

'Like boy who somewhere his ripe fruit bestows.'

'Although a feeble rein in mid career
Will oft suffice to stop courageous horse.'

The list might be enlarged to a considerable extent, but these citations will be sufficient to indicate the fault. We would lay the greater stress upon them, as we confess ourselves highly interested in the successful completion of a work which is likely to afford so much entertainment. His versification, if not altogether so melodious as we could wish, is in general remarkably correct: his versions of Italian idioms are almost uniformly admirable: the technical peculiarities of his author are transfused with felicity and ease; and justice is always done to the poet's humor, and also to his similes, which are in the highest degree original and apposite. We hope that the translator will shortly put it in our power to resume the subject, by the production of another volume.

ART.

ART. X. *Histoire de la Domination des Arabes et des Maures en Espagne et en Portugal, depuis l'Invasion de ces Peuples jusqu'à leur Expulsion définitive; rédigée sur l'Histoire traduite de l'Arabe en Espagnol de M. Joseph Conde, Bibliothécaire de l'Escurial.* Par M. DE MARLÈS. 3 Vols. 8vo. Paris, Alexis Eymery. 1825.

THIS is a work calculated to excite curiosity, and provoke disappointment. Since the publication of *Casiri*'s catalogue of the Arabic MSS. of the Escurial (*Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispana Escurialensis*, 1760–70) extravagant hopes have been entertained of the illustrations, which the stores of that library were to shed upon the defective history of Spain during the middle ages. The Arabians had graced their splendid dominion over the fairest provinces of the Peninsula by the ardent cultivation of letters; and the supposition was obvious that they had not neglected to record the historical glories of their race. On the fall of Granada, and the final extinction of the Mussulman dynasties of Spain, the fanatical zeal of the conquerors had, indeed, condemned many thousand volumes of Arabian learning to the flames; and whatever works escaped their fury were transported by the vanquished Moors to the opposite shores of Africa. But, by a fortunate chance, in the reign of *Philip* III. a Moorish vessel, containing the library of Muley Zidan, King of Morocco, was captured; and these Arabic MSS. were deposited in the Escurial. That building shortly inclosed almost all the relics of Arabic-Spanish literature: for, in the barbarism which now overspread the remaining seats of the Moorish power in Africa, every trace of learning gradually perished. The Arabic treasures of the Escurial lay buried in neglect, until at length, in 1671, a fire consumed the greater part of them; and another century was suffered to elapse before the librarian *Casiri* examined the remainder, and revealed to the world their mutilated condition and general character. But his catalogue and partial extracts served only to raise a general wish for a more elaborate investigation into the real value of the collection.

Such is the history of the celebrated Arabic MSS. of the Escurial, and the foundation of the sanguine belief that they must throw considerable light upon the Mohammedan literature and history of Spain. This expectation has, within the last few years, been brought to the test of experience; and the result is to be gathered from the volumes before us. Don *José Antonio Conde*, a worthy successor of *Casiri* in the charge of the Escurial library, engaged, with learning and patience fully competent for the task, in the laborious comparison and translation

translation of all the historical Arabic MSS. which he could discover in Spain. His work appeared at Madrid in 1820 and 1821; but he unfortunately died before he could correct the faults of an injudicious arrangement, or put the finishing hand to his meritorious labors. He had produced only a version in Spanish of the Arabic historians, and had altogether neglected to compare their narratives with those of the Christian chroniclers.

To repair this error is the avowed design of the French translator before us; and M. DE MARLÈS has aspired to compose a history of Spain during the middle ages, by collating the Arabic labors of *Conde*, with the works of *Roderic* of Toledo, King *Alfonso* the Wise, *Mariana*, and the inferior crowd of Spanish chroniclers and annalists. But we are compelled to declare, that his work is a deplorable failure. He has been able to add neither interest nor value to the work of *Conde*; he has not succeeded in giving unity and harmony to the discordant versions of the Christian and the Moor; and his critical comparison of their annals has elicited little more information than that which we before possessed. The literary composition of his volumes claims neither praise nor respect. He has not relieved our attention, in the perplexing vicissitudes and the confused revolutions of Moorish history, by any lucid arrangement or appropriate division of his matter; and his general style, like his conduct of the narrative, is altogether dull, feeble, and spiritless.

It would not, however, be quite fair to throw the whole weight of our disappointment upon the failure of the author. The fact is clearly established, by the issue of *Conde*'s researches, that the Arabic chronicles which survive do not possess that value in historical materials and interest, which it was so natural to expect from them. Or, rather, inquiry has proved that the annals of the Spanish Arabians, — the wars, revolutions, and internal politics of their states, — have not, in reality, on a cool and serious scrutiny, the high attraction which we delight to attribute to the subject. The error has been, that the world had predetermined the political history of that people to be interesting, because whatever relates to their literature and art is eminently so.

The visions of romance have aided this illusion. Spain was the peculiar battle-field of the Cross and the Crescent; and the fierce encounter of the Christian and the Moslem, which filled her plains with rude alarums for 800 years, is the favorite theme of romantic poetry. But it is, above all, in contemplating the fervid character of the Spanish Arabians, and the splendid remains of their architecture, that we learn

learn to number the story of the Mussulman dominion in the Peninsula among the most fascinating episodes of the middle ages. The imagination can realize few more brilliant pictures than the Moorish kingdoms of Cordova and Granada. The ruins of those splendid capitals survive to this hour, to attest the intellectual taste and voluptuous refinement of the Arabian mind; and Spain itself, as an accurate and classical historian of our days has well remarked, is chiefly interesting to the traveller, — a circumstance sufficiently humiliating to that proud nation, — for the monuments which a foreign and odious race of conquerors have left behind them.

The southern provinces, which were the seats of the Mussulman power, have, in later times, dwindled in population and wealth; and the orange-groves of Andalusia and the banks of the Guadalquivir convey associations of beauty only as the favorite regions of the Moor. The richly ornamented yet light and fanciful tracery of the Arabesque architecture, the gilded cupola, the lofty and elegant turret, the marble fountain, and the sumptuous bath, all bestow the forms of enchantment upon our conceptions of the cities of the caliphs in the days of their pride. We picture them inhabited, too, by a nation whose ardent eastern temperament revelled in the enjoyment at once of intellect and sense. Even in a cultivation of the exact sciences far beyond their age, that imaginative people could not refrain from mingling the wildest speculations of astrology and alchymy; and their poetry threw all the delicacy and mysticism of sentiment over the grosser passion of love. We should err, says the elegant *Sismondi*, in judging of the manners of these Mussulmans by those of the jealous and sombre Turk of our days. The Arabs, while they passionately adored their women, allowed them liberty and mental cultivation; and of all the countries subjected to the Arabs, Spain was that wherein their manners approximated the nearest to the gallant and chivalrous spirit of Europe.

Thus the interest attached to the Arabians of Spain, to their enthusiastic spirit, their poetical mind, their splendid architecture, their chequered fortunes, and their disastrous fall, is the strongest which romance could create. But no part of this interest can ever be transferred, on a cool examination, to their authentic political history. Even a more lively and accomplished writer than M. DE MARLÈS could only conceal the dreary uniformity of a thousand revolutions, by disregarding their tedious details, and veiling them in general views, or dazzling but fallacious pictures of romance. Very little new light is thrown upon the Christian annals by *Conde's* Arabic

Arabic writers; and though our acquaintance with the endless vicissitudes and intestine commotions of the Moorish kingdoms is considerably increased by his publication, the knowlege is of the most worthless kind. Neither, in the military annals of the Moors, is there much to interest, except the mere original story of the subjugation of Spain. In that we follow, with amazement, the first brilliant successes of the Mussulmans, the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other; and we almost forget their impious cause in admiration of their transcendant heroism. But after their first settlement in Spain, the historian will discover little to engage attention or to afford philosophical reflection. In the struggles of rival usurpers, and the perpetual din of civil wars, he will find neither the lessons of political wisdom, the display of patriotism, nor the generous assertion of personal rights.

A slight analysis of the contents of these volumes will at once enable us to explain the inconvenience, and shew the general train of the narrative. The author has, with sufficient judgment, embraced the Saracen conquest of Spain, the fall of the Gothic monarchy, and the subsequent lapse of forty-five years, in a general introduction. The conclusion of this period coincides with the elevation of the Abassides to the throne of Mohamed in Asia, and carries us to the end of the empire of the eastern caliphs in Spain. The reader need not be reminded that these events were immediately followed by the elevation of Abdérahman, a scion of the proscribed race of the Ommiades, to the caliphate of Cordova, or the sovereignty of the whole Mussulman kingdom of the Peninsula.

In this introduction there is little to learn for the English student of Gibbon, who has (in his ninth volume) so beautifully and accurately told the tale of the Moorish conquest of Spain. We next enter on the 'first part' of M. DE MARLÈS's work, which contains the history of the Spanish or western caliphate under the Ommiaden princes to the extinction of that dynasty. This occupies the period from A.D. 757 to A.D. 1031:—a period which may be said to embrace the consolidation, the meridian grandeur, and the incipient decay of the Arabic power in Spain; and the obscure origin, the silent growth, and the gradual formation of the Christian communities, which gathered in the mountains of Asturias and Jaca, and expanded into the monarchies of Castile and Aragon. Here M. DE MARLÈS treats a long period of near 300 years, perhaps the most interesting in early Spanish history, and filling nearly a whole volume. Yet he has left it unbroken by a single division or pause, and unrelieved

by the slightest attempt to mark the striking gradations of the Christian and Moorish fortunes. On the Christian annals of this period, indeed, we cannot find that the Arabic researches of *Conde* have thrown the least novelty. We turned with some curiosity to the account of the famous expedition of *Charlemagne* into Spain, and the defeat of the French peerage at Fonterabbia, which have been so wildly disfigured by the romances of chivalry, and so elegantly adorned by the Italian muse. But *Conde*'s Arabians have only added to the obscurity and perplexity of the subject. For, in opposition to the claims of the Christian mountaineers of Asturias, or Navarre, or Gascony, they assume the honor of the fight of Roncesvalles, and the defeat of *Charlemagne*, for their own infidel countrymen.

If there be attraction in any part of the political history of the Arabic power in Spain, it is to be found in the condition of Cordova under the Ommiaden caliphs. The first nine of these despots were all distinguished for their great qualities. Brave and warlike in the field, intellectual and enlightened in their private tastes, their reigns were a blaze of splendor. Their dominions were secure, and their capital was embellished by art and rendered illustrious for letters and science. Moreover, their despotism was in general relieved by the virtues of justice and humanity: — with only one exception, that of Alhakem I., whose heroism was stained by ferocity, and who deserved the distinctive epithet of the Cruel to mark, in a happy æra, his solitary departure from the merciful spirit of his race.

Conde's history, from the Arabian writers, of the caliphs of this illustrious dynasty, bears all the stamp of the oriental mind: — its fondness for details of gorgeous splendor, its pompous imagery, its love of wonders, its endless exaggerations, and the full riot of exuberant fancy and heated temperament. But there is mingled with all this some portion of the simplicity of oriental manners, which appears so touchingly in the Arabian tales, and inculcates virtue by apologue and allegory. We must select, in proof of this, an anecdote which is told of the caliph Alhakem II.

'Alhakem was not satisfied with encouraging agriculture, he promoted also manufactures and commerce. In order to facilitate the communications, he built bridges, and opened several roads, on which he had inns constructed for travellers. He was not less attentive to the administration of justice, and he anxiously and uniformly sought to place it only in pure hands. The following incident will shew that he knew how to make a good choice, and that the judges whom he appointed were worthy of holding an office,

office, which numbers among its privileges that of disposing of the lives and fortunes of the people. It is told of him that, wishing to add a pavilion to his gardens of Azahra, he proposed to purchase an adjoining field from its proprietor. The latter refused. The agents of the Prince took possession of the field by force, and the pavilion was erected. The dispossessed proprietor went and preferred his complaint to the Cadi of Cordova. Abu Bécri ben Wéfid, one of the Wazirs of the Cadi, persuaded that the sovereign had no more right than the meanest of his subjects to appropriate to himself that which belonged to another, repaired, without delay, to Azahra, where the King was; and, proceeding to the pavilion, with his ass and an empty sack, he presented himself before Alhakem, and begged that he would give him leave to fill his empty sack with earth. The Prince, surprised at the request, granted it. When the sack was full, the Cadi prayed the King to help him to place it on the ass. Alhakem, taking the thing jocosely, readily acceded to the Cadi's request; but the sack was so heavy that he could scarcely lift it. "Prince of the faithful," Abu Bécri then said to him, in an austere tone, "this sack, which you are unable to carry, contains but a very small portion of the field which you have usurped; how shall you sustain the burden of the whole field when you must appear before the Supreme Judge?" Alhakem thanked the Cadi for the sublime lesson which he had just received, and the field was instantly restored to its owner, who, moreover, was allowed to retain the pavilion, with all that it contained, by way of compensation for the momentary injury he had suffered.'

But by far the greatest of the Ommiaden caliphs of Spain was Abdérahman III., the eighth of the race. His long and fortunate reign was beyond all doubt the most brilliant epoch in the Mussulman annals of Spain. Yet the happiness of his career was poisoned by the rebellion of his son; and on the only occasion of his benignant life in which he forgot the virtue of clemency, he violated with it the dictates of nature. His stern justice, in imitation of that of the Caliph Omar, doomed his son to death. The disturber of the public peace he could not forgive: but to the last hour of his life he mourned the fate of his offspring. This Abdérahman it was who numbered the happy days of a protracted and glorious life, and found them only FOURTEEN. It was this Abdérahman also, the conqueror of Western Africa, the protector of Arabic literature, commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, who filled Spain with some of the most finished monuments of Arabesque architecture. The description which *Conde* has copied and M. DE MARLÈS after him, of one of his superb works, — the palace and city of Medina Azhara, — may convey some idea of the splendor of the Spanish caliphate, and of the minuteness of pompous detail in which the Arabic historians

historians delight to indulge. It is necessary to have some evidence, in the remains of Arabic architecture with which Murphy has illustrated his splendid work, to credit this dream of oriental magnificence.

From the extinction of the Ommiaden dynasty of Spain, and the end of the caliphate of the west in the year 1031, the second part of M. DE MARLÈS's work conducts us through nearly two hundred years to the great battle of Tolosa, A. D. 1212, between the Christian and Moslem powers of the Peninsula. Here again our author has carried us through several distinct and strongly marked epochs of Arabic-Spanish history, without the least effort to define their subdivisions, or to separate leading and influential events from the chaos of minor circumstances. In this part of the work there is very little to awaken pleasure or interest. It is a revolting picture of those civil wars and dissensions among the Mussulmans, which changed the relation of national strength in the Peninsula, and happily gave an unequivocal preponderance to the Christian cause. In this long period of two centuries, the reigns of some of the Almohaden princes alone invite any agreeable attention. It was under Abdalmumen, the founder of the dynasty, that Cordova was in the twelfth century ennobled by the names and the residence of Averraes, Abenzoar, and Avicenna. Abdalmumen was himself of austere manners; and the practice of war had rendered him relentless and blood-thirsty: but he was nevertheless the patron of science and poesy; and under his fostering care the arts flourished both in Africa and Spain. Both the Almoraviden and Almohaden dynasties had sprung out of religious fanaticism, and had headed successive Mohammedan sects in Africa. The Almoravides (or men devoted to God) had prohibited the reading of the romances and tales of chivalry: Abdalmumen and his Almohades (teachers of the law), on the contrary, revived and encouraged the taste for this fanciful department of literature.

It was under one of the successors of this prince, Jacub-ben-Jusef, who acquired from his victories the surname of Almanzor, or the conqueror, that the Spanish Moors defeated Alfonso VIII. of Castile, at the great battle of Alarcon. The beauteous tower of the Giralda at Seville, which still exists, was erected by Almanzor as a monument of his triumph. But this triumph was the last of the Mussulman cause. On the bloody field of Tolosa, Mahomed, the successor of Almanzor, staked the forces of Africa and Andalusia against the united Christian chivalry of Castile, Aragon, and Navarre; and the Crescent was trampled in the dust. The

Moorish power never recovered the tremendous slaughter and overthrow of that memorable day. Mahomed fled to Africa; Andalusia was filled with anarchy; and a few years later Ferdinand III. of Castile erected the Cross on the cupolas of Cordova and Seville. About the same time James I. of Aragon wrested the Balearic Isles, Valencia, and Murcia, from the Infidels; and before the middle of the thirteenth century, the Moorish power was confined and concentrated in the province of Granada.

The third and concluding part of M. DE MARLÈS's work is devoted to the history of the kingdom which was now formed around Granada, to contain the still magnificent relics of Arabic-Spanish greatness. That the victorious powers of Castile and Aragon should have suffered this kingdom of Granada to exist for two centuries and a half longer, and almost by its surviving splendor to eclipse the memory of the glories of Cordova, is among the unsolved problems of history. Mohamed-ben-Alhamar, the prince who became by election the first king of the new dynasty of Granada, was in the outset so feeble, that he was reduced to serve Ferdinand III. of Castile as his vassal. Yet he was permitted to consolidate his power at Granada: he rendered that city a brilliant capital; and the beautiful palace of the Alhambra is a monument of the wealth and grandeur of his throne. But of the subsequent internal annals of the Moorish kingdom for above two hundred years we know little clearly, and shall probably never know more. This concluding part of M. DE MARLÈS's book is more meagre than the rest; and we have searched it in vain to add any thing to our previous knowlege of the conquest of Granada by Ferdinand and Isabella, or to illustrate the final expulsion of the Moors from the shores of the Peninsula.

ART. XI. *Ouvres inédites de J. J. Rousseau, suivies d'un Supplément à l'Histoire de sa Vie et de ses Ouvrages.* Par V. D. MUSSET-PATHAY. 2 Tomes. 8vo. Paris. Dupont. 1825.

THE remains of *J. J. Rousseau*, hitherto unpublished, which nearly fill the first of these two bulky volumes, consist of a considerable number of letters and some notes on a botanical work. Of all the "Remains" which it has been our fortune to encounter, these are the most insignificant and the most uninteresting. Well might *Jean Jaques*, if he were living, exclaim to his present editor, as he did to the Abbé *de la Porte* and to *Duchesne*, when they consulted him on their intended publication of some of his private epistles, "If you be capable

of

of this extravagance, I shall send you my butcher's and washer-woman's bills, to increase your collection."

Most of the letters are addressed to *Ducheene*, the bookseller who published "Emile," and who, doubtless, would not have allowed them to remain in his bureau, if he had not felt that they were utterly unworthy of public attention. They were written to him entirely on matters of business, such as the correction of proofs and engravings; and the only new fact we derive from the whole mass is, that, through fear of the *Jansenists*, the second volume of "Emile" was printed before the first — a fact which the editor considers to be of great importance.

The supplement to *Rousseau's* history, given at the end of the first volume, is also equally destitute of interest. It furnishes no new incident in the life of that eccentric being; it developes no new feature in his character. It seems to have been compiled solely for the purpose of occupying a hundred and twenty pages, in order to swell out the book to a portly size. The second volume contains an account of several interviews which a certain M. *Eymar* had with *Rousseau* in the latter part of his life, an examination and analysis of the "Nouvelle Héloise," "L'Emile," the "Contrat Social," and a review of the different judgments which have been within the last few years passed on those works. It is impossible, therefore, not to admire the modesty of M. Musset-Pathay, who has given to these two volumes the general title of 'The unpublished Remains of J. J. Rousseau.'

In M. *Eymar's* memoir, which extends to about fifty pages, we have, however, found a few details which may not prove uninteresting. They exhibit *Jean Jaques* in his obscure lodgings in Paris, towards the close of his life (1774), occupied in copying music for his sustenance, at a time when his fame as a writer was spread through every part of Europe. The picture is drawn from nature, and therefore of some value. M. *Eymar*, it appears, is a merchant of Marseilles, who, in the early part of his life, abandoned the counting-house for the more engaging pursuits of literature, until he met with the "Emile." This work effected a wonderful reform in his ideas: he resumed his business with an ardor which he never felt before; and became so enthusiastic in his admiration of the author to whom he was so much indebted, that he proceeded from Marseilles to Paris, for the sole purpose of cultivating *Rousseau's* acquaintance. But how was this to be done? He was advised to introduce himself to the philosopher by offering him a piece of music to copy; a scheme which he adopted with perfect success. With a duet in his pocket, he ascended

to the fourth floor of a house in the Rue Plâtrière, opposite the Hôtel des Postes, and rapped at the door of the 'great man.'

'It was opened to me by his wife, who, keeping the door only half open, abruptly asked me what I wanted. I answered, that I wished to see M. *Rousseau*, and give him a piece of music to copy. At these words she invited me to walk in, and she ran to announce me to her husband, who speedily rose on my approaching him, and desired me to take a chair opposite to him at a table, on which were several sheets of music-paper. "What is it?"—"A duet, which I wish to have copied in separate parts." He took my loose sheets, and looked over all the pages; and he was so long examining them, that I had full time to set down in my memory every feature of his countenance, and to observe every thing around me. Having perceived that the part for the violoncello was noted in different keys, he asked me if I wished that he should follow the same method. "As you please," said I: "the musicians at present perform in one or the other key indifferently."—"Well, then, I shall copy it for you carefully: but are you in a hurry for it?"—"Not at all, though I should wish to have it in a week or so, if possible."—"In a week! I have too much to do to promise that: you must not expect it so soon."—"Well, Sir, shall we say a fortnight?"—"It is a very short time (looking again at the duet): there is a great deal to do. Then be it so: return for it in a fortnight. (Taking a pencil, and preparing to write at the top of the leaf,) Your name, if you please?"—"*Eymar.*"—"With an *a*? Would you have the goodness to dictate each letter?" I did so. "What day of the month is this?"—"The 2d of May, I believe."—"It shall certainly be finished by the 17th." Here our dialogue and my first visit were concluded; and, though I remonstrated against it, *Rousseau* himself politely saw me to the staircase.'—

'He was in his *negligé*, dressed in a simple and becoming manner. He wore a *robe de chambre* of Indian blue, and a cotton night-cap. His countenance appeared to me not at all like any of the portraits which were then given of him. What a difference in the expression and fire of his looks! I was dazzled by the first glance of his eye which he cast on me. His voice was firm and sonorous: but the moment he opened his mouth, I recognised his Genevese accent.'

The visitor then proceeds to describe *Rousseau's* apartments with a minuteness which will doubtless raise a smile at the expence of his enthusiasm.

'His lodgings consisted of two rooms, one of which, a little dark, and opening to the staircase, was used as a kitchen in summer, and a lumber-room in winter. In the other, having two windows looking to the Rue Plâtriére, were placed two beds of equal size, separated from each other by the door. Beside the fire-place was a table covered with a green cloth, on which were the sheets

of music-paper already mentioned, and a small note-book, open, filled with writing in a slender, delicate hand. It was at this table that *Rousseau* sat copying music, and from time to time he interrupted his labours by skimming a pot which was boiling on the fire. His chamber in no way resembled that of a literary man; no books, except a few thin volumes in folio, which seemed to be collections either of music or maps. Near the mirror, over the fire-place, were suspended several medallions in plaister, representing the figure of a philosopher, and round the frame were stuck numerous billets and printed cards, which appeared to have been placed there some time.'

There was another piece of furniture in the room, which did not escape the inquisitive eye of the stranger — Madame *Rousseau.*

'She was neither beautiful nor young, but I found her courteous and polite, dressed with becoming simplicity, and having every appearance of a good housekeeper. She worked at her needle, near the window, and very seldom spoke, (a rare accomplishment in the sex). I observed, however, that whenever she addressed *Rousseau*, or spoke of him, she always emphatically called him her husband.'

This visit had such an effect on M. *Eymar's* mind, that he looked forward to the ensuing fourteen days as so many centuries. He however beguiled the time, and soothed his impatience, by posting himself every day, about two or three o'clock, at the Café de la Regence, by which *Rousseau* seldom failed to pass, when going to take his favourite walk in the Champs-Elysées. On these occasions the Genevese philosopher usually wore a round wig, with three rows of buckles, a long cane in his hand, and a coat, waistcoat, and culotte of grey cloth. Thus we have every particular of the author of "Emile" painted to the life.

'The 17th of May came at last, and I proceeded to *Rousseau's* lodgings, at ten o'clock precisely. My music was copied: he returned it to me, accompanying it with a small memorandum in pencil, in which the sum of nine livres and a half was set down as the price of the copy, being at the rate of half a livre, or ten sous a page. I paid him immediately, and not without feeling astonished at the apologies which he made for the amount of his charge. He said that he found it impossible to do such work at a less price, as it cost him a great deal of time; and as he piqued himself on the greatest accuracy, he was obliged to have the scraping knife constantly in his hand, in order to correct his errors; a necessity, he added, that was not felt by other copyists, less distracted and more expeditious than himself, on which account their terms were more moderate.'

By the aid of fresh pieces of music, M. *Eymar* obtained several interviews with *Rousseau*, in consequence of which they soon became on familiar terms. The philosopher's copies were distinguished for their neatness and accuracy. The notes, the words, and signs, were written so clearly, that they seemed to be the work rather of the graver than the pen. The first page after the title was decorated with a vignette, or a series of elegant flourishes; the name of the piece was written in beautiful red ink; the words were written under the music on a ruled line; the divisions were carefully marked; the number of the measures was summed up in the last page; and the whole was concluded with a cypher, or his signature, in initials, thus; J. R. *cop.*

For *Rousseau's* political or moral principles we feel no degree of reverence. It is but justice, however, to observe, that there is a simplicity about his manner of life, after he ceased to be an author, which, if not fascinating, was at least blameless. If we may credit his own account of it, as reported by M. *Eymar*, it was also the happiest period of his existence.

"I am no longer capable," he observed one day, "of paying any attention to literature. The thing is impossible: my organs refuse to assist me. I cannot even *think*. It would have been infinitely better for my happiness and health if I had never known any other condition! During the last ten years that I have lived in this mental inertness, I have enjoyed quite a different existence. I must have some pursuit which shall occupy my hands and not my mind; such, for instance, as this in which you see me constantly engaged. If I yield for a moment to meditation, my blood boils and rushes to my head: the least exertion of my mental faculties almost kills me.—I cannot describe to you the torture which I experienced, when I endeavoured with my heated imagination to rouse into action my intellectual faculties, rusted as they were by previous disuse. Those who have seen me so employed can still attest it; my cheek became livid; my body no longer fulfilled its functions; my mind was troubled and agitated; I could neither eat nor sleep. This inconvenience, which has attended me from my birth, did not visit me in its greatest severity, until the period when I was engaged in the most difficult of my works; it left me the moment I suspended them. I felt that I was not born for intellectual exertion, and would to God that I had listened to this salutary suggestion of nature. But, led on by irresistible circumstances, and actuated by an ardent desire to benefit my fellow-creatures, I have not attended to its voice until it was too late. Now that experience has made me prudent, and that I neither read nor reflect, I have no longer a sense of my past misfortunes. I perceive only that my memory is almost gone; I feel the greatest difficulty in connecting two sentences together at one reading: when I go on to the second, I have already forgotten the first; I have always to begin again!

again! It is but a short time since, that I requested a friend of mine to lend me "Montaigne," a book which, in former days, was my delight: I returned it to him without being able to finish a single page. The same thing would happen if I attempted to read Plutarch, that writer who formed my heart and intellect, and from whom I always drew my most wholesome nourishment. The very sight of the book would open afresh all my wounds.'

Such details as these, concerning a character like that of *Rousseau*, cannot fail to excite the sympathy of every person who is acquainted with his works. But it is not just that they should be compelled to look for these scanty gleanings through a dense mass of literary lumber, when a moderately sized pamphlet would have contained every thing that is useful or entertaining in the whole of the one thousand pages.

ART. XII. *Mémoires du Marquis d'Argenson, Ministre sous Louis XV.* Publiés par RÉNÉ D'ARGENSON. 8vo. Paris. Baudouin, Frères. 1825.

THE Marquis *d'Argenson* was of one of those parliamentary families which, under the old regime of France, were almost the only nobility not created by court-service. They formed rather a singular feature in the French aristocracy. In general, looked down upon by the haughty descendants of the great nobles, who, in the midst of their servile prostration before the King, cherished a very perfect scorn of all retainers, and not much valued by the courtiers in general, they yet produced the greatest men of France. From among them sprung *De Thou*, *Montesquieu*, *D'Aguessau*, and many others, of whom the subject of the present Memoirs is not the least distinguished.

It is little wonderful that these families produced men more deserving of respect in general than the regular aristocracy. After the wars with England and those of the League had broken down the great French families, it was not a very difficult task for *Richelieu* to complete, as it were, the conquest over the nobles, which the monarchical power had obtained in consequence of these events. He employed his own great talents, and all the resources of the kingdom, in the pursuit. The Protestant nobles, as long as they existed, could have always opposed a barrier to the total enslavement of the aristocracy under a king differing from them in religion. With the extinction of the Protestant military power by the taking of Rochelle, all apprehension on that point was removed. There remained no other aristocratical body in France which

could oppose the royal domination, and from that period forward, every art was used, and eventually with perfect success, to draw the nobility to Paris, and to make them the mere dependents of the court. The favor of the King was the greatest of rewards, the greatest of punishments banishment from his presence. Paris was every thing, France nothing; and this effect of the system has continued in a great measure to our own days.

In return for this servitude the nobility obtained some very solid rewards. The great offices of the state that required neither trouble nor ability were theirs exclusively. The great prizes of the church, and the wealth of the Gallican church before the Revolution was incalculable, were scarcely with a single exception bestowed upon them, and the army was entirely their own. What need had such a body of education? and accordingly they scarcely ever received any other than what enabled them to mix in the diversions of the court.

Still there were certain posts which required something more than being born noble. The church occasionally produced a clever or a worthy man. *Fenelon* and *Bossuet* will occur to every one. Those read in the history of the times may add a dozen more. But these were in truth *raræ aves* among the vast mass of political and moral corruption; and in the church they were always eclipsed by the profligate and intriguing, who rose to high situations, and the dissipated and ignorant who claimed them as a right. The legal, financial, and ministerial situations, which required labor and talent not merely military, were shunned by the nobles, and those situations, as we have already mentioned, are the only quarter in which we must look for abilities which we can respect. They gradually created an order of aristocracy, which, however, never entirely amalgamated with the old noblesse.

This circumstance produced one curious result, which we believe has no parallel in any other history. The head offices of state descended in a great degree from father to son, or, at all events, did not travel out of the families that first obtained them, after the commencement of the new European system, which took the government of the world from the mere men of the sword, to place it in that of men of the cabinet. In other countries, our own for instance, the sons of our great ministers of state, or of law, have rarely succeeded in the career of their fathers. Pitt and Fox are, we believe, the only exceptions, and in no case has the descent gone into the third generation. We have no legal *caste*, no family of financiers. On the contrary, when titles and wealth

wealth have flowed into any such family, they take their seats with the nobility who derive their titles from any other source. If we examine our House of Lords, we shall find that the sword, the old feudal claim to nobility, has contributed no more than its proportion. The law and other civil services have given a full quota of theirs. Even our premier Duke of Norfolk, claiming a descent, as he does, from the females of the Plantagenet, derives his male ancestry from a judge. But in France, the sons of a minister succeeded to the office of the father, or at least some of them, as regularly as they did to their estates. For instance, *P. Phelippeaux de Pontchartrain* was secretary to *Mary de Medicis* in 1600. His youngest son *D'Herbaut* was treasurer, and died in 1629, leaving his son *De la Vrilliere* Secretary of State, in which office he was succeeded by his son *De Chateauneuf* who died in 1700. At his death the office was filled by his son *De la Vrilliere*, who died secretary in 1725, and was succeeded by his son the Count *Saint-Florentin*, who died in the ministry in 1774. The success of the elder branch was nearly as striking. In the same way almost every other department was managed, and it was to this same principle that the Marquis *D'Argenson* owed his introduction to public life. His father was Lieutenant-General of the Police under *Louis* XIV., an office which he filled very sternly, and efficiently, and afterwards Keeper of the Seals under the Regent *Orleans*, a post which he held for little more than a year, when he was dismissed. It is said that he died of chagrin, but this his son most positively contradicts. It is certain, however, that an affection for place was never more strongly marked in any one than in *D'Argenson's* brother, as will appear by a passage we shall quote hereafter.

The Marquis was born in 1694. He did not attain high office very early. In 1706 he was counsellor of the Parliament; in 1720 was named intendant of Hainault and Cambresis, where he made himself somewhat conspicuous by stopping Law in his flight from France. In 1725, he returned to Paris, when he attended chiefly to his parliamentary duties, amusing himself with literary pursuits, and collecting a great library. In 1737, he was intended to have been sent ambassador to Portugal, but the fall of his friend M. *Chauvelin* hindered it. In 1744 he was rather unexpectedly drawn from retirement and made Minister of Foreign Affairs at a very critical period. It was owing chiefly to him, and his brother who was Minister of War, that the French succeeded so well in the campaign of 1745, when they defeated the

the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy, a victory which highly gratified the French; for the arms of France had been any thing but successful during the century, and were particularly unlucky in the very war in which they were then engaged. *D'Argenson* was present in the battle: his letter describing it is preserved in the works of *Voltaire*, who pronounced it to be a masterpiece of composition. It is certainly very spirited, though defaced by the servile flattery with which it was the fashion of the times to bespatter *Louis* XV. *Voltaire* introduces him in his poem on Fontenoy, one of the most popular of his compositions. It is wholly devoid of poetical merit: but it was so gratifying to national vanity that 10,000 copies were sold in ten days.

It is much to *D'Argenson*'s credit that he was anxious for peace. He clearly saw the ruin that the injudicious wars into which the intrigues of the minor members of the House of Bourbon were continually thrusting France, for no national object, was bringing on the country. He was mainly instrumental in getting up the congress of Breda in 1746, but obstacles innumerable intervened to prevent his pacific intentions. The Queen of Spain, *Elizabeth Farnese*, had views on some petty Italian provinces, which, with the usual feelings of her countrywomen, she regarded of importance paramount to all other considerations, and in them she was thwarted by *D'Argenson*. She was furious against him in consequence, and employed, as the Bishop of *Rennes* said, all her power to "*condamner à fers, et à sang, le Marquis.*" Her intrigues were successful. She was powerfully aided by old Marshal *de Noailles*, *Louis*'s chief confidant, and between them they teased the King into their measures. Their views were promoted by the unfortunate issue of the French campaign in Italy, which they lost by the battle of Placentia in 1746. In January, 1747, the Marquis was dismissed from office. He was the last French minister that followed the views of *Richelieu*, *Mazarine*, and *Louis* XIV., in depressing the power of the house of Austria. His successors took the contrary course. He lived in literary retirement the remainder of his life, little affected by the loss of place, therein forming a strong contrast to his brother, the Comte *D'Argenson*, who filled the post of Minister of War till his dismissal in 1757. He bore the catastrophe with the utmost pusillanimity. *Marmontel* has left a description of his conduct in retirement.

"While walking through the gardens I perceived at a distance a marble statue of the King. 'I have not courage to look at it,' said he; and turning away, 'Ah! *Marmontel*,' he cried, 'if you knew with what zeal I served him. If you knew how often he has assured me that

that we should pass our lives together, and that I had not a better friend in the world! Such are the promises, such the friendship of kings!' In saying these words his eyes filled with tears. That evening, during supper, we remained in the drawing-room. It was full of pictures, representing the battles in which the King and he had been together. He shewed me the spot where they had been placed during the action: he repeated to me what the King had said to him: he had not forgotten a word. 'Here,' said he, speaking of one of these battles, 'I was for two hours under the impression that one of my sons was dead. *The King had the goodness to appear touched by my grief:* how he has changed! No concern of mine touches him any longer.' These ideas came over him when he was ever so short a time left to himself. He fell, as if ingulfed (*abimè*) in his grief. Then his young daughter-in-law, Madame *de Voyer*, came speedily to sit beside him, pressed him in her arms, and caressed him, while he like a child let his head fall on the breast or the knees of his consoler, and bathed them with tears which he did not conceal."

To such a degradation had the servile government of *Louis* reduced even the minds of his ministers. We are proud to reflect that no such scene as the above disgraces our ministerial annals of any party.

D'Argenson was a great friend of *Voltaire*. They were class-fellows in college, and the friendship, commenced at the early age of ten, continued through life. When in power, *D'Argenson* patronized him, and several other literary men, of whom we have very interesting sketches in these Memoirs. The notice of his life, prefixed to these, is very poorly executed: written in vile taste, without order or arrangement; and its pompous *galimatias*, conveying the tritest reflections in the most conceited language, affords a strange contrast to the simple and severe style of the Marquis himself, who employs the plainest language to give the most weighty information. We shall extract his character of *Vendome*.

'I am old enough to have known the Grand Prior, *Vendome*, younger brother of the celebrated Duke of *Vendome*; all whose good and bad qualities he possessed, but in a less proportion. From this it has resulted that he has acquired less glory than the Duke, and his memory will be less revered by posterity. But in the world, and in society, the Grand Prior has succeeded better than his brother, of whom I have heard, from eye-witnesses, stories of indelicate behaviour so singular, that I should report them here, were they not still more disgusting than laughable. It was by applauding these *saloperies* of the Duke that *Alberoni* made his fortune: so true it is that people succeed by means of all sorts, and that an Italian priest is not squeamish in making use of any of them.

'It is certain that *Vendome*, particularly towards the end of his life, carried his dirty habits, and his laziness, to so great a degree that

that it is inconceivable that these defects did not injure him. In the midst of the court of *Louis* XIV., at one time gallant, at another time devout as it was, he openly gave himself up to the most filthy and culpable pleasures; and *Louis* XIV., who knew how much he stood in need of him, never dared to reproach him with a kind of debauchery which, at all times of his reign, would have ruined any one else. Things were done openly in the little court of Anet which would have made every body blush at Versailles.

'People who served under him in Italy have assured me that he missed more than twenty times the finest opportunities of beating the enemy, through mere laziness, and that he as often put his army in jeopardy of being destroyed by his negligence: but luckily those who commanded on the wings or the rear were more attentive and vigilant.

'Every body has heard of the *fratcheur* of the Duke of *Vendome*, a phrase used to signify a march made in the greatest heat of the day. The cause of this was, that *Vendome* always announced in the evening that he was to start very early next morning: but when the time came he remained so long in bed, that they never marched until noon, and that in the warmest countries and seasons.

'This was his greatest advantage over Prince *Eugene*; for he overthrew all the Prince's calculations by never making any. As he never started at the day or hour appointed, no spy could tell the moment he was to march: as he never held a council of war, nobody ever knew what he intended doing. He began a campaign without any fixed plans, and troubled himself very little with those pointed out by the court; therefore it might well be said that his designs were impenetrable. His boldness and *coup d'œil* in great operations repaired every thing. In fact, at decisive moments, he roused himself, as we may say, appeared to call all his genius about him, adopted measures equally wise and vigorous, and showed more heroism and intelligence than his rival, Prince *Eugene*, could have done in similar circumstances.'

His death was worthy of his life.

'He died of indigestion; a death, in fact, little worthy of a hero, but in every other respect quite accordant with his habits and mode of life.

'After having triumphed over the adversaries of *Philip* V. at Villa-Viciosa, in 1700, and put the young king into the finest bed ever made for a sovereign, for it was composed of the colors of his enemies, the Duke of *Vendome* soon got tired of the enthusiasm of the Spaniards, and the honors which their king poured on his liberator (the title of Highness, precedence over all the grandees of Spain; in short, the same distinctions which had been formerly enjoyed by the famous Don John of Austria). He was sick of all this Spanish grandeur, and leaving the court of Madrid and the army to the management of his Lieutenant-generals, he retired into a town of Catalonia called *Vinaros*. There, surrounded by a little

a little circle of parasites and debauchees, he gave himself up to all those pleasures to which he was so much inclined: he gorged himself with fish, of which he was extravagantly fond, whether it were good or bad, well or ill dressed. He drank thick, heady, smoky wine, and at last earned a violent fit of indigestion, or rather an illness, the result of repeated indigestions, for which diet and exercise might have been the true remedies. But he was treated in a manner quite unfit for his situation, and he was soon past remedy. Then the most honest of his courtiers left him; the others set about pillaging his furniture and equipages. It is even said that a few moments before he expired, seeing his servants about to take off his bed-clothes and divide them among themselves, he begged it as a favor that they would at least permit him to breathe his last sighs in his bed. He was only fifty-eight at his death (in 1712). His body was placed in the royal sepulchre at the Escurial. Superb funeral orations were made over him both in France and Spain, which have served to deceive posterity with respect to his character; and no historian, that I know of, has taken the trouble of disabusing it.'

D'Argenson foresaw the Revolution, and pointed out its real causes. In his Considerations on the Government of France he shewed the poverty and oppression of the lower orders, and suggested a good government as the means of preventing their misery, and the re-action it would occasion. France, he said, was like a whitened sepulchre, the outward pomp of which concealed all kinds of impurity and wretchedness. The King, he justly remarked, had no real interest in despotism. Power was really in the hands of a satrapy of ignorant and proud nobles, whose influence was alike pernicious to prince and people. It is astonishing how little attention writers on the French Revolution pay to this most important circumstance.

There are some lively letters of *Voltaire* at the end of the volume, and some *bon mots*, not many, scattered up and down.

D'Argenson did not shine in conversation, and the prating wits of the court accordingly gave him the nickname of *Argenson la bête*. His observations on books, manners, and conversation, are, nevertheless, very sensible. He spent most of his time reading in his great library, which now belongs to the public. It is easy to see that he was a little bitten with bibliomania.

This work forms one of a collection of memoirs connected with the history of the Revolution. Almost forty memoirs have been published already; and it will be a most valuable collection. We cannot, however, compliment the editors, or

or those whom they employ, on the matter with which they accompany the writings which they publish. We should prefer them without the additions.

ART. XIII. *Fridolin*; or, the Road to the Iron-Foundery, a Ballad: and the Fight with the Dragon, a Romance. By F. SCHILLER. Translated by J. P. Collier, Esq. Illustrated with Twenty-four Engravings in Outline, by Henry Moses, from the Designs of Retsch. London. Prowett, Old Bond-Street. 1825.

THROUGHOUT his celebrated outlines to *Goethe's* Faustus, *Morris Retsch* succeeded beyond any thing that could have been anticipated, in embodying those ideas and images of the poet which were most spiritual. Indeed it has been said that he is so minute and so expressive in his illustrations, as to diminish, in some degree, the charms of that wonderful drama. He supplies us with a magnifying glass, which brings, perhaps, too near the eye many of those objects, whose forms, so long as they appeared undefined and wrapped in the sombre hues of distance, excited and pleased the imagination by an air of mystery.

If, however, the outlines to Faustus reduced that splendid creation in any degree to the resemblance of ordinary life, those to Fridolin and The Fight with the Dragon have quite an opposite tendency. In their unadorned state these two ballads would never, perhaps, have been read out of Germany. They have no intrinsic attractions, beyond those of local tradition and great poetic simplicity, to give them distinction. But, accompanied by these outlines, they assume a new and a more exalted character. Their scenes and incidents being wholly free from mystic embellishments, and presenting to the artist nothing but tangible and living objects, he has, nevertheless, in many instances, given them an airy dimness which softens what is beautiful, and deepens all that is terrific. The ballads might, in truth, be looked upon rather as the exposition of the outlines, than as illustrated by them; compared with those productions, they have all the tameness of a copy from the original of a master.

Fridolin was a gentle page, of the most blameless innocence of manners, whose rank in the favor of his mistress, the Lady of Savern, excited the envy of a fellow-domestic, Robert the huntsman. Returning one day from the chase with his master, Robert insinuated into his mind suspicions as to the nature of the Page's assiduities towards his lady, and inflamed his jealousy to such an extent, that the Lord of

Savern rode back to an iron-foundery in the depths of the forest, and ordered his vassals, who worked there to thrust into the furnace the first person who should ask them "whether they had obeyed their Lord's commands?" He then returned to his castle, and meeting Fridolin, he directed him to go to the Foundery and ask the question, which he repeated. Fridolin, always anxious in his attentions to his mistress, repaired first to her presence to know if, on the way, he could perform any service for her. She desired him to go to church and pray for her, as she was detained at home by the illness of her child. While Fridolin was engaged at the church, Robert, urged, as it is told, by the judgment of God, went to the Foundery and asked the fatal question, and when Fridolin arrived there the sacrifice was already completed. The story is related with a beautiful simplicity by Schiller, and rendered highly picturesque and interesting by the illustrations, which are admirably engraved by Moses. It would afford little pleasure to the reader to describe these beautiful plates, unless we could also transfer them to these pages; and, as that is impossible, we must content ourselves with a few specimens of the ballad, premising that Mr. Collier has happily imitated the measure, and almost literally rendered the sense, of the original stanzas. The Foundery is thus described:

'The fire's rage, the water's force,
Were here united found:
The river in its rushing course
The wheels whirl'd round and round.
The engines rattled day and night,
The hammers beat with measured might;
The stunning strokes repeated often
Compell'd the iron itself to soften.'

In the plate which illustrates this scene we see only the exterior of the Foundery, at which two of the workmen are standing: they are hideous beyond description, and seem ready to execute any deed, however horrible. The Lord of Savern, clothed in his hunting garb and mounted on a magnificent horse, (which is drawn with singular truth and boldness,) gives them his orders.

'He beckoned two: when they came near
He thus imposed their task:—
"The first that shall approach ye here,
And who shall also ask,
'Your Lord's hest have ye follow'd well?'
Thrust him within that burning hell,
The fire, to ash to burn him, double,
That he my sight no more may trouble!"'

The

The two succeeding scenes are skilfully contrasted with this Cyclopean den of fire. In one the Page is seen prepared for his journey, and receiving the commands of his lady. She is sitting in a gallery by the side of her sick child, whose cradle seems to have been brought thither for the air: her drapery is gracefully disposed; and the maternal anxiety which is portrayed on her countenance is delicately distinguished from the menial fondness of the nurse, who watches over the infant. The other contrast is the church, to which Fridolin repaired on his way to the Foundery. But this scene is too fascinating to be described in any other words than those of the ballad.

'With joy the task he undertook,
And started on his road;
And ere the village he forsook
That led to God's abode,
He heard the welcome peal of bells
High sounding over hills and dells,
Which every soul in sin benighted,
To solemn sacrament invited.

'"If God upon the way you meet,
Shun not so high a grace!"
He said, and sought with reverend feet
God's holy dwelling-place.
All there was still: the sun shone high
On the hot reaper's industry:
No choristers were met together
For service in the harvest-weather.

'He soon resolv'd, not unprepar'd,
And sacristan became:
"He who advances heavenward
Is not (thought he) to blame."
The stole and cincture for the waist
Upon the pious priest he plac'd;
And in due order he proceeded
To bring the holy vessels needed.

'And when thus far his task was o'er,
The mass-book in his hand,
To th' altar walk'd he on before
And took below his stand.
He knelt him left, he knelt him right,
On every sign he kept his sight,
And with the *Sanctus* slow propounded,
At the dread name his bell thrice sounded.

'And when the holy priest had bow'd
With all solemnity,
And shew'd the Host, the present God,
In hand uplifted high,

The

The page, who knew his duty well,
Rang shrill and clear his little bell:
All beat their breasts, and kneeling lowly,
Cross'd them before the Saviour holy.

'All was perform'd with punctual rite,
And in no part he err'd;
Whate'er is done before God's sight,
He knew it word for word.
He nought omitted serving thus
To the *Vobiscum Dominus*,
When blessing all the priest descended,
And thus the holy service ended.'

The next plate represents the savages of the Foundery thrusting the 'false Robert' into the furnace. We agree with Mr. Collier that it is a masterly performance. The desperate struggles of the huntsman, and the ferocious determination of the two boors who are plunging him into the fire, eminently 'display the variety of Mr. Retsch's powers, and the force with which he can pourtray the fiercer passions and the human frame, in a state of the utmost exertion.' The succeeding scene represents the visit of Fridolin to the Foundery, whence, without understanding what it meant, he brought home the message to his master, which was given him by the warders of the furnace, "He's safe enough within." The delicacy of the poet in keeping Fridolin ignorant of the fate which had been intended for him, and which had been inflicted on his calumniator, is much to be admired. The Lord of Savern, recognizing in the unexpected result the interposition of Providence, acknowleges the Page's innocence, and restores him to his favor.

The Fight with the Dragon is not less interesting than Fridolin, and is embellished with twice the number of plates. The inevitable introduction of the form of the monstrous serpent into several scenes, tends to mar the beauty of the outlines, as no figure can be more unpicturesque and disagreeable in itself than that of the dragon. This was an unfortunate ingredient in the subject, but it has been greatly redeemed by the skill and genius of the designer; who has considerably amplified and improved the tale. The story is founded upon one of those antient traditions of combats with wild animals, which are to be found in every part of Europe. In this romance, the fight is supposed to take place in the island of Rhodes during the period of its occupation by the Knights of the famous military Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

The first plate is among the most simple and beautiful of Mr. Retsch's designs. An elderly sage is seated at one side

of the picture, looking compassionately on a lady of rank and beauty, who is seated opposite to him, and whose whole attitude betrays her grief for the loss of a husband killed in an unsuccessful contest with the monster. The city of Rhodes is seen in the distance, with shipping in the bay; and to the left an abrupt hill, crowned by a chapel, which had been the favorite resort of pilgrims, until the dragon took up his station near it, and prevented further access. The dragon is discerned at the foot of the hill in pursuit of a young man and woman, who are flying in the utmost terror. Roused by the repetition of the devastations which this monster committed on the people and flocks in its neighbourhood, one of the young knights of the Order resolved to attack him, although it was against the rules of the institution to draw his sword against any foe but a Saracen. His enthusiasm was more inflamed by meeting with a group of mourners, who lament the death of the two fugitives just mentioned, caused by the dragon. This group is delineated with matchless power of expression. The grief of one of the children who buries her face in her grandmother's lap is eloquently marked. The grandfather relates the calamity to the young knight, in the presence of two or three women of the neighbourhood, whose sympathy is exquisitely pourtrayed, and contrasted with the horror and the consequent resolution painted on the knight's countenance. He mounted his charger, rode to the haunt of the monster, and leaving his horse tied to a tree, he crept over the side of the rock, and beheld the enormous serpent folded in its scales and sleeping below him. Having obtained leave of absence from the Grand Master, he then returned to his native country, where he procured an exact model of the dragon to be fabricated, and by means of this image he trained his horse and dogs to the combat for which he was preparing. A very animated picture of the brazier's shop exhibits workmen employed on this labor, under the superintendence of the knight, and another still more spirited represents the chevalier urging his dogs to attack this artificial dragon. Nothing can be grander than the figure of the horse in this plate. It is perhaps Retsch's *chef-d'œuvre*. It far exceeds the steed in Fridolin in boldness of attitude. Fire sparkles from his eye; and the forehead, and crest, and mane, which are remarkably fine, seem instinct with the pride and terror of war. After a due course of preparation the knight returned to Rhodes, and proceeded without delay to the performance of the task which he had assigned to himself; and he thus describes to the Grand Master the history of the contest:

" Beneath

' " Beneath a huge o'erhanging block,
Is a deep cavern in the rock,
Dank with the stagnant marsh's vapour,
And lit by neither beam nor taper:
There dwelt the dragon, night and day,
Incessant looking out for prey;
And, like hell's serpent proud rebelling,
He watch'd at foot of Jesus' dwelling:
And should some pilgrim out of breath,
But turn into this path forbidden,
The monster dragg'd him to his death,
By rushing from his covert hidden.

' " I mounted to this chapel high,
And, ere I sought my enemy,
Kneeling before the infant Saviour,
By shrift besought Heaven's grace and favour:
Then, in the sanctuary's light,
I don'd my armour glittering bright,
And swift descended to the battle,
With spear in hand, 'mid trappings' rattle.
My pages' aid I did not need,
But with my dogs alone descended;
And, ere I sprang upon my steed,
My soul to highest God commended!

' " I soon was on an open plain;
And while my mastiffs scour'd amain,
My panting horse sprang back, — 'twere idle
To urge him then with spur or bridle.
Not far I saw my foe uproll'd
In many a horrid glittering fold,
Where in the sunshine he had wound him.
My dogs uprous'd him, and went round him;
But with the arrow's speed they flew,
To see his yawning jaws disparted,
While poisonous breath around he threw,
When howling from his rest he started.

' " I soon revived their wonted rage,
The foe in conflict to engage;
While 'gainst the flank, too well protected,
My spear I with firm hand directed.
But nought the useless stroke avails,
Swift glancing from the shining scales;
And, ere my blow could be repeated,
My swerving steed my aim defeated.
He caught the Dragon's deadly glance:
And by its poisonous breath was driven;
He rear'd, — nor would one step advance. —
Now fear'd I, I had vainly striven!

' " Then swiftly leapt I from my horse,
And with my sword, with all my force,

By blows redoubled made endeavour
Its rocky harness to dissever:
But with its huge tail, swinging round,
It struck me powerless to the ground;
Then, with its horrid jaws extended,
It rush'd at me all undefended:
But ere its fearful teeth could bite,
My mastiffs fix on it, and bury
Their fangs within its stomach white,
And the foe yell'd with pain and fury;

'"And ere my dogs their hold let go,
I started from the earth below,
And where the paunch was white and naked,
My weapon's thirst I eager slaked:
Up to the hilt I plung'd my sword,
And life-blood in black torrents pour'd.
Down fell the monster; and, in falling,
O'erwhelm'd me with its weight appalling.
All sense was in a moment fled;
I found me, soon as I recover'd,
Close by the bleeding Dragon dead,
While o'er me my attendants hovered."'

The issue of the contest, though applauded to the echo by the listening multitude, was not so well received by the Grand Master, who reproached the knight with having violated the rules of his Order, by exerting his prowess against any other foe than a Saracen. In consequence, the Master at first refused him the grand cross of the Order. Upon this

'The people's tumult, uncontroll'd,
Like storm through all the structure roll'd.
For mercy pray'd the holy brethren:
The youth look'd down, and silent gathering
His robe, laid it aside; then bent
To kiss the Master's hand, — and went.
The Master, who had thus subdued him,
Recall'd him, as his eye pursued him;
And cried, — "Embrace me, worthy son:
Thou now hast gain'd a fight a more glorious!
The cross by humbleness is won: —
'Tis thine, since o'er thyself victorious!"'

Thus ends the tale. The latter scenes are most successfully delineated in the outlines, particularly the triumphal entry of the knight into the city of Rhodes after the completion of his achievement, his reception by the Grand Master and brethren of his Order, and the concluding ceremonial of investing him with the cross as the reward of his valor. The two last plates, though crowded with many groups,

groups, exhibit no confusion or indistinctness. The variety of the countenances, and the different modes of expression by which they are distinguished, shew the boundless fertility of Retsch's invention, and the true historical taste by which it is elevated and controlled.

ART. XIV. *L'Hermite du Faubourg Saint-Germain.* Par M. COLNET. 2 Tomes. Paris. 1825.

THIS work is intended by the author as an addition to the collection of French manners which M. *de Jouy* has so happily described in his "Hermit in the Provinces." It is rather a sequel to the "Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin," for the scenes and incidents are mostly confined to Paris and its environs. M. COLNET is by no means so lively and agreeable a writer as his predecessor; yet he has scattered through his two volumes some pictures of literary life in Paris, which have afforded us great amusement. We shall give one or two extracts, as specimens of his general style. He thus describes, evidently from experience, the morning of a newspaper-editor:

'It is ten o'clock: I am now to commence my Journal. The task is not so easy as people generally imagine. To excite the curiosity of a great number of readers, whose sentiments and views can never accord with mine; to serve the laziness of some, to offer to others an agreeable recreation from their labours; in a word, to obtain readers in an age when so little is read. What an undertaking! and the world thinks the while that we are on a bed of roses! This journal must appear to-day, to-morrow, after to-morrow — every day. Let us then proceed to business. The *Moniteur* arrives; perhaps it will assist me a little out of my embarrassment. Not a bulletin — not a single word of official news! Had I foreseen this, I should have got up something official of my own. What if I make an army advance — only a little army, just to fill up my *politiques*? No — alas! that is no longer allowed. What, then, shall I say to the public? for something I must say — it is inevitable.

'I must look through the provincial Journals; I often find in them curious facts, which interest my Parisian readers. Let me see — Ah! heavens! not a single disaster, not a poor paltry storm, not one fire any where! The thunder has remained idle, the steeples are all standing, the *avalanches* are at peace! How unfortunate! I never saw such absolute sterility! What the deuce shall I put in my Journal? How useful now would be a band of robbers! where are they to be found? Alas! since the tribunals no longer give them credit for good intentions, these honest gentlemen dare not shew themselves. If, at least, in their absence, and during this interregnum, a few wolves made their appearance in some country village, what an agreeable variety would not such

an invasion impart to my Journal! Unhappily, the wolves become every day more rare, and the few that are seen behave themselves with great propriety. If this sort of thing goes on, they will soon be as civilized as we are. It is too clear, then, that I can extract nothing to day from the provincial Journals.'

The writer then turns his eyes on the capital; but he finds none of the theatrical performers indisposed, abundance of new authors, but not one new work. His meditations are disturbed by a young lady, who, attended by a gentleman, enters his study.

'"I should hope, Sir, that my visit will not alarm you. I am the author of ——: it is a romance which at present is making a great deal of noise in the world. It is superfluous to recommend it to you: you have too much taste not join your suffrage to that of the *ton*. But allow me to ask why it is that you never come to my *soirées*? I shall be delighted to have some chat with you. As to my romance, for the fate of which I feel not the slightest apprehension, the public opinion is already decided. Madame *de S*—— endeavors to be philosophical; Madame *de G*—— to be natural. I combine both characters. It is conceded on all sides. *Linval*, whom you see here, and who has conducted me hither, will tell you that no woman feels so strongly as I do, or expresses her sentiments with greater energy. Even my husband, whom I met by chance this morning on the staircase, could not deny that the perusal of my work afforded him some delicious moments. I confess I did not think before that he had so much taste. But I shall say no more on this subject, as it is not that which brought me here. Good morning, Sir: you are too polite, I am sure, not to return my visit."'

This is very well sketched off, and it has, besides, the merit of closely resembling one of those visits, which are made every day to persons, who happen to have any influence over the literature of the age. The editor's basket is another lively article, though in a somewhat different tone.

'I shall now point out a great abuse, a crying injustice, which ought forthwith to be put down, and which is the scandal of literature — I mean the basket of the journalists. Have you not often observed that these gentlemen review for the public but a very small number of works, which, for some reason or other, they deem worthy of their attention? For one production which they analyze in their papers, there are a hundred of which they say not a single word. They persuade themselves, moreover, that they would degrade themselves if they condescended to notice those little works in prose and verse, which at present form so considerable a portion of our literary treasures. But what becomes of these unfortunate fruits of so many laborious vigils? Devoted to contempt from the hour of their birth, they are thrown by the indignant journalist into a basket, placed under his table, to receive

ceive these innocent victims of his culpable indifference. This is the literal fact. Never shall the eye of criticism light on their beauties! no little paragraph shall inform the public of their existence! Their fate is sealed — they are doomed to eternal oblivion. I ask you, if there be any affront more insulting to a respectable *brochure* than to see itself condemned to the basket? Should not an universal cry be raised against an institution so barbarous?

'Our age is accused of poverty of invention. Some melancholy persons insist, that the spirit of poetry is extinct, and that the French muses are mute; I beg leave to say, that, on the contrary, they never have been more talkative; but what signifies their eloquence, if the baskets are to absorb nine-tenths of the poetry which is produced every year? I should make the most alarming discoveries if I were to mention the number of authors who have been buried alive. Age, sex, nothing is sacred to us; no titles or dignities can for a moment impose on us. I have seen, I shudder while I relate it, I have seen a whole provincial academy descend into these catacombs of osier: president, secretary, residents, associates, all heaped on one another *pêle-mêle*, in this huge sepulchre, with the finest editions of their works.'

In this playful manner it is, that M. COLNET endeavors to compensate for the philosophical elegance of M. *Jouy*. There is a good deal of variety in his work; and though it is not of the purest order either of wit or morality, yet we have not observed any thing deserving any asperity of censure.

ART. XV. *Dictionnaire Infernal;* ou, Recherches et Anecdotes, sur les Démons, les Esprits, les Fantômes, les Spectres, les Magiciens, les Songes, les Prodiges, les Charmes, les Talismans, &c. Par J. A. S. COLLIN DE PLANCY. 2 Tomes. Paris. 1825.

THE second edition of this curious Dictionary has been recently published in Paris, and if it were translated, we suspect it would be equally well received in England. For those who are inclined to explore the history of superstition, to make themselves acquainted with the demons, spirits, phantoms, magicians, sylphs and gnomes, who have from time to time troubled or inflamed the imagination of mankind, there is a fund of entertainment in these two volumes. They may also, if they please, learn from this diversified work, the art of interpreting prodigies and dreams, of composing charms, and discovering by means of astrology the most hidden secrets of nature. After a single perusal they will be most accomplished magicians, and in the high road towards the discovery of the philosopher's stone.

It is truly humiliating to look back upon the enormous maze of folly and error to which the human mind has yielded in every age; the childish weakness which has ever been at the side of its godlike strength; its love of truth so strangely intermixed with its fondness for extravagance; its acknowlegement of the obedience that is due to right reason, and yet its propensity to every thing that is supernatural and mysterious. Upon the subject of magic alone, there are no fewer than fifteen thousand volumes in the *Bibliothéque du Panthéon.* Innumerable are the works which have been written on apparitions and demons, on the superstitions and vulgar errors of mankind. These are links which, however obscure and degrading they may be, will be found connecting together every generation from the beginning of the world. Countries and ages differ from each other in political principles, in religion, in morals, in language, in costume, in taste: but all are, or have been, in some degree superstitious; and chiefly from the same cause, — a longing desire to penetrate into futurity. The antients, enlightened as they were in other respects, introduced divination into their religion; and the flight of birds, or the examination of slain animals, regulated the march of armies, the enactment of laws, the foundation or the destruction of cities. These monstrous follies we have rejected, and we can, moreover, look at an eclipse of the sun, or a new comet, without fearing that nations are upon the eve of subversion. But who shall say that the reign of superstition is past, when he reads of the deceptions which are every day inflicted on credulity; of the thousand sects which prevail in religion among us, of which the Johannaites and the Jumpers are not the least ridiculous? Who does not hear, every hour, of the presages which are founded on dreams; of terrors excited by the imagination; of suicides caused by superstition under the civilized name of insanity?

Even among the most sober-minded and learned persons, we seldom fail to find a lurking curiosity with respect to the various subjects which have been for the first time collected together in this Dictionary; they will also find in it a much more philosophical gratification, that which arises from a deliberate view of the surprising fantasies, and chimerical pursuits, which have from time to time fascinated and deceived mankind. Here, also, they will find many strange peculiarities of nations and individuals, which, extravagant as they may appear, are perfectly true and not a little instructive. For instance, under the title *Antipathie*, we find the following facts:

'Lamothe-

'Lamothe-Levayer could not bear the sound of a musical instrument, and he found the highest delight in the roar of thunder. Cæsar could not hear a cock crow without trembling. The Lord Chancellor Bacon fainted whenever there was an eclipse of the moon. Mary de Médicis could not bear the sight of a rose, not even in a painting, and yet she loved every other sort of flower. Henry III. would not remain alone in a chamber where there was a cat. Uladislas, King of Poland, became alarmed and ran away whenever he saw apples. Scaliger was seized with a tremor in every part of his frame when he saw cresses. The Cardinal Henry de Cardonne fell into a syncope whenever he smelt the odor of roses. Tico-Brahé felt his knees sink under him whenever he met a hare or a fox.'

The doctrine of antipathies is inexplicable. Contemptible as they may seem, they prevail to a greater extent than is generally imagined, and exercise a serious influence over the happiness of private life. There is in the Spectator a very amusing paper on the habit of founding presages on the most simple accidents, such as the overturning of salt, the fracture of a mirror, the fall of a knife. There are many persons who would sooner receive an insult than a present of an edged instrument from a friend: it is laughable to observe their tenacity upon this subject, and the caution with which they purchase the present with money, however trifling. For such persons, and they are not a few, M. COLLIN DE PLANCY doubtless intended the following system of chiromancy, or divination by inspection of the hand:

'In order to tell one's fortune, you generally use the left hand. It must be in proper condition; that is to say, not fatigued, or heated, or benumbed. There are in the hand four principal lines: the line of life, the line of health, the line of fortune, and the line where the hand joins the arm. If the lines be well colored, very direct, and clearly defined, they betokena good complexion.

'The line of life commences between the thumb and the forefinger, and finishes near the joint which connects the hand with the arm. When it is long, direct, and well colored, it promises a long life, exempt from sickness. If it be short and broken, it announces a short life and ill health. When it is thick, it is a sign of strength; when narrow and slender, it is a sign of weakness. It is red in persons who have a great abundance of blood; if pale, it betrays thin blood. It should be observed, that between the hand of a man and that of a woman there is the same difference as there is between rouge and the color of the rose; the lines are also more delicately marked in women. When the line of life is close, fine, direct, and equally colored, it announces a person of a generous and noble heart, endowed with prudence and talent. If it be thick, deep, and of different colors, that is to say, interrupted with livid spots, it is a sign of malignity, pride, jealousy,

indis-

indiscretion, and selfishness. If thick and deeply colored, it denotes a deceitful, immodest, and inconstant person. If livid and lead-colored, it announces an inclination to anger, passion, rage. If red near the wrist, it is a sign of cruelty. If forked at the root (between the thumb and fore-finger), it denotes inconstancy and originality. If crooked and red, it shows a traitor and a person of a naturally evil disposition. If branches be found on the line of life, and if they be elevated towards the root, it is a sign of prosperity; if they descend towards the wrist, poverty and misfortune. The little lines which cross the line of life, are so many maladies and infirmities.

'The line of health is in the middle of the hand; it commences in the same direction as the line of life, with which it forms a triangle. If it be straight and equal, it announces a solid intellect, a lively imagination, great memory, and excellent health. If it be long and reach to the lower part of the hand, it denotes courage. If it be short and finish in the middle of the hand, it announces timidity, avarice, imprudence, and perfidy. When the line of health is crooked, unequal, and of different colors, it designates knavery or natural depravity. Straight, equal, well colored, and surrounded with little wrinkles, it denotes an honest and upright heart, and a good conscience. Large and red, a gross and imprudent disposition. Narrow, small and livid, a feeble mind and a disposition to the vapors. If it be characterized by the mean between these two extremes, and neither too wide or too narrow, but at the same time well colored, it announces a naturally good and amiable temper, a strong mind, and an excellent heart. If this line be joined at its commencement with the line of life, so as to form a perfect angle, it denotes uprightness, equanimity, and a happy memory.

'The line of fortune commences in the hand below the tuberosity of the little finger, and ends towards the joint of the fore-finger. It is parallel with the line of health, and forms with it a sort of oblong square. If it be equal, long, and straight, it denotes a good disposition, a moderate heart, constancy, and chastity. When the line is broken, it betrays an inclination to libertinism, inconstancy, and little conjugal love. If instead of ending at the joint of the fore-finger it rise towards the upper part of the hand, it designates anger, violence, and cruelty. If red at the upper part, perfidy and jealousy. If it have branches turned towards the upper part of the hand, it is a sign of prosperity, good temper, generosity, nobility, modesty, and decorum. The branches promise particularly honors and great riches, when they are of the number of three. Several branches, rising one after another, dominion and power. If the line of fortune be dark, simple, and branchless, misfortune and poverty. If, instead of forming an oblong square with the line of health, it forms a triangle with the line of life, it presages dangers and an inclination to suicide. When it is straight and fine near the fore-finger, it characterizes a person who will know how to manage his affairs, and will raise himself above his equals.

'The

'The line where the hand joins the arm is often double. When it is pure and well colored, it denotes a good temper. If straight, prosperity. If crooked, embarrassment. If from the joint a line springs and rises towards the root of the middle finger, it is a sign of prosperity; the degree of happiness and success will be in proportion as the line is more marked. If this line ends at the bottom of the hand a little below the root of the little finger, misfortunes and rivalry. When the line of health is wanted, it is a sign of a violent death; and he will be an unfortunate knave, who has not the line of fortune. If the triangle which the line of life forms with the line of health, be large and open, it announces natural generosity, magnanimity, and bravery. If it be narrow, avarice, obstinacy, and cowardice. The same remark applies to the oblong square which the line of health forms with the line of fortune.'

ART. XVI. *Biographie Nouvelle de Contemporains.* Tome dix-huitieme. Paris. 1825.

IN former numbers of our Review it was made a subject of just complaint, that notoriety was bestowed by the ingenious authors of this dictionary, on many individuals who had done nothing to deserve it, and who, perhaps, if their wishes had been consulted, would have preferred remaining in their native obscurity. If the seventeen volumes which have already been noticed, were liable to this animadversion, still more reprehensible is the volume now before us — the eighteenth; — which is, altogether, with the exception of a few names, a mass of the most undistinguished characters that ever were brought together. Verily, the letters *R* and *S*, which fill the double columns of this tome, seem to be peculiarly unfortunate in the catalogue of fame. *Richelieu*, *Robespierre*, Romilly, *Roland*, *Rousseau*, these are among the few who have raised the former initial to eminence by their virtues or their crimes. The latter symbol is still more unfortunate; for, if we except the assassin of *Kotzebue*, *Sand*, *San Martin*, and a few others, there is scarcely a single name on the whole list worth being recorded. Those which we have mentioned are so well known, that it would be superfluous at this time to enter into details concerning them.

ART. XVII. *Coup d'œil sur l'Histoire de la Civilisation.* Par FÉLIX BODIN.

THE "progress of civilization" is a theme which has but recently engaged the attention of philosophic writers, though it is one pregnant with curious and important matter, particularly

particularly if it be considered with reference to the vast strides which have been made in social improvement within the last five-and-twenty years. The well known philosopher *Kant* furnished some ingenious, if not profound, ideas on this subject, in a little treatise on the natural and progressive developement of nations; and, recently, M. Bodin has appended to his epitome of the History of France a summary view of the History of Civilization, which would have been extremely valuable, if it had not been disfigured by an affected imitation of the style of *Voltaire*, and, what is much worse, by a large infusion of anti-Christian principles. His view of the establishment and consequences of the "New Law" is a perversion of facts, and an application of false principles, from the commencement to the conclusion. He endeavors, indeed, to conceal his hostility to Christianity under the mask of philanthropy: but the little sneer, the doubtful insinuation, the hollow tribute of respect, betray his disguise at every step, and mark him out as a zealous, though a feeble, partizan of the infidel school of *D'Alembert* and *Bayle*. Passing over, therefore, all his polemical matter, and the slow advances which were made in civilization before the discovery of the art of printing, we come at once to the eighteenth century, which, in every aspect, presents the most memorable contrast to the age that preceded it.

'In the seventeenth century, a belief in magic, prodigies, sorcery, and supernatural apparitions, prevailed among an immense majority of those who are called well-meaning persons, and even among men distinguished for their knowlege. In the eighteenth, the progress of reason and experience have wholly destroyed this credulity among the enlightened classes, and very considerably diminished its influence among the lower orders of the people. Sometimes, indeed, the people even yet stone pretended witches; the judges, however, no longer burn them. This is a great point gained. This intellectual and immense revolution and its entire accomplishment must give the last blow to superstition. It is no longer assisted by a false and unmeaning literature; for literature is every day becoming more subject to the dominion of reason. Doubtless all the phænomena of the universe are not yet solved: but we no longer think of believing in any derangement of the system of nature, in order to supply our ignorance of any particular law. This uniformity is perhaps less poetical than the unknown chaos of antiquity: but civilization tends to alienate itself from all those things that were formerly poetical. Nevertheless, it possesses also its own poetry and its own wonders.

'It is in the eighteenth century that attention to general utility has begun to manifest itself in a decided and practical manner. Some great cities of Europe now think of providing for the subsistence, convenience, and welfare of the inhabitants, whereas formerly the interests

interests of their masters formed the only rules of police. In England, particularly, the spirit of association among individuals, encouraged and authorized by a representative government, has produced establishments of public utility, and institutions of the most philanthropic description. In France, where the government always interferes in every thing, individuals cannot associate of themselves; the government must not only invite and authorize them, but even prescribe what it wishes them to do.'

M. Bodin then proceeds to contend, that the benevolent institutions in France and elsewhere, would have been much more generally beneficial, if they had been founded on the broad basis of philanthropy, instead of Christian charity. We apprehend, that if no higher motive had been given to mankind for assisting each other in their infirmities and wants, than that which arises out of the mere pleasure of doing good, we should have had by this time but a very small number indeed of those hospitals, alms-houses, and public schools, which, as Mr. Burke happily remarked, shoot up their spires every where around us, and, like electric conductors, avert the wrath of Heaven. Philanthropy is capricious, cold, and limited to this life; it is, if left to its own guidance, exceedingly apt to degenerate into infidelity, and to afford the utmost latitude to the passions. Whereas Christian charity is uniform, fervent, and elevated beyond mere earthly considerations; while it impels us to assist others, it raises and purifies our own minds, and prepares them for a better existence. Besides, it is assuredly a nobler duty to give for the sake of Him who gave to us, than for the mere gratification of our confined, often mistaken, feelings of compassion.

We have no animadversion to make on M. Bodin's History of Commerce, in its connection with civilization. He sums up some of the most important modern improvements in the following paragraph:

'The post-office establishments, the perfection of roads, public carriages, canals, the new power of the application of steam to navigation, have brought distant places comparatively near to each other. By means of the Gazettes, one of the greatest benefits bestowed upon us by the art of printing, civilized nations communicate with each other every day, and every man who knows how to read may enter into communication with the universe: they serve, besides, as the organs for those opinions which are diffused throughout different communities. The system of mutual instruction will ultimately place all mankind in connection with books and public journals. Telegraphs have, as yet, been used only by governments; in progress of time, they will infallibly be applied to the service of private individuals, and commerce will derive from them material assistance. The luxury of utility, supplanting, by degrees,

degrees, the luxury of vanity, has disseminated the means of enjoyment; convenience in dress and in habitations has, of late, been particularly consulted. Those who confound civilization with corruption fall into a great error; for corruption springs from the extreme disproportion of fortunes; whereas civilization tends to equalize them. The system of lending money on annuities, the savings' banks, the insurance companies, protect movable capital, and impart to it that stability which heretofore gave a superiority to property in real estates. National banks in becoming the depositories of industry, are calculated also to give a useful direction to large capitals, which, by their mobility, and the necessities of the community, are always kept in circulation. The system of loans has, in our time, given another function to banks, that of being the depository of governments. Heaven be praised, war becomes every day so much more expensive, that the rulers and their people will often adhere to peace, if only for the sake of economy. They have already discovered, that there is much more to be gained by freely exchanging their produce with each other, than by mutually levying contributions with force of arms. Kings are already allied for the maintenance of their authority and general peace. If they preserve tranquillity, it is a great point gained; treaties of commerce will follow, and thus alliances will be formed among the people. The English have given a great example to Europe, by taking the first step towards the complete abolition of duties which operate as prohibitions.'

The author next glances at the great improvements which have taken place in medical science, in the regulation of prisons, in the penal codes of Europe, and in the general topics of legislation. He concludes his sketch with a series of conjectures as to the future advancement of the world, most of which, though they seem somewhat chimerical, are not unlikely to be realized. We have little doubt, with M. Bodin, that, in the course of time Mahometanism will be extinct, the Greeks will be free, and the English empire in India independent of Great Britain. We fear, however, that China will not so readily come into our notions of civilization as M. Bodin expects; and that the representative system of government will be slower in its progress over Africa, and the South-Sea islands, than he seems to imagine. We agree with him in thinking, that those terrors, which are sometimes conjured up, of a new invasion of barbarians from the North, are idle dreams. The power of Russia is indeed colossal, but she is eager for civilization: her races of slaves have none of the ferocity of the antient Germans: the press exists; and the time for conquest and spoliation has wholly past away.

It is a remarkable fact, which must strike any one who considers this subject, that different epochs of cultivation have successively appeared in different parts of the world, and

have successively disappeared so completely as to leave very few traces behind them. It cannot be doubted, that the arts possessed by the antient Egyptians descended from Upper Asia. From these different sources, the Greeks derived the means of perfecting their own inquisitive genius. Alexander, then the Romans, extended the sciences, arts, and literature of Greece over a great portion of our hemisphere. Lost for a season, during the incursions of the northern hordes, those treasures were, in progress of time, found again, in the books to which they were committed. These books being multiplied by the art of printing gave birth to new productions, and thus the civilization of antiquity, restored and refined by modern society, can never more be extinguished.

ART. XVIII. *Le Corsaire, Poëme en Trois Chants, traduit de l'Anglais de Lord Byron, en Vers Français.* Par Madame LUCILE THOMAS. 8vo. pp. 116. Paris, Hubert; Bath, Duffield; Londres, Hurst et Robinson. 1825.

So few successful translations have been made from English poetry into French verse, that we are very much disposed to encourage every attempt of this nature, however imperfect it may be. It is impossible for those of our Gallic neighbours, who are unacquainted with our language, to form a just estimate of the lofty genius of Lord Byron, the rich gracefulness of Moore, or the tender purity of Wordsworth, so long as they can peruse the verses of these poets only in the spiritless prose-translations which they at present possess.

This version of the Corsair, by Madame THOMAS, is by no means devoid of merit. We subjoin a few stanzas, in order to give the reader an opportunity of comparing them with the original.

‘ “ Une voile ! une voile !” A la poupe ils se rendent.
Que dit le télescope ? ensemble tous demandent.
Est-ce une prise ? Non ; c'est un de nos vaisseaux ;
C'est son sanglant signal mouvant au gré des eaux.
Vent ne sois pas contraire ! Il mouille, entre, s'avance ;
Notre cap est doublé, chacun vers lui s'élance.
Qu'il paraît imposant ! que son cours est uni !
Il semble reculer ; — jamais de l'ennemi !
Qui ne voudrait dompter le feu de son navire,
Et chez soi prisonnier ne voudrait le conduire ?
Il marche sur les eaux d'un air si glorieux !
Et dirige au parfait son vol impétueux.

‘ Ses-anneaux enrouillés au câble retentissent,
Son mât est dévoilé, ses cordes s'arrondissent,

Et

Et déjà de la terre on peut bien distinguer
Ses bateaux descendans qui vont s'y diriger;
Leurs rames font écho sur le bord du rivage,
Leurs quilles rudement se traînent sur la plage.
" Vous voilà, mes amis, soyez les bienvenus."
Tous se serrent les mains, tous se sont reconnus.
Les ris, les questions, la joie et l'espérance,
Tout est confusion ; mais tout est jouissance.

' Heureux de se revoir, tous se sont rapprochés ;
Tous parlent à la fois, tous se sont recherchés.
Au milieu de ces cris, les douces voix des femmes
Appellent les objets de leurs sincères flammes,
Leurs pères, leurs enfans, leurs amans, leurs maris ;
A tous ces noms sont joints les noms sacrés d'amis.
" Sont-ils saufs ? où sont-ils ? allons-nous les entendre ?
" En un jour si joyeux, que devons-nous attendre ?
" D'où part l'engagement ? Quel sera leur destin ?"
Elles doutent encor, quand leur sort est certain.
Mais enfin, dans leurs bras tendrement embrassée,
Chacune sur sa crainte est bientôt rassurée.'

Upon a strict comparison it will doubtless be found that in several parts of her translation Madame THOMAS has added some ideas which never entered into the head of the noble bard, while she has varied the outlines of some of his images, and in no instance has improved them. It should, however, be borne in mind that the difficulty of compressing English thought in French verse has been acknowleged by every writer who has attempted it, and it is due to Madame THOMAS to add, that her translation, upon the whole, deserves commendation.

*** *The reader will observe that the Index to this volume is, for the greater facility of reference, comprized under one general head.*

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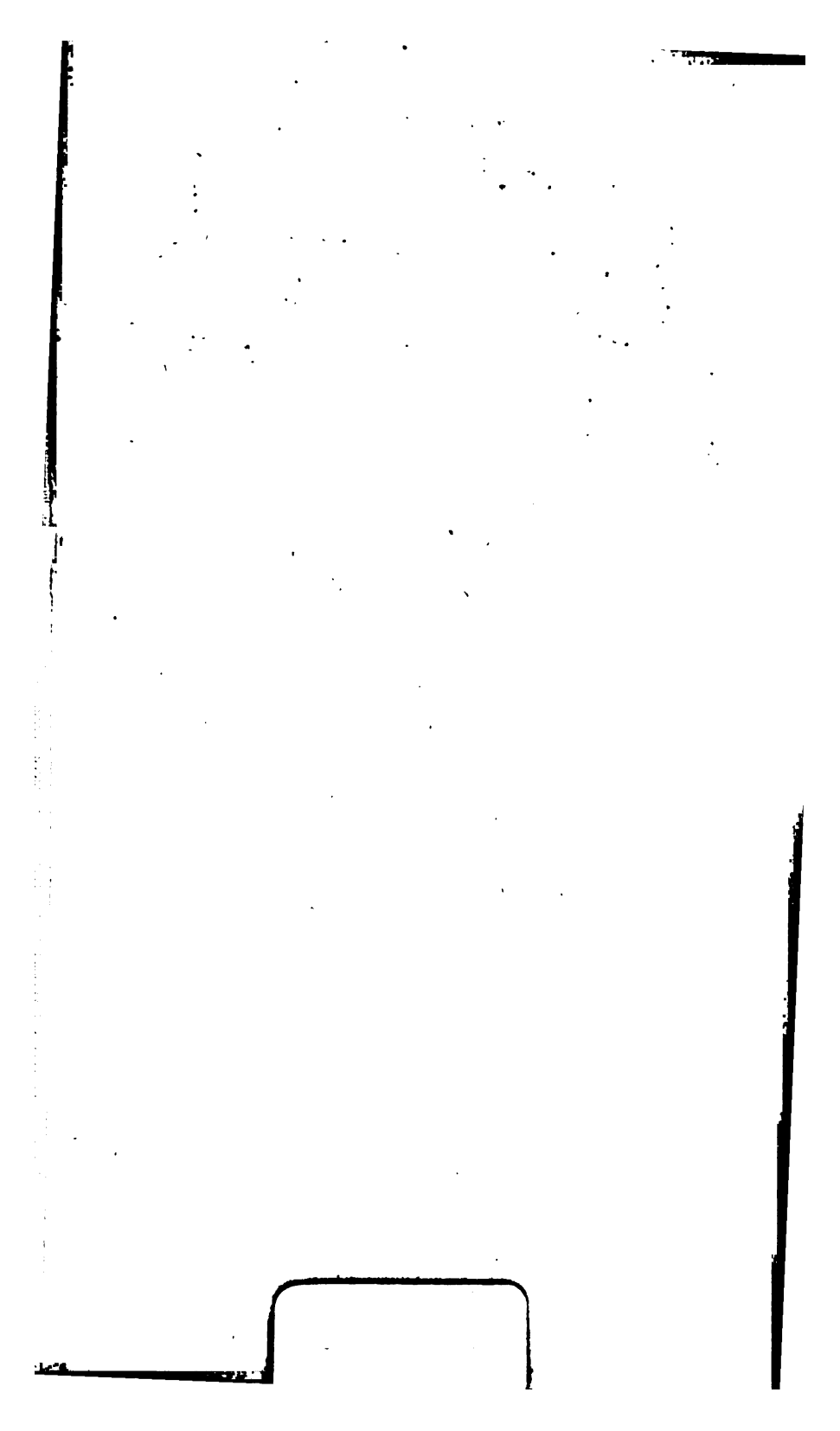
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